This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Digitized by Google

LENOX LIBRARY

Bancroft Collection.
Purchased in 1893.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

To George Bancroft Esq.

with the regards

of his friend

George Alexander Otis.

DEC 7 1914

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

4
H.

THE

Tusculan Questions

OF

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO.

In Five Books.

I. CONTEMPT OF DEATH. II. BEARING PAIN.
III. ALLEVIATION OF SORROW. IV. PERTURBATIONS.
V. VIRTUE SUFFICIENT FOR HAPPINESS.

Vivit, vivetque per omnium sæculorum memoriam. Dumque hoc rerum naturæ corpus; quod ille pænè solus Romanorum animo vidit, ingenio complexus est, eloquentia illuminavit, manebit incolume; comitem ævi sui laudem Ciceronis trahet; cidesque in mundo genus hominum, quam hujus nomen cadet. *Velleius Paterculus*, Lib. ii.

Opinionum enim commenta delet Dies; naturæ judicia confirmat.
De Natura Deorum, Lib. ii.

NEW YORK

TRANSLATED

By GEORGE ALEXANDER OTIS, Esq.,

MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY; TRANSLATOR OF BOTTA'S HISTORY OF THE WAR OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

BOSTON:
JAMES B. DOW, PUBLISHER.
1839.

Digitized by Google

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1839,
BY GEORGE ALEXANDER OTIS, ,
in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

Digitized by Google

Dedication.

TO

THE HONORABLE

JOSIAH QUINCY, LL. D.

PRESIDENT OF

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

Sir:

It cheers me like the dawning of a bright day, that I can offer this work to the perusal of my fellow-citizens, under auspices so benign, and worthy to welcome its great author, if he could visit this new scene, as I hope, of his usefulness and glory; and though I view it more as a tribute to his own unparalleled merit, than as a testimony that he has found an adequate interpreter; yet I accept it as a happy augury for the destinies of our country, when its greatest citizens are seen to promote such enterprises; when they who have shared in its counsels, and honoured its highest stations, irradiate with their genius the steps of

Digitized by Google

its infant literature, and make it their glory to form its youth to virtue.

I have endeavoured to bring Cicero to aid them in these noble designs; and, should the effort be crowned with success, I shall not have lived in vain. This voice of a proscribed patriot, of a martyr to republican principles, now addresses itself to a nation of republicans for the first time since it was stifled amid the ruins of popular government, which it strove in vain to uphold; when, as Paterculus writes, "abscissa scelere Antonii vox publica est:" then to whom should its first accents be consecrated, rather than to the Sons of our earliest Patriots, who, with equal devotion to the same holy cause, and like peril to themselves, were prominently instrumental in giving existence to this more perfect system of Liberty, destined, I trust, to a duration coeval with their own imperishable names? When Phidias had completed his sublime and beautiful statue of Wisdom, he is said to have commended himself to the protection of her shield: this cast as it were in plaster, from her image, by an artist of the same unrivalled excellence, aspires to place itself under the Ægis of a similar sanctuary.

GEORGE ALEXANDER OTIS.

Boston, April 10th, 1839.

Digitized by Google

Preface.

The translator of this work is almost as much surprised to find himself the first to offer a version of it to his countrymen, as when he found himself in the same circumstance with regard to Botta's History of our Revolutionary War; since it has existed, in the beautiful language of the original, for near two thousand years; and when Tacitus painted the manners of our German ancestors, eighteen centuries ago, was even then venerable for its antiquity, and had pointed the path of virtue to admiring millions; whose merit has brought it safely down to us, through intervening ages of darkness, and fifteen centuries of manuscript; and whose author has been quoted, in the Congress of the United States of America, by no incompetent judge, as "The greatest Orator, the

Digitized by Google

greatest Statesman, and the greatest Moralist, that ever lived in the tide of Time." One would think that such an author ought not to be unknown to the literature of a wise and virtuous people; with whom the high importance of education is every day better understood, exciting a deeper interest, and new exertions; as we see by the enlightened activity, and princely munificence, of our most noble-minded and discerning citizens; at least, that his best work, and upon the most exalted theme, for such he seems to pronounce this himself, towards the close of the fourth book, ought not to remain buried, and locked up, as it were, in a dead language; where no one can profit by it without many years of diligent study; and where even the learned themselves are frequently too much occupied to consult it.

When, at length, weary of the toys of literature, and sickened with its trash, will the sons and daughters of this high-minded Republic be likely "to close their ears to the most eloquent voice of wisdom?" will they neglect to read a volume recommended by all the attraction of novelty; and which no one can read without being

Digitized by Google

made wiser and better? which demonstrates that virtue, if not the only good thing, is certainly the only road to happiness; that virtue, gratuitous, and self-rewarded, is the only true expediency; that, in comparison with virtue, health, riches, fame, and power, even life itself, are but as the dust of the balance? What people has the world ever seen, or the sun ever shone upon, more worthy to appreciate and propagate by their example these noble maxims, than the one to whom they are now addressed? Will they not place this work in the hands of all who can read, from the village school to the highest University? Will there be one among them to oppose the introduction of this hidden treasure into the currency of our literature, when the only recompense desired for the arduous attempt, is, that they will read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the Tusculan Questions?

I cheerfully accede to the wish of the Bookseller, who has the sole pecuniary interest in the present edition, in publishing the following letters from the distinguished authority referred to in the foregoing remarks; since they contain a beautiful

Digitized by Google

confirmation of his great esteem for Cicero; a glimpse of the difficulty and desirableness of a good American version of his works: and bear the stamp of one, as Pope says of Longinus,

WHO IS HIMSELF THAT GREAT SUBLIME HE DRAWS.

GEORGE ALEXANDER OTIS, Esq., Boston.

Washington, 17 *February*, 1839.

Dear Sir:

Accept my warm and cordial thanks for your kind letter of the 14th inst., and for the version of the first Tusculan, which comes upon me like a draught of fresh water in the desert of Zaara. I shall read it before and after the session of Congress, now drawing to a close. — I readily consent to the publication, at your discretion, of my former letter to you, and remain, very respectfully, your friend and serv't,

J. Q. ADAMS.

GEORGE ALEXANDER OTIS, Esq., Boston.

Quincy, 4 *November*, 1833.

Dear Sir:

I have read with great attention your revised translation of the first four chapters of Cicero's Offices; and, if you can pass the remainder of the work through the same process with equal success, I have no hesitation

Digitized by Google

in advising you to publish it. To my taste, your translation is now better than Guthrie's. But, if not better, it is another. Its novelty would excite curiosity, and attract readers to the Offices, and perhaps even to the other works of Cicero. Whoever does this, deserves well of his country.

Let me recommend it to you, however, after going through the whole work as you have with the first chapters, to give it a second and a severely scrutinizing revisal. The language of Cicero, perhaps more than that of any other profane writer, is at once the language of *thought* and of *feeling*. The mind and the heart are all in it.

Your introductions to the second and the fifth chapters leave something to be desired. The second chapter is almost worthy of divine inspiration. He is about to speak to his son of duties; and he says that, intending to write *something* to him now, and *many things* hereafter, (he does not say treatises,) he has thought best to begin with that which is most adapted to his son's age, and at the same time a *duty* incumbent upon *him*, in the exercise of his parental authority. Observe the power of the words, — "ætati tuæ *aptissimum*," and "auctoritati meæ *gravissimum*." The greatest favour that he can bestow upon his son, is the heaviest burden of his own *duty as a parent*. In granting the favour, he fulfils the duty. Something like this would convey the idea:

"But, having determined to address to you some written discourse at this time, and much hereafter, I have thought it best to begin with that which is at once

Digitized by Google

most adapted to your age, and most incumbent upon the exercise of my parental authority." The word *gravissimum* implies the discharge of a deep obligation; and how admirably it is adapted to that maxim of universal morality which immediately succeeds!

"Nulla enim vitæ pars neque publicis, neque privatis; neque forensibus, neque domesticis in rebus: neque si tecum agas quid, neque si cum altero contrahas, vacare officio potest: in eoque colendo sita vitæ est honestas omnis, et in negligendo turpitudo."

The fifth chapter begins, — "Formam quidem ipsam, Marce fili, et tanquam faciem *honesti* vides; quæ si oculis cerneretur, mirabiles amores, ut ait Plato, excitaret Sapientiæ."

He has been defining and delineating the nature, properties, and character of the το καλον of Plato, which he terms *Honestum*. It imports not only what we term *honest*, but, superadded to it, the sense of propriety, of order, of decorum — of grace. It is, in the abstract moral beauty — ornamented integrity. We have no word for it in our language. Would we had more of it in our hearts! It was one of the sublimest conceptions of the lofty genius of Socrates, promulgated and elucidated by his great disciple Plato; and was unknown to the magnificent but ruder grandeur of the Roman morals, until introduced among them by Cicero himself; and he, as in many other instances, was obliged to use an old word to express a new thought. In this passage, he draws, at some length, a portraiture of what he means; and, having completed the picture, he says, with warm though

Digitized by Google

tempered emotion, "See! there you have it! My dear son Marcus—the very image, and, as it were, physiognomy of Honesty. And, as Plato says of Wisdom, could you but discern her with your eyes, how exquisitely lovely, embodied in human form, would she appear!" The apostrophe to his son is not there by chance. The mere words would be rendered in English by "Son Marcus." But the vocative case in the Latin language is a *call* as well as an *appellation*. They are words of tenderness and endearment. He has been describing a beautiful creation of the fancy, in the personification of a moral attribute; and he presents this imaginary personage in the form of female beauty to his youthful son. Delighted himself in the contemplation of this fair perfection, his bosom swells with the affection of a father introducing to his son a companion of transcendent beauty, to be the partner of his life, to go with him into the assemblies of the people, the Forum, or the Senate, and return with him to his home, to cheer and charm his solitude, and to share in all the vicissitudes of his intercourse with the world. Now, it is difficult, perhaps, to be made sensible of this ardent pulsation of united paternal love and enthusiastic virtue, when the object to be presented is mere *honesty*,—a quality, as understood in the English language, of the highest intrinsic excellence, but usually rather plain, and sometimes homely in outward appearance.

I have hazarded these remarks on two passages of your present translation, rather as examples of the spirit with which I would urge you to complete your under-

Digitized by Google

taking, than to object to the passages as they now stand in your version. Although the style of Cicero is diffusive, you will very seldom find in his writings a word not pregnant with meaning — with sense or sensibility: nor will his whole meaning disclose itself to a single or a cursory reading. When you have caught the general idea conveyed in one of his periods, you will find it useful to weigh every word of which it is composed; and you will often discover, in single words, a collateral or incidental train of thought encircling the principal sentiment, like a garland of roses crowning a beautiful head.

If your translation of the Offices should succeed in proportion to its value, I hope you will follow it up with a version of the treatises on Old Age and Friendship, the Dream of Scipio, the Paradoxes, and even the *Tusculans*; one of which has, however, been recently translated by Professor Stuart, of Andover. A good *American* translation of all Cicero's works would be a jewel of great price. There is not, to my knowledge, a good English translation of any one of them extant.

I am, with great respect, Dear Sir,

your friend and serv't,

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Digitized by Google

TUSCULAN QUESTIONS.

When at length relieved, my dear Brutus, either altogether or in a great measure, from the labour of the forum, and senatorial duties, I betook myself, chiefly at your exhortation, to those studies, which, held in mind, dropped at times, after a long interval of suspension, I have recalled; and, since the method and discipline of all arts, which relate to the right way of living, are contained in the study of wisdom, called philosophy, I have thought it my part to illustrate this in our own language; not because philosophy might not be known by means both of Greek authors and teachers; but it has always been my judgment, that our countrymen have either invented of themselves more wisely than the Greeks, or have made every thing better which they received from them; at least, whatever they thought worth the labour. For, in the manners and cus-

Digitized by Google

toms of life, in domestic and family concerns, we certainly manage better, both as to matter and style; while our ancestors have constituted the republic with undoubtedly better both institutions and laws. Why should I speak of the military concern, wherein, however much our countrymen have signalized their valour, they are still more distinguished for their discipline? Indeed, as to every thing, which admits of being attained by nature, without assistance from letters, they are to be compared neither with the Greeks, nor with any other nation. For, what gravity, what constancy, magnanimity, probity, fidelity, ever was so great — what virtue of every kind so excellent, in any people, as to admit them to comparison with our ancestors? In learning, and every kind of literature, Greece surpassed us. It was easy to vanquish, when the palm was not disputed. For, as with the Greeks, the most ancient of the learned was the race of poets; at least, if Homer and Hesiod existed prior to the foundation of Rome, and Archilochus during the reign of Romulus. The reception of poetry among us was rather backward; for it was nearly five hundred and ten years from the building of the city, when Livius furnished a comedy for exhibition in the Consulship of Caius Claudius, the son of Cæcus, and M.

Digitized by Google

Tuditanus, the year previous to the birth of Ennius, who was elder than Plautus and Nævius. Thus our countrymen were slow, whether in making or accepting the acquaintance of the poets. Although we read in the Origins, that it was customary, at feasts, for the guests to sing to the flute the brilliant achievements of illustrious men, yet the little credit attached to this kind of merit is manifest from the oration of Cato, in which he objects it as a reproach to Marcus Nobilior, that he permitted poets to attend him into his province. That consul took with him, however, into Ætolia, as we know, Ennius. Thus, in proportion as there was little honour for the poet, there was little zeal for the study. Nor yet, when any have existed, whom force of genius has impelled to this pursuit, have they shown themselves unworthy competitors for the glory of the Greeks. If it had been thought a merit in Fabius, a man of the highest rank, that he painted, is there any doubt that we should have had also among us many a Polycletus, many a Parrhasius? Honour is the nutriment of the arts; and all are incited to studies by glory; and those are always neglected, which, with any people, are held in disesteem. The Greeks considered it the highest accomplishment to excel in music, both vocal and instru-

Digitized by Google

mental; therefore, even Epaminondas, in my judgment, the first man of Greece, is said to have managed the lute with exquisite skill; and Themistocles, some years before, when, at a feast, he had declined the lyre, passed for something less than a well-taught man. Therefore, music flourished in Greece; it was cultivated by all; nor, without it, could any one have pretension to a polite education. Geometry was held by them in the highest honour; and therefore nothing more illustrious than their mathematicians. But we have advanced the limits of this art no further than its uses in surveying and reasoning; but, on the contrary, we rapidly embraced the orator: nor him, at first, with erudition, though ready of speech; but afterwards with learning. For Galba, Africanus, Lælius, are transmitted by tradition as learned. But studious, in the age before theirs, as Cato; after them, however, Lepidus, Carbo, the Gracchi; and then so great, down to our age, as to balance very nearly, if not quite, the ascendency of the Greeks. Philosophy has been left in obscurity until the present age, and has been excluded from the light of Latin letters: be it our task to receive her to this lustre, and raise her into notice, that if, when employed, we rendered some service to our fellow-citizens, we may not cease to

Digitized by Google

render it, if we can, when at leisure. This enterprize has claims upon us for the more diligence, because there are said to be many Latin books already written, with but little consideration, by men of the best intentions, no doubt, but superficially taught. For it may very well happen, that a man may think rightly, and yet be unable to give utterance to his sentiments with sufficient elegance. But, for any one to consign his thoughts to letters, who can neither arrange them with method, nor make them intelligible by illustration, nor attract the reader with any delight, is the part of a man who rashly abuses both his leisure and literature. And, therefore, let them read their books themselves with their friends; nor let them be touched by any, except by those who are like to need the same indulgence for the same license in writing. Wherefore, if, by our industry, we have acquired some oratorical reputation, we are bound to open the fountains of philosophy with the more diligence, since from them even that has flowed. But, as Aristotle, a man of singular genius, with science in profusion, as he was rather stung at the glory of the rhetorician Isocrates, began himself to teach young men to speak, and thus to unite wisdom with eloquence, so it pleases us, without

Digitized by Google

dropping our accustomed study of speaking, to enter the province of this more important and exuberant art. For I have always judged this to be perfect philosophy, which can speak with copiousness and elegance upon the greatest questions. We have taken our exercise in this with so much assiduity, that already we have ventured to hold schools after the custom of the Greeks; as lately, after your departure, in the Tusculan villa, when several of my friends were with me, I made trial of what I could do in that manner. For as aforetime I have declaimed causes, which no man has done longer than me, so this is now to be the declamation of my declining age. I bade any one to propose a subject, upon which he wished to hear a disquisition; upon that, either sitting or walking, I discoursed. And thus, the schools, as the Greeks call them, of five days, I have consigned to the same number of books. But the matter was transacted so, that when he who wished to hear had said what appeared to him, I then argued against it. For this, you know, is the ancient Socratic method of reasoning down the opinion of another. For in this manner Socrates thought what was most probable might be discovered with the greater ease. But, in order that our disputations may be presented more con-

Digitized by Google

veniently, I shall put them down as if the thing were passing, — not in the way of narration. Therefore, let the exordium commence thus:

Auditor. Death appears to me an evil.

Marcus. To the dead, or to those who are to die?

Auditor. To both.

Marcus. It causes misery, then, since it is an evil.

Auditor. Certainly.

Marcus. Consequently, they are miserable to whom death has happened, and they to whom it will happen.

Auditor. It appears so to me.

Marcus. Then there is no one not miserable.

Auditor. Absolutely not one.

Marcus. And, indeed, if you choose to be consistent, all that were ever born, and all that ever shall be, are both now and always miserable. For, if you were to say, they only are miserable who are to die, you would except, it is true, no man living; for all must die; but yet, in death, there would be an end of misery. But since the dead also are miserable, we are born to eternal misery. For they who died an hundred thousand years ago, nay, all that were ever born, are miserable.

Digitized by Google

Auditor. So I look at the matter, of course.

Marcus. Tell me, pray, whether you fear such things in the lower regions, Cerberus of the triple head, the roaring of Cocytus, the passage of the Acheron, Tantalus dying of thirst, with water at his chin, or this of Sisiphus,

> "Who, spent with effort, up hill rolls a stone,
> And, drenched in sweat, his baffled task renews."

Mayhap, also, the inexorable judges, Minos and Rhadamanthus, before whose bench neither Lucius Crassus, nor Marcus Antonius, can raise their eloquent voices in your defence; nor, though the matter will be sifted in the presence of Greek judges, can you employ that of Demosthenes; you will have to be your own advocate, and manage all the points of the cause yourself, amidst an innumerable circle. Perhaps you shrink from all this, and thus startle at death as an eternal evil.

Auditor. Do you think me delirious, that I should believe those things to be?

Marcus. Then you do not believe them?

Auditor. Far enough from it.

Marcus. I am sorry to hear it, by Hercules.

Auditor. Why, pr'y thee?

Marcus. Because there would be scope for eloquence, were I to refute them.

Digitized by Google

Auditor. Who might not be copious, upon such a theme? or what mighty task, to cancel these horrific fictions of poets and painters?

Marcus. But still there are books filled with arguments of philosophers against those very things.

Auditor. Very idly, sure; for who is there silly enough to heed such absurdities?

Marcus. If, then, the miserable are not in hell, it follows there is nobody there.

Auditor. Of course. I never dreamed there was.

Marcus. Then, where are the unhappy multitudes you speak of? or, what place do they inhabit? for, if they exist, they cannot be nowhere.

Auditor. And yet, I think they are nowhere at all.

Marcus. And, of course, not to exist at all.

Auditor. Exactly so; and yet unhappy, indeed, on that very account, because they are reduced to nothing.

Marcus. Now would I rather you had feared Cerberus, than to say so rash a thing as that.

Auditor. What, I wonder?

Marcus. You say of the same man, that he is not, and he is. Where is your acumen? for, when you say he is unhappy, you say that he, who is not, is.

Digitized by Google

Auditor. I am not so dull as to say that.

Marcus. Then what is it?

Auditor. I say, for example, that Marcus Crassus is miserable, in parting, by death, from such fortunes; that Cneius Pompey is miserable, bereft of so much dignity, of so much glory; in short, that every body is miserable, who is shut from this light.

Marcus. You revolve to the same point; for, if they are miserable, it argues that they exist. But a moment since, you denied those to exist, who are dead. If they do not exist, then they can be nothing; and, of course, neither can they be miserable.

Auditor. Perhaps I do not express myself as I think; for that very thing, not to exist, when you have once been, I think is most unhappy.

Marcus. What! more so than not to have been ever at all? By that rule, even they who are not born as yet are unhappy already, because they are not; and we ourselves, if, after death, we are to be unhappy, were just as unhappy before we were born. For my own part, I have no recollection of being at all unhappy before I was born. If your memory is better, I wish to know what you remember.

Auditor. You rally as if you thought I said

Digitized by Google

the unborn are unhappy, instead of those who are dead.

Marcus. Then you insist they are.

Auditor. Nay, but because they are not, when they have been; in that, I think them unhappy.

Marcus. Do you not see your utter contradictions? For what is so contradictory, as to say of him who is not, not only that he is miserable, but even that he is anything at all? When you walk out of the Porta Capena, and look at the sepulchres of the Calatini, of the Servilii, of the Metelli, do you think them unhappy?

Auditor. Since you press me with a word, I will drop it, and, for the future, not say *are* unhappy, but only unhappy, for this thing itself, because they are not.

Marcus. So you will not say, miserable *is* Crassus, but only, miserable Crassus.

Auditor. Exactly so.

Marcus. As though it were not matter of necessity, that whatever you pronounce in that manner is either so, or not so. Were you never even tinctured with dialectics? for this is the first lesson. Every pronunciation, for so I will now call αξιωμα — I will find a better word, if I can, some other time, is pronounced only because it is either true or false. Accordingly, when you say,

Digitized by Google

miserable Crassus, you either say, Crassus is miserable, that it may be seen whether the assertion be true or false, or else you say nothing at all.

Auditor. Well, then, I give it up; the dead are not miserable; since you constrain me to acknowledge, that they who are not at all can by no means be miserable at all. But what? as to us who are alive, are we not miserable? For, what pleasantness can there be in life, when, by night and by day, we have to reflect already, even already, we are to die?

Marcus. Do you see, however, what a mountain of evil you have already removed from the human condition?

Auditor. In what manner?

Marcus. Because, if to die were miserable even to the dead, we should have a sort of infinite and eternal evil in life. Now, I see a goal, to which when the race is run, there is nothing else to be feared. But you appear to me to be of the opinion of Epicharmus, an acute, and, for a Sicilian, not a frivolous man.

Auditor. What was it? for I am not aware.

Marcus. I will say, if I can, in Latin; for you know I as rarely use Greek in a Latin discourse, as Latin when speaking in Greek.

Auditor. And perfectly right. But pray, at length, what was that thought of Epicharmus?

Digitized by Google

"To quit the scene of life I am right loath;
Once fairly dead, I set it all at nought."

Auditor. Yes, that sounds like a Greek. And since you have compelled me to confess the dead are not unhappy, do me the favour to demonstrate, if you can, that it is not to be deemed unhappy, that we are to die.

Marcus. As for that matter, indeed, there is no difficulty about it; but I have something of far more consequence in view.

Auditor. How do you make so light a matter of this? or what of more consequence can you revolve in thought?

Marcus. Because, if, after death, there is no evil, then death itself is none; the next space to which is after death, where you confess is none. Of course, the having to die is not an evil; for it is but arriving at that which we acknowledge to be no evil.

Auditor. Open that, if you please, a little wider. For these subtilties rather coerce my confession than afford me conviction. But what are these momentous matters you contemplate?

Marcus. To teach not only that death is no evil, but, on the contrary, if I can, that it is even a good.

Auditor. I do not even ask that; yet I long to

Digitized by Google

hear; for though you fail to accomplish what you wish, you will, at least, make it clear that death is not an evil. But I will not interrupt you at all. I prefer to hear a continued discourse.

Marcus. What! should I ask you something, would you not answer?

Auditor. That would be haughty, no doubt. But, unless it be necessary, I would prefer not to be questioned.

Marcus. I will comply with your wishes, and explain what you desire to the best of my ability; not, however, in the character of the Pythian Apollo, that all I shall say is to pass for certain and established; but as a man from the fallible many, pursuing probabilities by conjecture. For I have no means of passing beyond what may have the resemblance of truth. Let certainties be announced by those who think them accessible, and who profess themselves to be wise.

Auditor. Pursue your own pleasure. As for us, we are prepared to listen.

Marcus. Then we are to inquire, in the first place, what seems so well known a thing, what death itself is. For there are, who think death is the departure of the soul from the body. There are, who think no departure takes place, but that the soul and body fall together, and the soul ex-

Digitized by Google

tinguished with the body. Of those who think the soul to depart: some think it dissipated immediately, others to remain a long time, others forever. Moreover, as to what the soul itself is, or where, or whence, there is great variety of opinion. To some, the heart appears to be the soul; whence the words *excordes*, for men of slow minds; *vecordes*, for those whose minds are infuriate; *concordes*, for men of like minds; and that strong-minded Nasica, twice Consul, *Corculum;* and *Egregie cordatus homo catus Ælius Sextus.* Empedocles takes for the soul, the blood that mantles about the heart. To some, a certain part of the brain seems to hold the office of soul. Some think neither the heart nor the brain is the soul, but that it resides in one or the other of these organs; some in one, others in the other. But others take the soul to be air, as most of our countrymen, which is implied by the name itself. For we say both *agere animam* and *efflare animam*, to give up or breathe out the air, or soul; and *animosos*, for men of soul; *bene animatos*, for well-affected souls; and *ex animi sententia*, to the soul's content. But the soul itself, *animus*, is so called from *anima*, the air. Zeno the stoic concludes the soul to be fire. But thus far as stated, the heart, the blood, the brain, air, fire, are opinions of common

Digitized by Google

prevalence; the rest are almost singular, as were many still more ancient; the more recent, however, Aristoxenus, a musician as well as philosopher; a certain attuning the body, as in singing and the lute, which is called harmony. He adhered to his profession; and yet he advanced an opinion, which had been long before both sifted and explained by Plato. Xenocrates denied the soul all figure and substance, as it were, but said it was number, the mysterious efficacy of which, as it also appeared to Pythagoras much before, was very great throughout nature. His teacher, Plato, imagined a triple soul, the government of which, that is reason, he lodged in the head, as the citadel; and two parts he proposed for its subjects, anger and cupidity, which he distributed in different apartments, anger in the breast, and cupidity below the midriff. But Dicæarchus, in that discourse which he represents as held at Corinth, in three books, where the interlocutors are learned men, many of whom are speakers in the first book, in the two, he introduces a certain Pherecrates, an old man of Phthiotis, sprung, as he says, from Deucalion, asserting that the soul is nothing at all, and that this name is empty altogether; that neither in man nor in beast is there any mind or soul; and that all this energy, by which we do or

Digitized by Google

think anything, is equally diffused through all living bodies — not separable from bodies, it being a nullity; and that there is nothing real, except the one simple body, so organized, that, by the constitution of nature, it lives and thinks. Aristotle, in genius and diligence, I always except Plato, far before all, after embracing the four principles, which are elements of all things, judges there is a certain fifth nature, whence the mind exists. For, to think, foresee, learn, teach, invent, and so many other things — to remember, love, hate, desire, fear, grieve, rejoice, these and such like, he thought could not reside in any of the four elements. He imagines a fifth genus, wanting a name; and thus calls the soul by the new name, ἐντελέχια, as being a certain continued and perpetual motion. Unless any have, perhaps, escaped me, these are about all the opinions in regard to the soul. For Democritus, that great man, certainly, but as constituting the soul, from the fortuitous concourse of smooth and round corpuscles, we may pass. For there is nothing, with men of that school, but may be effected by a throng of atoms. Of these opinions, which is the true, some god may decide: which is the most probable, is a long inquiry. Then,

Digitized by Google

whether shall we submit them to the canvass, or return to our purpose?

Auditor. I should wish both, if possible; but it is difficult to confound. Wherefore, if, without that inquiry, we can be freed from the fear of death, let us do so. But, if that is not to be done without the previous explanation of this question of souls — this, if you please, now, and that at another time.

Marcus. What I perceive to have your preference, I think is the more convenient. For reason will show that, whichever of the opinions I have sketched be true, death is either not an evil, or rather, on the contrary, a good. For, if the heart, or blood, or brain, be the soul, certainly because it is body, it perishes with the rest of the body; if air, perhaps it will be dissipated; if fire, it will be extinguished; if the harmony of Aristoxenus, it will be dissolved. What can I say of Dicæarchus, who decides it to be nothing at all? According to all these opinions, there is nothing that can interest any one after death. For the sense is lost together with life. But to the thing that feels not, there can be nothing of moment any where. The opinions of the rest afford a hope, if this will delight you, perhaps, that souls, when they have

Digitized by Google

left the body, may arrive in heaven, as to their proper home.

Auditor. It certainly delights me. And, in the first place, I wish it fact; and then, if it be not, yet I wish to be made to believe it.

Marcus. Then, what need have you of our help? Can we surpass the eloquence of Plato? Read attentively that book of his upon the soul; you will have nothing left to desire.

Auditor. I have done it, by Hercules; and that very often, in fact. But I know not how, while I read, I assent; when I lay the book down, and begin to reflect with myself upon the soul's immortality, all that assent slides away.

Marcus. What say you to this? Do you admit that souls either remain after death, or perish by death itself?

Auditor. I do, of course.

Marcus. What if they remain?

Auditor. I grant they are happy.

Marcus. In case they perish?

Auditor. Not unhappy, because they are not at all; for, indeed, this is what you constrained me to admit a little while since.

Marcus. Then, how or why can you say that death appears to you an evil, which either makes

Digitized by Google

us happy, if the soul remain, or not unhappy, devoid of all sense?

Auditor. Then, show me, if you please, in the first place, and if possible, that souls remain after death; then, if not able to reach that point, for it is arduous, you will teach that death is void of all evil. For I cannot but apprehend that the fact itself is an evil, I do not say, to be void of sensation, but that we are to become so.

Marcus. Indeed, we can avail ourselves of the best authority in favour of that opinion, which you wish to have established, a thing which ought to have, and usually does have, the greatest weight; and, in the first place, that of all antiquity, which, from its nearer approach to the origin, and divine offspring, therefore better discerned, perhaps, the truth of things.

This one impression, then, was implanted in those primeval men, whom Ennius terms *cascos*, or ancients, that there is sense in death, and that man is not so erased by it as to be wholly effaced. And this may be collected both from many other things, and from the pontifical laws and sepulchral ceremonies; which men of such exalted genius would neither have cultivated with so much care, nor guarded from violation by such impressive sanctions unless it had inhered in their minds that

Digitized by Google

death was not a destruction, involving a total and absolute demolition, but rather a certain migration and change of life, which, with illustrious men and women, was usually an introduction into heaven; in the rest, though retained upon earth, yet the soul would be permanent. From this opinion, even our ancestors were persuaded

> That Romulus enjoys with gods the light
> Of heaven's eternal day,

as Ennius has said, in accordance with the popular creed; and with the Greeks, and thence gliding to us, and even to the ocean, Hercules is held for so great and so helpful a god: hence Bacchus, the son of Semele, became a god, and the brothers Tyndaridæ, of the same celebrity of fame, are reported not only helpers in battles, to the victory of the Roman people, but even to have been the messengers to announce it. What! was not Ino, the daughter of Cadmus, called Leucothea by the Greeks, and received by our countrymen as the goddess of the morning? What! that we may dispense with naming more, was not all heaven, almost, peopled with human offspring? Indeed, were I to scrutinize ancient monuments, and endeavour to ferret out what Grecian writers have left upon record, it would be found that even the

Digitized by Google

great gods themselves, as reputed, proceeded from among ourselves, to take their rank in heaven. Inquire whose sepulchres are shown in Greece; recollect, since you are initiated, the traditions of the mysteries; then, at length, you will have some conception of the extent of these deifications. But also they who had not yet learned physics, which began to be treated many years after, persuaded themselves of as much only as could be gathered from the admonition of nature: the reasons and causes of things were not within their reach; they were often influenced by visions, and especially of the night, to think they saw, by apparitions, that the departed from life still lived. But, also, there is great stress to be laid on this, why we should believe there are gods; because there is no nation so savage, no man out of all men so barbarous, whose mind is not imbued with the opinion of gods. Many hold depraved sentiments in respect to the gods; for such is the usual effect of corrupt creeds; but all admit there is some divine power and nature; nor, indeed, is this the effect of collusion, or human convention; the opinion has been established neither by institutions nor laws. But, in every thing, the consent of mankind is to be deemed a law of nature. Who is there, then, who does not mourn the death

Digitized by Google

of his friends, especially for this, — because he thinks them deprived of the sweets of life? Take away this opinion, and you remove grief; for no man laments his personal trouble. Men regret, perhaps, and are sad at heart; but that dismal wailing, and those bitter tears, are caused by our thinking that the object we loved so much is despoiled of the satisfactions of life, and feels it. And these are our impressions from nature herself; from no reason, from no instruction. But a strong argument, that even nature tacitly points to the immortality of souls, is, that all men are thoughtful, and especially so, in regard to what shall happen after their death.

"He plants his trees another age to bless," as Statius says in the Synephebi; with what view, unless he thinks he has interest even in following ages? Will the diligent husbandman plant trees, then, the fruit of which he will never see, and will the great man not plant laws, institutions, the republic? What means the desire of posterity, the propagation of name, the adoption of children, the diligence of wills? what the monumental sepulchre, the funeral eulogy? what do they all intimate, if not, that we have the future also in contemplation? And another thing: have you any doubt that the specimen of nature is to

Digitized by Google

be taken from every best nature? Then what is there better in the nature of man, than that of those who deem themselves born as helpers, defenders, and preservers of men? Hercules is enrolled among the gods. Never would he have found his way to heaven, had he not paved it while amongst men. That road is beaten now, and consecrated by the religion of all men. What are we to conceive were the thoughts of so many and so great men, who, in this republic, have been slain in its cause? That the memory of their names would perish with their lives? No man, without strong hope of immortality, will ever offer himself to death for his country. Themistocles might have lived in safe retirement; so might Epaminondas; so might, not to hunt for ancient and foreign examples, we ourselves. But, I know not how, there inheres in minds a certain augury, as it were, of future ages; and this, in men of the greatest genius and the most lofty spirit, is more especially found, and more distinctly manifest. Which abstracted, who would be mad enough to live always in the midst of toils and dangers?

I am speaking of the great. How is it with the poets? Have they no wish for posthumous celebrity? Then, wherefore this?

Digitized by Google

Behold, O citizens, the sculptured form
Of aged Ennius, your father's deeds who sung!

He claims the meed of glory from those whose ancestors he had consigned to glory; and the same:—

No cries at my death — no tears o'er my urn.
Why? My life still flits o'er the lips of men.

But why poets? Artists have ambition to be celebrated after death; else why did Phidias include his image in the shield of Minerva, when not allowed to inscribe it? What of our philosophers? Do they not install their names in front of the very books where they inculcate the contempt of glory? But, if the consent of all men be the voice of nature, and all, every where, agree that there is something which belongs to those who have departed from life, we also are to think in the same manner. And if we deem those, whose souls are adorned with excelling genius and pre-eminent virtues, because they have the best natures, are the best judges of nature, it is probable, since every best man does devote himself most to posterity, that there is something which he will have the sense of after death. But, as that there are gods, we are impressed by nature, yet what they are, we are taught by reason; so, that souls

Digitized by Google

remain after death, we infer from the consent of all nations; in what seat they remain, and what they are, is to be learned from reason. Ignorance upon these points gave rise to the fiction of hell, and those terrours, which, with so much reason, you appeared to despise. For, as bodies fell upon the earth, and were covered with mould, *humus*, whence it was called inhuming, they judged that the rest of the life of the dead was passed under the earth. This opinion of theirs was the source of enormous errours, which the poets have further augmented. For a crowded theatre, where are timid women and children, is excited at hearing such towering verse.

Lo, I am here, from Acheron arrived;
Though scarce could I surmount the arduous pass,
Through caverns, built of rough, impending rocks,
Of hugest mass, where dwells the thick, stiff night of hell.

And so great was the force of an errour, which appears at present, at least to me, to have vanished altogether, that when they knew the bodies were consumed to ashes, yet they feigned such things to take place in the regions below, as, without bodies, neither can be possible nor intelligible. For they could form no conception of souls living by themselves; they sought them a form and

Digitized by Google

features. Hence all the imagery of the dead in Homer; hence the spectres which my friend Appius conjures up, in his necromancy; hence, in our neighbourhood, the lake Avernus,

> Whence ghosts, at dead of night, appear,
> Forth from the yawning gate of Acheron,
> Defiled with gore, grim shadows of the dead.

Yet they pretend that these shadows speak; which cannot be done either without a tongue, or without a palate, or without the form and configuration of the cheeks, chest, and lungs. For they could see nothing with the mind; they addressed every thing to the eyes. But it is the part of great genius to call off the mind from the senses, and to abstract the thought from custom. And thus, although, I presume others also, in so many ages, but as transmitted in extant letters, Pherecydes, the Syrian, first said that the souls of men are immortal, he claims antiquity certainly; for he existed in the reign of my namesake Tullus. His disciple, Pythagoras, confirmed this opinion very much; who, having come into Italy during the reign of Superbus, occupied that great Greece with the honour of his discipline, and even with his authority; and, for many ages after, the name of the Pythagoreans flourished to that de-

Digitized by Google

gree, that no others were thought to know anything. But I return to the ancients. They gave no reason, almost, for this opinion of theirs, except what was to be explained by numbers and geometrical figures. Plato, we are told, in order to know the Pythagoreans, came to Italy, and there made the acquaintance both of Archytas and Timeus, besides many others, and learned the whole system of Pythagoras; and, more especially, not only embraced his views in regard to the immortality of the soul, but also supported them with a reason; which, unless you say otherwise, we will pass, and relinquish all this hope of immortality.

Auditor. You will not, sure, desert me, after raising my expectations to the height. I would rather err, by Hercules, with Plato, for whom I know the great regard you have, and whom, from your lips, I admire, than to embrace the truth with those others.

Marcus. All hail to your virtue! For I should myself not refuse to wander with such a guide. As in most things we doubt, then, shall we also of this? Although of this there can be no doubt, for mathematicians prove that the earth, seated at the middle of the universe, occupies, in comparison to the embrace of all the heavens, as it were,

Digitized by Google

a point, which they call centre; and that the nature of the four principles concerned in the production of all bodies is such, that they share, as it were, among themselves, divided and separate moments: the terrene and humid, of their own accord and weight, are borne to the earth and sea, at equal angles; the remaining two parts, the one igneous, the other airy, as the former are drawn to the centre of the universe by gravity and weight, so these ascend, in right lines, to the celestial spaces, whether it is their nature to seek the highest, or because light substances are naturally repelled by the more grave. As these things are known, it must be evident, that souls, whether they be of air, or breathable, or whether igneous, when they shall leave the body, will be borne on high. If the soul, however, be either a certain number, a thought too subtle to be expressed with clearness, or that fifth rather nameless than inconceivable nature, being still much more unsullied and pure, they will bear themselves to the greatest distance from the earth. The soul, then, is from some of these; nor should so alert a mind lie immersed either in the heart, or in the brain, or in the blood, according to Empedocles. But Dicæarchus let us omit, with his contemporary and fellow-disciple, Aristoxenus, unquestionably learn-

Digitized by Google

where wants are unknown, and where it will be nourished and supported, in the same manner as the stars are supported and nourished.

And since we are usually inflamed by the torches of the body, to almost all cupidities; which themselves are incited to the more intensity, because we emulate those who have those things which we covet to have; we shall be happy indeed, when having left the body, we shall be exempt both from cupidities and emulations. And as now, when freed from cares, we desire to see something new, and to change the scene, the same under circumstances far more favourable, we shall do then; and shall devote ourselves altogether to the contemplation and thorough comprehension of things. Both because by nature there exists in our minds a sort of insatiable thirst of seeing the truth; and even the features of those places we shall arrive at, the more they will facilitate our knowledge of celestial objects, the more they will kindle our desire of increasing it. For it was this beauty, even upon earth, which excited that patriarchal and ancestral philosophy, as Theophrastus says, and fired it with a passion for knowledge. But especially will they enjoy those things, which, even while dwelling upon this earth, and surrounded with darkness, they still had exerted all the

Digitized by Google

effort of their mental vision to penetrate and fathom. For, if now they think it something gained, who have seen the mouth of the Euxine, and those straits which were passed by that named

> Argo, because in her conveyed the Argives,
> Men select, explored the ram whose fleece was gold;

or they, who have seen those narrows of the Atlantic,

> Whose currents fierce cleave Lybia from Europe,

what a spectacle, must we think, will that be, when the whole earth may be surveyed at once; its seat, form and features, both its habitable regions, and those which, from excess of cold or heat, are wholly void of culture? For even at present, we see not indeed, with our eyes, those things which we behold, nor is any of the senses in the body; but as physiologists teach, as also physicians, who have seen them open, and examined them; there are certain passages perforated, as it were, from the seat of the mind to the eyes, to the ears, to the nostrils. And thus it often occurs, when our minds are absorbed in thought, or embarassed by the violence of some disease, that with both eyes and ears, both open and sound, we neither see nor hear; from which it is easily perceived

Digitized by Google

that it is the mind which sees and hears; and not those parts, which are but the windows as it were, of the mind; through which, however, the mind gets no intelligence, unless it acts and attends. Besides, when with the same mind we comprehend the most unlike things; as colours, taste, heat, smell, sound, would the mind ever know them through five messengers, were not every thing referred to itself, and were it not the sole judge of all things? And objects will then present themselves, assuredly, much clearer and more brightly to the view, when the mind will have freedom to transfer itself wherever nature prompts. For now, although nature has formed those perforations, which communicate from the body to the mind, with the most exquisite contrivance, yet they are somehow clogged by terrene and concrete bodies. But when there shall be nothing but the soul, there will be no intervening object to prevent it from seeing what every thing is. We might be ever so diffuse upon this theme, if the subject required it; how many, how various, how magnificent the spectacles the soul is about to have in that heavenly scenery. Which when I think upon, I cannot but wonder at the strangeness of some philosophers, who admire the knowledge of nature, and in their ecstacies, give thanks to its inventor

Digitized by Google

and chief, and revere him as a God; for they say he has been their deliverer from the severest of tyrants, everlasting terrour, and daily and nightly fear. From what terrour? from what fear? What old nurse is there so crazy, as to fear those things which you, forsooth, would have shuddered at, if you had not learned physics?

> The Acherusian fanes, the depths of Orcus,
> The pale abodes of death, where darkness reigns.

Should not a philosopher blush to exult that he does not fear such things? and has found them to be utterly false? We can judge by this of their natural accuteness, who, but for their learning, would have credited these matters! But they have stumbled upon something signal, because they have discovered, that when they come to die they shall perish totally. Which, though it prove so, for they are welcome to have it as they choose, what matter of exultation, or glory, they find in it, is more than I can see.

Nor yet, does any thing occur to me, why the opinion of Pythagoras and Plato may not be true. For though Plato should show me no reason, you see my deference for the man, the sole weight of his authority would stagger me. But he has brought so many reasons, as to prove him anxious

Digitized by Google

to persuade others, and at least to have persuaded himself.

But numbers are against us; and pass upon souls, as if capitally condemned, the doom of death; nor yet is there any thing else why the eternity of souls should strike them as incredible, except that they are unable to understand, or comprehend by thinking, what the soul is, without the body. As if they even understood what it is, in the body, or could answer, in case all could be seen in the living man, which is now covered; whether the soul would come forth to view; or, from its great tenuity, would evade the ken of vision. Let such as can form no idea of a soul without a body, reflect upon this. They will see what soul they understand in the body itself. As for myself, indeed, when I view the nature of the soul, the conception occurs with much more difficulty, and is far less clear, what the soul is in the body, as in a foreign home, than what it is, when quit of the body, it shall arrive, as it should seem, at its true home, in the freedom of heaven. For, unless we can understand what that is, which we have never seen, certainly we cannot embrace in thought even God himself, and the divine mind, free of body.

Dicæarchus, indeed, and Aristoxenus, because

Digitized by Google

the substance and nature of the soul was of difficult comprehension, have said there is no soul at all. It is, undoubtedly, the greatest of all efforts, for the soul itself to see the soul; and, no doubt, this is the import of the precept of Apollo, which admonishes that every man should know himself. For, I trust, he did not recommend that we should know our members, our stature, or features; neither our bodies; nor, in saying this to thee, do I say it to thy body. When, therefore, he says, *know thyself*, he says, know thy soul. For, the body, indeed, is but a mere vessel, as it were, and receptacle for the soul. Whatever thy mind acts, is acted by thee. Unless this knowledge of the soul, then, had been a divine achievement, this precept for every mind of profound reach would not have been given by a god, that it could know itself. But, grant the soul cannot know itself; can it know, at least, that it is? that it moves? whence that argument of Plato is drawn, which is developed by Socrates in the Phædrus, and which I have transferred to the sixth book of the Republic.

"That which, of itself, moves perpetually, is something eternal; but that which merely receives and transmits motion, dies of necessity, whenever its motion ceases. It is only a being,

Digitized by Google

therefore, that is author of its own motion, that never ceases to move, because it never deserts itself. Nay, more; it is a principle of motion; and a principle has no origin, although itself is the origin of all things. Itself has no cause; for if it had a cause, it would not be a principle. If it had no beginning, therefore, it can have no end. A principle, were it extinguished, could neither be reproduced by another, nor create itself anew. The essential nature of a principle being creative, no principle can be created. Thus, the principle of motion can exist only in a self-motive being; and it is impossible that such a being should either be born or die; otherwise, all heaven must crumble in ruin, and the whole system of nature come to a stand; for, having lost that motion it received at its first impulse, all its properties would perish. It being thus evident, that whatever moves itself is eternal, what doubt can there be that such is the nature of the human soul? For every thing moved by external motion is inanimate. That which lives, has, of its own, an internal principle of motion. Such is the nature, such is the property of the soul; and if it is, of all others, the only self-motive being, it certainly was never born, and is eternal."

Let all the plebeian philosophers, for so I think

Digitized by Google

the dissenters from Socrates and Plato, and that family, are to be held, lay their heads together; not only will they explain nothing, ever, with so much elegance, but they will not even understand with what a searching penetration this very argument is drawn up. Thus the soul perceives itself to move; and, together with this perception, it is conscious it moves by its own and no other impulse, and that it can, by no possibility, be deserted by itself. And thus its eternity is effected; unless you have detected some weak parts.

Auditor. Indeed, I am too partial to your inference, to regret that nothing has even offered itself to my mind, that could tend to shake it.

Marcus. But the faculties, in fine: do you think them of less weight? which declare there is something divine in the human soul; which, if I discerned how they could be born, I should see how they would perish. For, as to the blood, bile, phlegm, bones, muscles, veins, in short, the whole figure of the limbs and body, I think I could say whence they grew, and how they are made. As for the soul, were there nothing in it but that we lived through its means, I should judge that nature supported the life of man, as it does the vine or the tree; for these also, we say, live. So, if the soul of man had nothing but ap-

Digitized by Google

petite and aversion, this also would be common to it with the beasts. It has, in the first place, memory, and that infinite, of innumerable things; which Plato, indeed, imagines to be the recollection of a former life. For, in the book entitled *Menon*, Socrates puts to a certain child some geometrical questions relating to the mensuration of the square. He answers them as would be expected of such a boy; and yet, so easy are the interrogations, that, by answering them in gradation, he arrives at as just a solution as if he had learned geometry. From this, Socrates chooses to infer, that to learn is no other than to recollect. This he enforces, also, more elaborately, in that discourse which he held on the very same day on which he died. For he teaches, that any one you please, no matter how ignorant of every thing he may appear, will show, by his answers to a good querist, that they contain more than he had learned, and that he did but recall things by reminiscence; and, indeed, that it was wholly impossible we should have, from our very childhood, the notions, which they call ἐννοια, of so many and so important things, consigned, as it were, and implanted in our minds, unless the soul, before entering the body, had flourished in the knowledge of things. And since there was nothing in exist-

Digitized by Google

ence, as Plato maintains uniformly; for he allows existence to nothing which does but spring up and perish, and deems nothing to have real existence, that is not always the same; as what he calls ideas, and we, species; the soul, included in the body, could have no access to these ideas; it therefore brought them known. Thus the wonder ceases, at the knowledge of so many things. It is true, that the mind does not see them plainly, when it immigrates so suddenly into an unwonted and so confused a dwelling; but when it has collected itself, and got recruited, then it knows its ideas from remembrance. Thus, to learn is nothing but to recollect. But as for myself, I am struck with even more admiration at memory itself. For what is that thing with which we remember? or what is its force? or whence does it spring? I do not inquire in regard to memory so great as Simonides is said to have had, as Theodectes, as the ambassador to our Senate from Pyrrhus, Cyneas, as Charmadas, of late, as Scepsius Metrodorus, alive so recently, as our friend Hortensius; I speak of the common memory of men, and especially of men of some serious study, or some important branch of practice, the quantity of whose mind is of difficult estimation, so many are the things they have remembered. Do

Digitized by Google

you ask the drift of this? I think it tends to the understanding what that energy is, and whence. It certainly is not from the heart, nor the blood, nor the brain, nor from atoms.

Whether the soul be air, or whether it be fire, I do not know; nor am I ashamed, as those are, to confess my ignorance of what I do not know. This much, if I could affirm anything of an obscure matter, whether the soul be air, or whether it be fire, I should swear it was divine. For what, I beseech you, have you the least suspicion that this earth, or this benighted sky, could originate or concoct a force of memory so prodigious? If you see not what it is, you see how it acts; or, if not even this, at least you see what it does. Then what? shall we imagine in the mind some capacious space, into which we pour the things we remember, as into a reservoir? That, no doubt, would be too absurd. For, where is the space? or, how is such a shape of the mind conceivable? or, what capacity so vast exists at all? Then shall we suppose the mind impressed like wax, and memory the vestiges of things printed on the mind? What vestiges can there be of words? nay, what even of things? or what magnitude so immeasurable as to admit the effigies of so many of both? Then what is that force, at

Digitized by Google

length, which investigates the hidden, which has the name of invention, and the genius of discovery? Springs it, think you, from this terrene, mortal, fragile nature? Either his, who first gave things their names, which appeared to Pythagoras a trait of consummate wisdom? or who assembled scattered men, and taught them to live in society? or who determined the sounds of the human voice, which appeared infinite, by a few notes of letters? or who traced the course of the planets, with their retrogressions and stations? All great; also their predecessors, the inventors of agriculture, manufactures, architecture, the culture of civil life, the defence against noxious inroads and animals. Thus humanized and refined by their discoveries, we have glided from the arts of necessity to those of more elegance. For, not only a great delight for the ear has been gained by the discovered variety and nature of modulated sounds, but we look up at the stars, both those which are fixed in their stations, and those which wander, not in fact, but in name. The man, who saw in his mind these revolutions and motions, has shown us that his soul was similar to that mind who fashioned them in heaven. For, when Archimedes wrought into a sphere the motions of the sun, moon, and five planets, he accomplished the same

Digitized by Google

thing with that god, who, in the Timæus of Plato, erected the universe, that the turning of one axis should govern motions most unlike in tardiness and celerity of revolution; which, if, in this universe, it is only the hand of the Deity that can effect, so, neither in a sphere could Archimedes have imitated the same motions without a divine genius. Indeed, not even these more known and brilliant studies appear to me to want a divine impulse, that I should think either the poet to pour the grave and full-resounding verse, without some celestial instinct of mind, or eloquence without a certain controlling force to flow, redundant with sonorous words, and exuberant with sense.

Philosophy, in truth, the mother of all arts, what else is it, if not, as Plato says, the gift? as I, the invention of the gods? She taught us, in the first place, to worship them; and then the rights of men, which are the basis of human society; then moderation and greatness of soul. Moreover, she dispelled darkness as from the eyes of the mind, that we might see all things, above, below, first, last, intermediate. Absolutely, this force appears divine to me, which effects so many things, and so great. For, what is the memory of so many things and words? what, moreover, invention? Certainly something greater than

Digitized by Google

which nothing is conceivable even in God. For I do not think the gods delighted with ambrosia, or nectar, or youth to serve the cup; nor listen to Homer, who, says Ganymede, was abducted to heaven by the gods, to minister the beverage of Jove. It was not a just cause why so great an injury should be done Laomedon. Homer fabled these fictions, and transferred human traits to the gods; (I would rather he had the divine to us.) But what are divine? To exist, to know, to invent, to remember. Therefore, the soul, as I say, is divine; as Euripides dares to say, is a god; and, indeed, if god be either air or fire, the same is the soul of man. For, as that celestial nature is void both of earth and humidity, so the human soul partakes of neither of these elements. But if there is some fifth nature, first suggested by Aristotle, this should constitute that, both of the gods and of souls. Pursuant to this opinion, we have expressed our sentiments in the Consolation in these very words: "No origin of souls can be found upon earth; for there is nothing terrestrial in them, nothing which resembles earth. Nor have souls the least affinity with water, air, or fire, no more than those elements have with memory, mind, or thought; than they can remember the past, discover the future, or provide for the

Digitized by Google

present: faculties that claim to be called divine, and which can never be shown to have come to man from any other source but from God. Thus, the soul is a nature by itself, wholly different from these familiar natures, made for our use. Therefore, that nature, in us, which thinks, which knows, and is full of life, whatever it may be in itself, is celestial and divine, and necessarily, for that reason, eternal. God himself, so far as we comprehend him, can be represented in no other manner than as a free spirit, detached from all matter, perceiving and moving all things, and himself in perpetual action. Of this kind, and from this nature, is the human soul." Then, where resides, or what is, this universal mind? Where is thy own? or what? Canst thou tell? Though I should not have all I could wish essential to understanding, may I not, with your leave, make use of what I have? The soul, by no exertion of effort, can see itself. But the soul, like the eye, not seeing itself, can discern other things. But the soul does not see, even the least of all, its own form. Perhaps not; although that also. But let us leave it. Its force, its sagacity, memory, motion, celerity, it certainly sees. These are great, these are divine, these are eternal. What its face may be, or where it dwells, is not even to

Digitized by Google

be inquired. As, when we see, in the first place, the beautiful splendour of the heavens, and then such celerity of revolution as we are unable to follow in thought, next the alternation of days and nights, with the quadruple change of seasons, adapted to the maturation of fruits and invigoration of bodies; and the sun, guide, and governour of them all; the moon, with waxing and waning light, marking, as with notes, the holidays; and now, in the same zodiac, distributed in twelve parts, the five planets, wending their way, with the most uniform constancy, through the same course, with mutually discrepant motions; and the face of the nocturnal sky, on every side adorned with stars; now the globe of the earth, emerging out of the sea, fixed at the central point of the whole universe, with two zones, remote from each other, inhabited and cultivated; one of them, which we occupy, placed under the north pole and the seven stars,

Whence Boreas, blustering, piles the snow-drift chill;

the other austral unknown to us, which the Greeks call αντιχθονα; the remaining parts uncultured, stiffened with cold, or parched with heat. But this, where we inhabit, never in due season fails,

Digitized by Google

> The sky to soften, the trees to spread their foliage,
> The gladdening vine, in leafy growth, to flourish,
> Branches to curve, exuberant with fruitage,
> The seeded fields to wave the golden harvests,
> Fountains to gush, the meads to mantle verdure,
> All things to bloom.

Then multitude of cattle, part for food, part for culture of the fields, part for carriage, part for clothing; and man himself, as the contemplator of heaven and its Author, the worshipper of his Deity; with all lands and seas obedient to the utility of man. When we behold these things, then, and others innumerable, can we doubt there presides over this either a maker, if these things were created, as Plato thinks, or, if they have been always, as Aristotle judges, some ruler of so vast a work, of a scene so grand? So, the soul of man, although you do not see it, as you do not see God, yet, as from his works you acknowledge God, so from memory, from invention, from the celerity of motion, from all the beauty of virtue, do thou acknowledge the divine nature of the soul. Then, where does it reside? I believe in the head, truly; and could say why I believe it; but another time. At present, wherever its place, it certainly, at least, resides in thee. What is its nature? I think appropriate, and its own. But,

Digitized by Google

suppose it igneous — suppose it respirable; it's nothing to what we have in hand. Look only at this: as you know God, though a stranger both to his abode and his features, so ought thy soul to be known to thee, even though ignorant both of its seat and its form. But, in forming our judgment of what the soul is, if not utterly blind in physics, we cannot doubt but it has nothing mixed, nothing concrete, nothing coupled, nothing conjoined, nothing double; which being premised, certainly it can neither be decomposed, nor divided, nor rent asunder, nor pulled to pieces, nor, therefore, be destroyed. For destruction implies a sort of severance, and separation, and disjunction of those parts, which, before destroyed, were held together by some mode of cement.

Induced by these and similar reasons, Socrates, when upon trial for life, neither employed an advocate, nor was suppliant to the judges, but exhibited a contumacious independence, flowing from greatness of soul, not from pride; and upon the last day of his life, discoursed largely upon this very theme; and a few days previous, when he might easily have made his escape from prison, he chose not; and when he already held in his hand, almost, that deathful cup, he spoke in such a manner, that he appeared not to be thrust away to

Digitized by Google

death, but to ascend into heaven. For thus he judged, and thus he inculcated: there are two ways and divergent courses for souls departing from the body. For they who have contaminated themselves with human vices, and abandoned themselves to their passions, and, thus blinded, have sullied themselves with the frauds and excesses of private life, or, by violating the republic, have incurred the taint of inexpiable guilt, such will have to travel some by-road, sequestered from the assembly of the gods. But they who have kept their integrity and purity, who have escaped the contagion of the body, and have always held themselves above it, and, in human bodies, have imitated the life of the gods; for these, an easy return lies open to their divine presence, from which they had taken departure. Thus he commemorated, like the dying swans, who, not without cause, are consecrated to Apollo, since he appears to have endowed them with a spirit of divination, by which, seeing the great good there is in death, they welcome it with songs, and gladly die. So ought it to be done by all the good and wise. Neither, indeed, would there be a doubt with any one of this, unless the same thing happened to us when thinking earnestly upon the soul; which frequently occurs to those who strain

Digitized by Google

their eyes to observe an eclipse of the sun, that they lose the sight altogether. Thus, the sight of the mind, by viewing itself, sometimes becomes dazzled; and we consequently lose the vigour of contemplation. Thus, doubting, looking about, hesitating, buffeted by many scruples, as tossed in a ship in some boundless ocean, our discourse has traced its desultory voyage; but, thus far, ancient, and from the Greeks. Moreover, Cato so departed from life as if he rejoiced he had found a motive for dying; for the god who rules within forbids us to emigrate without his leave. But when God himself shall grant us a just cause, as then to Socrates, now to Cato, often to many, depend upon it, so Heaven help me, the wise man will depart exulting from these dull shades into that light. Nor yet will he force the bonds of his prison; for the laws forbid; but, as if freed by the magistrate, or some lawful authority, so released by the call or warrant of God, he will go his way. For, according to the same authority, the whole life of philosophy is but the study of death. For, what else is it, when we withdraw the mind from pleasure, that is, from the body? when from the care of money, the handmaid and slave of the body? when from the republic? when from all business? then, I say, what is it we do but summon the

Digitized by Google

soul to itself, force it to remain at home, and abstract it especially from the body? But, to sequester the soul from the body is nothing else, then, than learning how to die. Wherefore, let us study this lesson, trust me, and let us disjoin ourselves from the body; that is, let us accustom ourselves to die. This, while we remain upon earth, will be similar to that celestial life; and when, freed from these bonds, we shall be borne thither, the course of souls will be less retarded. For, such as have always worn the fetters of the body, even when set at liberty, move more tardily, as those do, who, for many years, have been bound with iron. For, this life is, indeed, the true death, which I could lament, if I chose.

Auditor. You have lamented sufficiently, I think, in the Consolation. For, as I read it, I feel more than half willing to depart from these scenes; but now, with such prospects before us, still much more.

Marcus. The time will come, and indeed quickly; and whether you shall recoil, or press forward; for time flies. But, so far is death from being, as you thought lately, an evil, that I not only fear there is nothing else certain to be not an evil to man, but even that there is nothing else that is good; if, indeed, we are either to be gods ourselves, or always to dwell with the gods.

Digitized by Google

Auditor. What matters it? for there are some present, who have little faith in these things.

Marcus. But I will never so let you off from this discourse, that death, upon any hypothesis, can appear to you an evil.

Auditor. How can it, when I know all you have been saying?

Marcus. How can it, dost ask? The gainsayers are upon us in swarms; not Epicureans only, — whom, for my own part, I do n't despise, but, I know not how it happens, every man of much learning does, — but even my heart's delight, Dicæarchus, has argued profoundly and strenuously against this immortality. For he wrote three books, which are called Lesbiacs, because the discourse is held at Mytilene, where he endeavours to demonstrate that souls are mortal. But the Stoics, with more liberality, grant us the loan of a life perhaps the length of the crow's. They say souls will remain a long time, but not always. Would you like to hear, then, why, if it be so, death is not an evil?

Auditor. As you please; but nobody shall persuade me from immortality.

Marcus. I like that very much; but we ought to be too confident of nothing; for we are often shaken by arguments enforced with ability. We

Digitized by Google

lose ground and change opinion even in much clearer matters; for there is some obscurity in these. Then, if such a thing should happen, let us be armed.

Auditor. With all my heart, certainly. But I will provide that it shall not happen.

Marcus. Is there anything, then, to prevent us from dismissing our friends the Stoics? I refer to those who say that souls remain after departure from the body, but not forever.

Auditor. Let them depart, of course, who undertake almost the only great difficulty in all this cause, that souls can remain without body; while that which is not only of easy belief, but a consequence of what they defend, they refuse to admit: that souls, after a long survival of the body, may remain always.

Marcus. You reprehend well; and the case stands as you have stated. Are we to listen, then, to Panætius, dissenting from his favourite Plato? An author he every where calls the divine, the wisest, the holiest of men, the Homer of philosophers. This only opinion of his, as to the immortality of the soul, he disapproves. For he asserts, what nobody denies, that whatever is born, dies. But souls are born, as declared by the resemblance of progeny to parents; which is ap-

Digitized by Google

parent not less in the genius than in the body. And he adduces another reason: There is nothing, which feels pain, but may be sick; and whatever is liable to sickness, is also fated to die. Souls grieve; therefore, they die. These may be refuted. For it is the part of ignorance, when the question relates to the immortality of souls, to predicate of the intellect, which is always void of every turbid motion, what is only to be said of those parts where sorrow, anger, and cupidity reside, which he, against whom these objections are brought, thinks to be separate and distinct from the mind. And as to similitude, it is more apparent in the brutes, whose souls are void of reason. The resemblance of men, however, is most observable in the body; and as to the mind, much depends on the body it happens to be lodged in. For many things are seated in the body, which sharpen the mind — many which blunt it. Indeed, it is asserted by Aristotle, that *all men of genius are melancholy;* and I therefore regret the less, that my parts are rather tardy. He enumerates many, and, as if the thing were admitted, gives the reason why it is so. Therefore, if such be the influence of what is engendered in the body upon the habit of the mind, and such is the source of resemblance, whatever may be its cause,

Digitized by Google

he has failed to show why a similarity of mind should necessarily be born. I wish Panætius could be present. He lived with Africanus. I would inquire of him which of his family the grandson of the brother of Africanus resembled; in person, the very image of his father; in life, so like to all the most abandoned of men, that he might easily pass for the worst; but he was copied, however, in the grandson of Publius Crassus, a man without superior, whether for wisdom, eloquence, or rank; as also in the sons and grandsons of many other celebrated men, whose names it is not material to mention. But what are we doing? Have we forgotten, that, having said enough upon the soul's eternity, it was proposed to make it appear, that, even if the soul be mortal, there is no evil in death?

Auditor. I did, indeed, remember it; but I cheerfully allowed you to wander from the subject, so long as you discoursed upon immortality.

Marcus. I see thou hast exalted views, and dost wish to go to heaven.

Auditor. I hope that good fortune may be our destiny. But make it, as they would have it, that souls do not remain after death; in that case, I see we are deprived of the hope of a more happy life.

Marcus. But, what evil is the result of that

Digitized by Google

opinion? For, suppose the body and soul to perish together; is there any pain, or any sense at all, in the body after death? Nobody has said that, although Epicurus charges it upon Democritus. The Democritians deny it. Neither in the mind, then, of course, is there any sense remaining. For itself is nowhere. Then where is evil? because there is nothing third. Is it because the departure of life from the body is not effected without pain? Though I believed it were so, how trifling it is! and I think it false, and, for the most part, that it happens without sense, sometimes even with pleasure; and the whole matter a nothing; for it passes in a point of time.

Auditor. This is the pang, or rather the torture: the parting from all those things which are good in life.

Marcus. Take care, lest it might be said, with more truth, from evils. But where is the necessity, when my business is to show that after death we are not unhappy, to make even life more unhappy by deploring it? This we have done in that book, in which we consoled ourselves as much as we could. Death withdraws us from evils, then, and not from good, if we would seek the truth. Indeed, this was urged so eloquently by Hegesias of Cyrene, that he is said to have been prohibited by king Ptolemy from reciting his

Digitized by Google

work in the schools, because, after hearing it, many had put themselves to death. There is, besides, an epigram of Callimachus, aimed at Cleombrotus of Ambracia, which says, that when nothing adverse had befallen him, he had thrown himself from a wall into the sea, after reading the book of Plato. But the book of Hegesias I mentioned is entitled *Αποκαρτερων*, because a certain person, going out of life by abstinence from food, is dissuaded by his friends; in answering them, he enumerates the troubles of life. I could do the same, though not so far as he went; for he thought it expedient for no man at all to continue in life. I omit others. Is it expedient even for us? Deprived as we are both of public and domestic solaces and ornaments, had we died before, death would certainly have withdrawn us from evils, and not from goods. Admit, however, there is somebody who has nothing to complain of, who has never been wounded by fortune. That honoured Metellus, with his four sons; but Priam had fifty, seventeen of whom by his lawful wife. Fortune had the same power over both, but used it with the one. For many sons and daughters, grandsons and granddaughters, followed the remains of Metellus to the pyre; Priam, bereft of so great a progeny, when he had fled to the altar for refuge, was slain by the hand of the enemy.

Digitized by Google

Had he fallen with his sons alive, and his kingdom in safety,

"Standing the glory of barbaric wealth,
The vaulted ceilings, rich with fret-work gilt,"

would he, think you, have departed from goods or from evils? As it appeared then, certainly from goods. But, doubtless, nothing could have befallen him better; and these tragic strains would not have been sung so touchingly.

"Devouring flames I've seen consume all these,
And dying Priam, by the sword transpierced,
Defiling with his blood Jove's altar."

As if, at that time, this catastrophe, or anything else, could really have befallen him better. Because, had he died before, he would have escaped the event however; but at this period he escaped from the sense of evils. Our friend Pompey, when he had been dangerously sick at Naples, got better. The Neapolitans crowned themselves; the Puteolians — never doubt it — also had their public rejoicings in mass, with the neighbouring towns. An idle affair, no doubt, and Greekish; but still auspicious. Then, if he had met his death at that epoch, would he have departed from good things, or from evils? Certainly from miseries. For he would not have made war

Digitized by Google

with his father-in-law; he would not have taken up arms unprepared; he would not have left his home; he would not have fled out of Italy; he would not, having lost his army, have fallen naked into the hands and upon the sword of slaves; his children would not have been deplored; all his fortunes would not have been possessed by the victors. He, who, had he died then, would have fallen in the midst of the most ample fortunes, by the propagation of life, how many, how great, how incredible, were the calamities he supped to the dregs! Such things are escaped by death, even if they should not happen; yet, because they can happen. But men do not think they can happen to them; every one hopes for himself the fortune of Metellus. As if more were fortunate than unhappy, or anything were certain in human affairs; or it were more prudent to hope than to fear. But, let this point itself be yielded: men are deprived by death of good things; does it follow, then, that the dead want the enjoyments of life? and this is misery? Certainly they must say this. How can he want anything, who himself is not? for the very name of wanting is sad, because it has this import: he had, he has not; he desires, he requires, he needs. These, I think, are the discomforts of the wanter. He wants eyes. Blindness is odious; children, bereave-

Digitized by Google

ment. This has weight with the living; but not one of the dead wants, not to say the enjoyments of life, but, indeed, not even life itself. I speak of the dead who are annihilated. But we in existence, do we want either horns or feathers? Will there be one who will say it? Certainly not. Why so? Because, when thou hast not what neither use nor nature has rendered apt for thee, thou dost not want, though perfectly aware thou hast it not. This argument is to be urged again and again: that once settled, as to which there can be no doubt, that, if souls are mortal, the destruction of death is so absolute, as to leave not the slightest suspicion of sense. Therefore, this being thoroughly established and fixed, we are to sift for a perfect knowledge of what it is to want, that no errour may shelter itself in the word. Then, to want has this import: to need what you wish to have. For a wish is implied in wanting, unless when used, as in fever, in another sense of the word. For, to want is thus said in a different sense, when you have not a thing, and, though conscious you have it not, you are very willing to dispense with having it. For, to want is not attributable to evil, and, if it were, would be no source of regret. To want good is said; and this want is an evil. But, even the

Digitized by Google

living does not want good, unless he needs it; yet, in a living man, it is intelligible to say he wants a kingdom; but, as applied to thee, it could not be said with perfect propriety. It might have been said of Tarquin, when he had been expelled from the kingdom. But, in regard to the dead, it cannot even be understood. For to want belongs to a sentient being. But there is no feeling in the dead; then, to want is, of course, not in the power of the dead. Although what need is there of philosophizing in regard to this, when we see the matter to require not much philosophy? How often not only our commanders, but whole armies, have marched, with emulation, upon inevitable death! which, if feared at all, neither Lucius Brutus would have fallen in battle, to prevent the return of the tyrant he had expelled, nor, combating with the Latins, would Decius, the father, with the Tuscans, the son, with Pyrrhus, the grandson, have offered themselves to the spears of the enemy; nor would Spain, in one war, have seen two Scipios falling for country; Cannæ, Paulus and Geminus; Venusia, Marcellus; the Latins, Albinus; the Lucanians, Gracchus: are any of these unhappy to-day? Nay; after the last breath, not even then; nor, indeed, can any one bereft of sense be unhappy. But it is an

Digitized by Google

odious thing, of itself, to be without sense; odious, if this were to want it. But, when it is clear there can be nothing in him, who himself is nothing, what can there be odious in him who neither wants nor feels? Although this is too much; but it is urged, because in this consists the whole contraction of mind from the fear of death. For, whoever shall see a thing clearer than light, the body and soul consumed, the whole living being extinct, and sunk in total destruction, and the animal, which has been, to have become nothing, he will plainly perceive there is no difference between the Hippocentaur, which has never been, and king Agamemnon; and that Marcus Camillus makes no more account of this civil war, than, when he was alive, I did of the capture of Rome. Then why would both Camillus have grieved, if he had thought in about three hundred and fifty years these events would happen, and I should grieve, if I were to think that in ten thousand years some nation would get possession of this city? Because, so great is the love of country, that we measure it, not by our own consciousness, but its own safety. Therefore, death will not deter the wise man — since from uncertain casualties it daily impends, and, from the brevity of life, never can be far off — from at all times consulting

Digitized by Google

the good of his country and friends; and posterity itself, of which he is to have no sense, he will consider as pertaining to him. Wherefore, even the man who deems the soul mortal may build for eternity; not through devotion to glory, which he is to have no sense of, but to virtue, which is necessarily followed by glory, even if thou hast not sought it. But this, in truth, is the order of nature, that as our birth is the entrance of all things for us, so death is the exit; as before we saw the light nothing belonged to us, so nothing will belong to us after the scene is closed. Then, what evil can there be in death, which belongs neither to the dead nor the living, since the one he does not touch, the others are extinct? They who make light of it, as they think, say it exactly resembles sleep; as if, really, any one would consent to live ninety years, on condition that, having completed sixty, he should sleep the rest. Not the swine even would do it, — man out of the question. But Endymion, if we trust fables, I know not when, fell asleep on Latmos, a mountain of Caria. I believe he is not waked up yet. Then, dost imagine he cares when the moon labours, who put him asleep, as it is thought, that she might kiss him slumbering? But what should he care, who not even feels it? Thou

Digitized by Google

hast sleep, the image of death, and dost wear it daily; wilt thou doubt there is no sense in death, when thou seest there is none in its resemblance? Away, then, with that impertinence, stamped almost with dotage, that it is hard to die before the time. What time, at length? Nature's? But nature granted the loan of it, as of money, without a day prefixed; then what hast thou to complain of, if she require her due when she please? for it was accepted by thee on this condition. The very same, should a little child die, think it to be borne with calmness; if in the cradle, indeed, not even to be complained of. But, here nature exacts with more rigour what she had granted. He had not tasted, they say, the sweetness of life; but this other already flattered himself with brilliant fortunes, and had begun to enjoy them. But even this, in other things, is thought better; to have part rather than none; why is it otherwise in life? Though Callimachus has said, not badly, *Priam wept much oftener than Troilus.*

Auditor. Still, however, they are deemed fortunate, who die at the extreme of age.

Marcus. Why?

Auditor. I presume, because no life could be pleasanter than that which is long enjoyed; for

Digitized by Google

nothing to man is sweeter than prudence, which, though age carry off the rest, it is sure to bring in exchange.

Marcus. But, what age is long? or what is there at all else that is long to man? Boys so lately, youths but yesterday, has not old age tracked us in pursuit, and seized us by surprise in mid course? But, having nothing beyond, we think this long. All those things, as they fall out to any, are reputed long or short, in proportion to life. At the river Hypanis, which flows into the Euxine, from a part of Europe, certain little insects, Aristotle says, are born to live but a day. Then, one of these, that dies at two afternoon, dies well-advanced in life; but he that dies at sunset, especially about the summer solstice, decrepit. Compare our longest age with eternity; we should be found in much the same brevity with these little insects. Then, let us despise all such impertinences; for what lighter name can I give to this levity? and let us place all the stress of living well in vigour of mind and greatness of soul, in the contempt and disdain of all human things, and in every virtue. For, in truth, we are now enervated by the most troublesome reflections; so that, should death approach before we have realized the promises of Chaldæans, we ap-

Digitized by Google

pear to have been stripped of great fortunes, bubbled, and deserted. Because, if we are racked and tortured, with minds suspended between expectation and desire, good heavens! what a pleasant journey that should appear, at the end of which not a care will be left, not an anxious thought! How Theramenes delights me! What loftiness of soul! For, though we weep as we read, that illustrious man does not die unhappily; who, thrust into prison by order of the thirty tyrants, having swallowed the poison as if he thirsted, threw out the rest, so as to make it resound: smiling at that sound, he said, *I drink this to the handsome Critias*, who had pursued him with the most implacable bitterness. For the Greeks, at their banquets, have the custom of naming the person to whom they are about to pass the cup. Unrivalled man! he sported with his latest breath, when the death he had within him had already seized his vitals. And that augury of death was true to the man he had pledged; it overtook him shortly after. Who would admire this composure of the most sublime of souls, in the very act of death, if he judged that death was evil? A few years after, Socrates visited the same prison, and the same cup, through the same guilt of the judges, as of the tyrants, Theramenes.

Digitized by Google

Then, what was the speech which Plato represents him to have held in the presence of the judges, already sentenced to death?

"I am filled with hope, O judges, it has happened fortunately for me, that I am sentenced to die; for one of two things is inevitable; either all the senses will be extinguished altogether by death; or it will result in a migration from this scene to a certain other place. Wherefore, whether, with extinction of sense, death resemble that sound sleep, which, sometimes without even a dream, affords the most tranquil rest; what gain to die! or, how many days can be found, that are preferable to such a night? or, who is happier than I, should all the perpetuity of future time await me thus? But, if that be true, which some assert, that death transports us to regions inhabited by those who have departed from life, how much more happy, to find myself escaped from those who wish to be numbered with reputed judges, to the presence of such as may rightfully claim that name — Minos, Rhadamanthus, Æacus, Triptolemus — and join the society of those who have lived with justice and honour! Can such a change of scene appear a small privilege to you? or can you esteem it a slight advantage, that I may hold discourse with Orpheus, Homer,

Digitized by Google

Hesiod? Indeed, if it were possible, I could wish to die often, to enjoy the circle I have mentioned. With what a glow of delight should I make the acquaintance of Palamedes, of Ajax, of others, whose throats have felt the knife of iniquitous judgments! Besides, I should taste the prudence of the powerful prince, who led his countless hosts to Troy; of Ulysses also; of Sisyphus; nor yet, though we touch the perilous themes I have handled here, should I incur the penalty of death. But, such of you, O judges, as have absolved me, fear ye not to die; for neither can aught of evil touch any good man, whether living or dead, nor will his interests be ever neglected by the immortal gods. Nor has this crisis befallen even myself fortuitously; nor have I cause of resentment against either those who accused me, or those who have condemned, except that they believed they were doing me hurt." And thus far in this manner. But the close is insurpassable. "But now it is time that I should go hence, that I may die; and for you, to the business of life. But which of the two is better, is known to the immortal gods; for, indeed, I think that no man knows."

Indeed, I would not a little rather have this soul than the fortunes of all those who sat in judg-

Digitized by Google

ment upon it. Although what he says the gods only knew, which was better, that he knows himself; for he had said before. But, to his maxim, that he should affirm nothing, he holds to the last. Meanwhile, let us hold that we should deem nothing an evil, which by nature is assigned to all; and let us understand, that, if death be an evil, it is an everlasting evil. For, of unhappy life, death appears to be the end; but, if death be unhappy, it can have no end. But, why do I commemorate Socrates or Theramenes, men of note for the glory of wisdom and virtue, when a certain Lacedæmonian, even whose name is not transmitted, so exceedingly despised death, that when he was led forth to it, condemned by the Ephori, and bore a look of hilarity and gladness, and a certain enemy had said to him, "*Dost thou despise the laws of Lycurgus?*" answered, "On the contrary, I owe him the warmest thanks, for having destined me to a punishment, which I can pay without borrowing and usury?" O, man worthy of Sparta! that he certainly appears to me, who had so great a soul, to have been condemned innocent. Such, innumerable, our city has produced. But, why name leaders and chiefs, when Cato writes, that legions have often marched with alacrity to that place, whence they thought they

Digitized by Google

were not to return? With equal spirit, the Lacedæmonians fell at Thermopylæ, in whose behalf Simonides,

> Stranger, at Sparta tell, thou saw'st us prostrate here,
> Our country's sacred laws observing to the last.

What says their leader, Leonidas? "*March with a firm breast, Lacedæmonians; to-day perhaps we shall sup in hell.*" This was a brave people, while the laws of Lycurgus were in vigour; one of whom, when a Persian enemy, in a parley, had boastingly said, "You will not see the sun, for the multitude of arrows and javelins," "*Then we shall fight in the shade,*" was the reply. These were the men. What shall we think of the Spartan matron, who, having sent her son to battle, and had heard that he was slain, said, "I raised him on purpose, that there might be, who would not hesitate to lay down life for country?" So be it. The Spartans were brave and rugged. The force of public discipline is great. What! shall we not admire Theodorus, a philosopher of Cyrene, by no means unknown to fame, who, when threatened with crucifixion by king Lysimachus, replied, "Reserve, may it please you, those threats of horrour for these thy minions, clothed in purple; for, truly, it is nothing to The-

Digitized by Google

odorus, whether he rots on the ground or aloft?" I am reminded, by this saying of his, that I should think something is to be said on the subject of inhumation and sepulture; not a difficult matter, especially with the knowledge of what has been said already of the absence of all sensation. Meanwhile, what Socrates thought upon this point is indicated in that book in which he dies, of which we have said so much already. For, when he had discoursed on the immortality of the soul, and the time for dying was now pressing on, being asked by Crito in what manner he would choose to be buried, "Indeed, my friends," he said, "I have expended much labour in vain; for I have not convinced our friend Crito that I am about to take my flight from this place, and shall leave nothing of myself behind. But still, Crito, if you can overtake me, or should fall in with me any where, bury me as you please; but, trust me, when I shall part hence, not one of you will reach me." Truly excellent this; for he both leaves his friend at discretion, and shows that, as for himself, he cares nothing at all about this whole affair. Diogenes, more rough, following, it is true, the same sentiment, but, as a cynic, more harshly, ordered himself to be thrown out unburied. "*What!*" said his friends, "*to the birds*

Digitized by Google

and beasts of prey?" "*No, indeed,*" said he; "*but, put a staff near me, that I may drive them off with.*" "*How can you?*" said they; "*for you will not feel.*" "Then, what harm to me in the rending of wild animals, feeling nothing?" This of Anaxagoras is excellent, who, when about to die at Lampsacus, his friends inquiring whether, if anything happened to him, he would choose to be carried to Clazomenæ, his country, "*It is not at all necessary,*" he said; "*for the self same road is open every where to the shades below.*" And, in regard to the whole subject of interment, this one point is to be kept in view, that, whether the soul dies or survives, it relates to the body. But, in the body there is no sense, it is plain, whether the soul is extinct, or escaped. But all things abound with errours. Achilles drags Hector, fastened to his car;—no doubt, he thinks Hector gets lacerated, and feels it;—and thus gluts his revenge; at least, as it appeared to him. But she grieves as if it were the bitterest thing in the world:

> I saw—and O, it wrung my heart to see—
> Even Hector trailed behind a four-horse car.

What Hector? or how long will he be Hector? Accius conceives better; and, at length, Achilles has a glimmer of reason:

Digitized by Google

> Nay, howsoe'er to Priam I restored
> The body ; Hector, at least, I 've taken off.

It was not Hector, then, thou hast dragged, but the body, which had been that of Hector? Behold, another rises out of the earth, and will not suffer his mother to sleep:

> O, mother, thee I call, who, locked in sleep,
> Dost soothe the anxious throb maternal;
> My fate forgot; rise and inter thy son.

When these verses are sung to measures so touching and wailing as to fill whole theatres with tears, it is difficult not to judge the unburied are unhappy.

> Ere the prowling beast and birds of prey.

He was afraid, with lacerated limbs, he might limp in his gait; once fairly consumed, all such fears subside.

> Nor let the relics of a half-burnt king,
> With bones unfleshed, with tainted gore defiled,
> To shock the sight, lie scattered o'er the ground.

I am at a loss what he apprehends, who warbles to the flute such fine verses. We are to imbue our minds, then, with this; that nothing is to be cared for after death, since many inflict outrages upon enemies even when dead. Thyestes vents

Digitized by Google

his execrations with Ennius in very graphic verses, at least; in the first place, that Atreus may perish by shipwreck. A hard thing this; for such a fate is not without a deep sensation. But what follows is quite harmless.

> Himself to high and pointed rocks affixed,
> His mangled corse suspended by the side,
> There may he taint the cliffs with blackening gore.

The rocks themselves were not more void of sense than the object suspended by the side, on whom this excruciating imprecation is thought to be wreaked. How cruel the torture, if he had felt it! Without sense, there is none. The next, however, is mere emptiness.

> Let not the tomb receive him to its refuge,
> Where the body, from human life withdrawn,
> As in a port, from evils finds repose.

You see the delusion implied in all this; he thinks the sepulchre a port, and the dead man to enjoy repose there. A great fault of Pelops, who did not educate his son, nor teach him, up to where every thing is to be cared for. But why animadvert upon the opinions of individuals, when the various errours of nations are equally glaring? The Egyptians embalm the dead, and keep them in their houses. The Persians add also a covering

Digitized by Google

of wax, to secure the duration of the bodies for the longest possible time. It is the custom of the Magi not to inter the bodies of their friends until they have been first fed upon by wild beasts. In Hyrcania, the people support public dogs; the wealthy have them of their own, and we know them to be a fine race of hounds; but every man provides himself, according to his means, with a pack to devour his remains, and holds this for the best mode of sepulture. Chrysippus collects a great many others, being inquisitive in all matters of history; but some are so revolting, that our utterance shuns and shrinks from them. This whole point, then, is to be deemed of no consequence, in regard to ourselves: not to be neglected in respect to our friends; and yet, with perfect understanding, that the bodies of the dead feel nothing. Whatsoever is due to custom and character, let the living see accomplished; but still, ever mindful that nothing belongs to the dead.

But, certain it is, that death is then encountered with the greatest equanimity, when the parting soul can console itself with the review of its own worthy actions. No man has failed to live long enough, who has perfectly performed the part of perfect virtue. There were many things, in my own case, to render death seasonable; which I

Digitized by Google

wish I could have met; for already there was nothing to be acquired; the duties of life had been crowned; the wars with fortune remained. Wherefore, though reason herself should fail to achieve that I might neglect death, my past life would bring it to appear that I have lived long enough, and more. For, although sense should vanish, the dead, however unconscious, will not want the highest and appropriate fruits of praise and glory. For, even if glory contain nothing for which it is desirable of itself, yet it follows as the shadow of virtue. The true judgment of the multitude, in regard to good men, if at any time they have it, is more to be commended, than it is essential to render them happy. But I could not say, in whatever acceptation, that Lycurgus, that Solon, want the glory of law-givers and founders of public discipline; Themistocles, Epaminondas, of warlike merit. For, sooner will Neptune overwhelm Salamis itself, than the memory of the Salaminian trophies; and Bæotia, with Leuctra, will both be swallowed, before the glory of the Leuctrian battle. Much later still will fame desert Curius, Fabricius, Calatinus, the two Scipios, the two Africans, Maximus, Marcellus, Paullus, Cato, Lælius, innumerable others. To men like these, whoever shall seize some similitude, will

Digitized by Google

step, if the occasion require, with mind assured to death; wherein we have ascertained is either the greatest good, or no evil at all; but he will even wish to die in the midst of his prosperity. For never can the crown of good things be so pleasant as the departure is painful. This opinion seems implied in the voice of that Laconian, who, when Diagoras the Rhodian, a celebrated Olympic victor, had seen two sons in one day victorious at Olympia, went up to the old man, and making his compliment, "Diagoras, you may die now; for as to scaling heaven, you will not expect that." The Greeks esteem these high matters, and perhaps overrate them; especially the Greeks of that day; and the man who said this to Diagoras, deeming it the consummation of glory for three Olympic victors to issue from one house, thought it would not be for his benefit to linger longer in life, exposed to fortune. But I answered thee in a few words what was sufficient, at least, as it appeared to me. For it was conceded by thee, that the dead are exempt from evil; but I have been the more diffuse in labouring this point, because, under the loss of friends, and in grief, this is the greatest consolation. For, our own regrets, and indulged on our own account, we ought to bear with moderation, to avoid the appearance of

Digitized by Google

loving ourselves too well. But such a suspicion is excruciating, to think that they of whom we are bereft are subject, with sense to feel them, to those evils which are imagined by the vulgar. It was my resolution to cut up by the roots these opinions; and, possibly, this has caused me to be rather too prolix.

Auditor. Thou prolix! Indeed, never for me. For the first part of thy discourse made me wish to die; the latter so impressed me, that at times I should not decline it — at times, think it wholly indifferent; but, by the whole argument, this at least is accomplished, that I should no longer repute death among evils.

Marcus. Then, shall we think worth while to add also the epilogue of the rhetoricians? or, shall we now take our final leave of this art?

Auditor. By no means do thou relinquish an art whose graces thou hast always cultivated, in just return, however, to say the truth, for the ornaments it had bestowed on thyself. But, what about the epilogue? for I long to hear, be it what it will.

Marcus. It is usual to introduce in the schools the judgments of the immortal gods in regard to death; not, however, their own fictions, but facts supported by the authority of Herodotus, and

Digitized by Google

many others. In the first place, they bring forward Cleobis and Biton, the sons of the priestess Argia. The story is well known; for, it being the rule that she should be conveyed in a chariot to perform a stated and solemn sacrifice at a temple rather distant from the town, and the horses were by some means delayed, the young men I have named dropped their apparel, anointed themselves with oil, and buckled to the chariot. Thus the priestess, arrived at the temple in a chariot drawn by her sons, is said to have prayed the goddess that she would recompense their filial piety, by the greatest boon that can be bestowed by Heaven on man. After the youths had supped with their mother, they retired to rest, and were found dead the next morning. Trophonius and Agamedes are said to have put up a similar petition; for when they had finished building a temple to Apollo at Delphos, in worshipping the god, they prayed, it is true, for no small reward for their labour and work — for nothing in special, but for the best that can befall man. Apollo manifested, the third day after, that he should grant their prayer; for, when he arose above the horizon, they were found dead. They say the god thus judged; and, indeed, that god to whom the rest of the gods had conceded the privilege of di-

Digitized by Google

vining in preference to others. A certain fable, also, is adduced about Silenus, who, having been captured by Midas, is said to have made him this return, as the price of his ransom: he taught the king that the best thing for man was, not to be born; but the next best, to die with all speed. This sentiment Euripides has used in Cresphontes:

> Of human life, the varied ills well weighed,
> It were most fit, with visits of condolence,
> We mourned the house where any one is born.
> While he that ends his painful toils in death,
> Him let his friends inhume in festal robes,
> With every mark of joy and gratulation.

There is something similar in the consolation of Crantor; for he says that a certain Terinæus, the Elysian, inconsolable for the death of his son, having entered the Psychomantium, a place where the Manes are consulted, to inquire what had been the cause of so great a calamity, a note was delivered him, inscribed with verses of this import:

> Men widely err in life, through mental night;
> Euthynous enjoys, the special prize of fate,
> An early grave; for such was best for him and thee.

From these and similar authorities, they conclude the matter decided by the gods, intimating their judgment by things. A certain Alcidamus, an

Digitized by Google

ancient rhetorician of distinguished celebrity, even wrote the panegyric of death, which consists of a recapitulation of human calamities. He was deficient in those arguments which have been collected by the subtle research of philosophers, but not in fluency of speech. Meanwhile, illustrious deaths, braved for country, generally appear to rhetoricians not only glorious, but also happy. They trace down from Erectheus, even, whose daughters were eager to meet death, in order to save the lives of their fellow-citizens; Codrus, who threw himself into the thickest of the enemy, in the disguise of a slave, lest the royal apparel might betray his rank; because the oracle had declared, that if the king should be slain, the Athenians would come off victorious. Nor, indeed, is Menœceus omitted, who, upon the faith of an oracle, lavished his blood for his country. Iphiginia at Aulis demands to be led to sacrifice, in order to elicit the blood of enemies at the expense of her own. And then they come to the more modern. Their mouths are full of Harmodius and Aristogiton, Leonidas the Spartan, Epaminondas the Theban, flourish. Our heroes were unknown to them; whom it were long to enumerate, such multitudes there are, with whom we see death to have been coveted with glory.

Digitized by Google

Notwithstanding the matter stands thus, still eloquence is to be used, and it is to be enforced as in a harangue to the people, that men may begin, either to wish for death, or certainly to desist from fearing it. For if that last of days bring us not extinction, but change of place, what is there more to be wished? But, if it obliterates and sweeps us away altogether, what is better than to drop asleep amidst the labours of life, and thus close our eyes in the drowse of everlasting slumber? which if it is to be, better is the language of Ennius than of Solon; for our poet says,

> No cries at my death, no tears o'er my urn.

But that sage of Athens,

> Let not my death lack tears nor grieving friends,
> To grace my obsequies with sobs and groans.

But let us, if anything should so happen that it appears the call of God for us to part from life, obey it with gladness and thanksgiving, as thinking ourselves released from prison, and relieved of chains, and about to return either to our eternal and proper home, or to a state insusceptible of all sense and of all trouble; but, if no such summons should announce itself, yet let us be of such mind as to think a day, which to others is so full of

Digitized by Google

horrours, is an auspicious day for us; and let us rank nothing among evils, which is appointed either by the immortal gods, or nature, the parent of all things. For we have not been planted or created with temerity, or by chance; but, of a truth, there was some power that consulted the good of man; nor would he have engendered and nourished a race, which, having exhausted all trials to the dregs, should then fall into the everlasting evil of death. Let us deem it rather a port, and place of refuge prepared for us; at which I wish it were permitted us to arrive with outspread sails; but, if retarded by head winds, still, though a little the later, we shall, of necessity, make good our voyage to the same point. But, a thing which is necessary for all, can that be unhappy for one? You have the epilogue, that you might think nothing omitted, or left unsaid.

Auditor. Indeed, not I. And yet, even this epilogue has tended to corroborate my firmness.

Marcus. Best of all. But, now let us give some attention to health. Meanwhile, to-morrow, and as many days as we shall be at the Tusculan, let us pursue these inquiries; and especially those which tend to alleviate sorrows, fears, cupidities; which, of all philosophy, is the most inestimable fruit.

Digitized by Google

BOOK II.

ON BEARING PAIN.

NEOPTOLEMUS, indeed, with Ennius, says *it is necessary for him to philosophize, but in few points; for, as a whole, it likes him not.* But I, my dear Brutus, think it necessary for me to philosophize; for, what can I, especially doing nothing, do better? but not like him, in a few points. For, in philosophy, it is difficult even for a few things to be known to him who is not familiar with all, or the most of things. For neither can a few things be selected except out of many; nor will he who masters a few not follow the rest with the same ardour. But, in a busy and military life, as that of Neoptolemus then was, even a few things are very beneficial, and produce fruits, if not so copious as may be gathered from universal philosophy, yet such as will enable us to free ourselves, in some measure, and at times, from

Digitized by Google

either sorrow, cupidity, or fear; as there appeared to be effected, from that disputation held by me of late at the Tusculan, a great contempt of death; which is no small step towards freeing the mind from fear. For a man that fears a thing not to be avoided at all, can by no means live in quiet of mind; but he who, both because to die is necessary, and because death has nothing in it that should make it horrible, has no fear of it, is provided with a powerful aid in pursuit of happiness; although we are not ignorant we are to encounter a host of earnest gainsayers; which was unavoidable by any means, unless we wrote nothing at all. For, if orations, we purposely moulded for the minds of the multitude; for that faculty is popular; and eloquence, to be effective, must have the approbation of the hearers; yet, if they were fallen upon by some, who would praise nothing but what they trusted they could imitate, every one confining the bounds of good speaking to what he could hope from himself, and, when they were overwhelmed by a tide of sentences and words, said they preferred fasting and famine to exuberance and plenty, ignorant of the very origin of that attic style which they pretended to follow; who are already silenced, scoffed at, almost, by the Forum itself; what are we to expect now, when

Digitized by Google

we see the help of the people, aforetime so useful, can no longer be relied on at all? For philosophy is content with few judges, retiring of choice from the crowd, and is herself an object both of suspicion and hatred for the multitude; so that, should any one incline to load her with invective in the mass, he might do it with the cheers of the people; or, should he direct his attack upon that we especially cultivate, he might have large succours from the schools of dissenting philosophers. But the adversaries of universal philosophy we have answered in Hortensius; and what was to be said for the Academy, has been advanced with sufficient diligence, we think, in the four Academical Books; but still, so far are we from declining to be written against, that this is the very thing we most earnestly wish. For, in Greece herself, philosophy would never have risen to honours so great, unless she had flourished by the contentions and dissensions of the most learned men. Wherefore, I exhort all, who are able, to seize this kind of glory also, from Greece, now in her decline, and transfer it to our city, as our ancestors, by their spirit and industry, have all the rest, at least, that were worth seeking. Indeed, that of orators, from such humble beginnings, has already so reached its summit, that, according to the course

Digitized by Google

of nature in almost every thing, it grows old, and seems likely, in a short time, to come to nothing. Let philosophy take birth, at least in Latin letters, from the present times; and let us cherish her, allowing ourselves to be disputed and refuted: a thing which ruffles the minds of those who are addicted, as it were, and devoted to certain established opinions, and, by that necessity, are compelled to advocate, for the sake of consistency, even what in general they do not approve. We, on the contrary, who seek probability, and can go no further than what has the appearance of truth, are prepared to refute without pertinacity, and be refuted without anger. Because, if these studies are translated to our literature, we shall not need even Greek libraries, where the multitude of books is infinite, from the multitude of writers; for the same things are said by many; and thus they have deluged every thing with books. And the same will happen with us, should great numbers throng to these studies. But let us, if we can, encourage those who, with thorough education, philosophize upon principles of reason, and with method, not omitting the graces of an elegant style. For there is a certain race, who wish to be called philosophers, whose Latin books, indeed, are said to be numerous, which I have no con-

Digitized by Google

tempt for, really, because I never read them; but, since their authors themselves profess to write without either order or method, ornament or elegance, I neglect a reading which affords me no delight. For what they of that discipline both say and think, no man of common information is ignorant. Wherefore, since they will give themselves no trouble as to their manner of expression, why they are to be read except among themselves, of similar sentiment, I do not understand. For, as Plato and the rest of the Socratic school, with their successors downward, are read by all, even by those who disapprove or faintly approve their opinions, while Epicurus and Metrodorus are in the hand of no one scarcely, besides their own sectaries; so let those Latins be read only by those who relish their system. But it appears to us, that whatever is committed to letters ought to recommend itself to the perusal of all men of erudition; and even if we ourselves are less competent to accomplish this, do we therefore think it the less to be accomplished. And therefore the custom of the Peripatetics and Academics, of discussing all questions in opposite parts, has always pleased me, not only because it is otherwise impossible to find what is the most probable in every point of inquiry, but also because it affords an

Digitized by Google

ample exercise for the talent of speaking. This method was first introduced by Aristotle, and has been retained by his followers. But, within recollection, Philo, whom we have heard frequently, instituted the custom of delivering at one time the precepts of rhetoricians, and of philosophers at another. Being induced by our friends to adopt this method at the Tusculan, we devoted to it what time we had to spend there. And thus, when we had given the morning to diction, as we had done the day before, we descended, in the afternoon, into the Academy. The disputation held there we shall exhibit, not in the way of narrative, but in much the same words in which it passed and was discoursed. While walking, then, it commenced after this manner, and was introduced by an exordium something like the following:

Auditor. It is impossible to express how I was delighted, or rather profited, by your dissertation of yesterday. For, though I am not conscious of ever having been over-fond of life, yet my mind, at times, would be struck with a certain fear and regret, when reflecting that a time must come for taking leave of this light, and parting with all that is pleasant in life. From this kind of trouble I am relieved, I assure you, so that I think nothing is less to be cared for.

Digitized by Google

Marcus. No wonder in the least at that; for such is the effect of philosophy. She heals the mind, banishes its vain solicitudes, delivers it from the chains of cupidity, expels its fearful apprehensions. But this her power is not the same over all; but it has great sway, when it has embraced a suitable nature. For, not only fortune favours the brave, as the ancient proverb has it, but reason much more; which, by certain precepts, confirms, as it were, the sinews of fortitude. Nature had moulded thee for something noble and exalted, and to look down upon the events of fortune; and thus a discourse held against death is easily seated in a mind of strength. But, dost judge the same arguments to have availed with the men themselves, except a very few, by whom they were invented, argued, and elaborately written? For, how rare to find a philosopher with such morals, with a mind and life so regulated, as reason requires — who deems his own doctrine, not a parade of science, but the rule of life — who yields obedience to himself, and deference to his own decrees! Whereas, how common to see some so full of vanity and ostentation, that it had been better for them not to have been taught — some the votaries of money, some of glory — many the slaves of their passions, — so that their life is

Digitized by Google

strangely] at war with their language; which, to me, appears of all things the most disgraceful! As, when a professed grammarian speaks uncouthly, or he that would be thought a musician sings absurdly, the disgrace is the greater, because he stumbles in the very science which he professes to know; so the philosopher, failing in the practice of life, is the more disgraced, for transgressing those duties of which he would pass for the teacher, and, having professed the art of life, is himself a delinquent in life.

Auditor. Is it not to be feared, if this be as you say, that you adorn philosophy with a false glory? For, what more decisive argument that it profits nothing, than that certain perfect philosophers live disgracefully?

Marcus. Indeed, that is no argument at all. For, as all fields which are cultivated are not fruitful, and that passage of Accius is false,

> Although committed to a barren soil,
> The grain still flourishes by its own nature,

so all minds which are cultured do not bear fruit. And — to dwell upon the same simile — as the field, however fertile, cannot be fruitful without culture, so with the mind, without learning. Thus, either of the two is abortive without the

Digitized by Google

other. The culture of the mind is philosophy. This eradicates the vices, and prepares the mind for seeding, and implants it, and sows it, as it were, with such principles as, when come to maturity, yield the most exuberant fruits. Then, let us proceed as we began. Propose the topic, if you please, you would like to hear discussed.

Auditor. I look upon pain as the greatest of evils.

Marcus. Even greater than disgrace?

Auditor. I dare not say that, in fact, and am ashamed to be thrust so quickly from the opinion.

Marcus. It were more to be ashamed of, did you persist in it; for what is less worthy than for anything to appear worse to you than disgrace, turpitude, wickedness? which to escape, what pain is to be refused, or rather not to be welcomed, sought for, embraced?

Auditor. Assuredly, I think so.

Marcus. Do you see, then, when briefly reminded, how much you have exhausted the terrour of pain?

Auditor. I see plainly; but I desire more.

Marcus. I will try, at least; but the affair is great, and I shall require a mind that is not reluctant.

Auditor. That you shall certainly have; for,

Digitized by Google

as I did yesterday, so now, I will follow reason, wherever she may lead me.

Marcus. In the first place, then, I will speak of the imbecility of some philosophers, and of their various systems, the chief of whom, as well for authority as antiquity, the Socratic Aristippus, hesitated not to pronounce pain the worst of evils. And then Epicurus lent himself, with docility enough, to this enervated and effeminate opinion. After him, Hieronymus of Rhodes admitted the absence of pain for the chief of goods, so great was the evil he saw in pain. The rest, except Zeno, Aristo, Pyrrho, about the same with yourself just now: an evil, indeed, but others worse. Thus, what nature herself, and a certain generosity of virtue, immediately spurned, so that you could not hold pain as the worst of evils, and, upon the opposition of disgrace, were driven from the opinion, — in that opinion, philosophy, the mistress of life, is found to persist for so many ages. What duty, what praise, what glory, will be deemed worth purchase at the expense of pain, by the man who shall persuade himself that it is the worst of evils? On the contrary, what shame, what infamy, will he shrink from, that he may avoid pain, who has decreed that there can be nothing worse? And who not miserable, not

Digitized by Google

only in suffering the severest pains, if such be the worst of evils, but even in knowing they are possible to befall him? and who is exempt, to whom they may not befall? Thus, it follows, that no man in the world can ever be happy. Metrodorus, indeed, thinks a man perfectly happy, whose body is well constituted, with assurance it will always remain so. But where is the man that can have this assurance? But Epicurus makes assertions which appear to me calculated to raise a laugh; for he affirms, somewhere, "If the wise man should be burned," — you think he is going to say, no doubt, he will bear it, he will endure it, he will not sink under it. Great praise, by Hercules, and worthy of that Hercules by whom I have sworn; but for Epicurus, the stout, rough man, this is not enough. "If in the bull of Phalaris, he will say, How sweet it is! how I despise it utterly!" Even sweet? Was it too little, if not bitter? But, even philosophers, who deny the evil of pain, do not usually say it is sweet for a man to be tortured; they say it is rough, difficult, odious, contrary to nature, yet not an evil. This man, who not only calls it evil, but the extreme of all evils, judges the wise man will say it is sweet! I do not request thee to think pain entitled to such epithets as Epicurus,

Digitized by Google

a voluptuary, as you know, bestows upon pleasure. Let him say the same thing, if he will, in the bull of Phalaris, as if he were in his comfortable bed. I do not ascribe to the wise man so much vigour against pain. Let him bear it with courage, is all that duty requires. That he should rejoice in it, is what I ask not; for it is a sad thing, beyond doubt, rough, bitter, inimical to nature, difficult to be suffered and borne. Look at Philoctetes, whose groans are excusable; for he had seen Hercules himself, on mount Œta, shrieking from intensity of pain. Thus, the arrows he had received from Hercules, we find, were no consolation to this man, when,

> From viperous fangs distilled, the poison
> Imbues the vital current of his veins,
> And through his tortured frame fierce anguish thrills;

and so exclaims, imploring aid, and desiring to die,

> O, who will hurl me to the briny deep,
> From the high summit of yon beetling cliff?
> Now, now I perish; life is ebbing fast,
> Through anguish of the wound, the ulcer's rage.

It appears difficult to say that a man is not suffering evil, who is forced to exclaim in this manner. But, we are about to see Hercules himself broken down by pain at the very time when, by his

Digitized by Google

death, he acquired immortality. What tones he utters, in the Trachiniæ of Sophocles? who, when Dejanira had put him on a tunic dipped in the blood of the centaur, and it had clung to his flesh, says, —

O, much that 's hard to tell, and rough to bear,
This battered frame has braved, this mind endured!
Yet not the dread of Juno's mortal hate,
Nor Eurystheus stern, has wrought me mischief
Aught so dire, as this one frantic woman,
This daughter of Œneus, unawares,
Entrapped me in a vest by furies spun;
Which to the flesh adhering, eats its way
To the entrails; steals from the lungs their breath,
Drinks my discoloured blood; and, urging on,
Consumes with horrible pest this crumbling form;
Caught in the meshes of a woven curse.
Blows, which no hostile arm, no mountain bulk
Of earth-born giants, no twofold impetus
Of double centaur, have dealt this body:
Not Grecian force, nor yet barbaric rage;
Not that fierce race, who people earth's last verge,
Which, scouring through, I purged of monsters fell;
But female guilt; by woman's hand I die.
O son, bear that name truly to thy sire,
Nor aught of filial tenderness retain
Towards a mother urging me to death.
O drag her hither, seized with pious hands.
'Twixt her and me, now shall I see thee choose.
Haste, dare, my son, espouse thy father's wrongs:

Digitized by Google

Oh pity me! nations will weep our woes.
Alas! that I should utter girlish cries,
Whom man ne'er saw at worst of ills to groan.
Courage, grown thus enervate, prostrate falls.
Come hither, son, O come, behold this corse;
These wretched, shattered relics of thy father.
Let all behold: and thou, celestial sire,
Launch, I implore, on me the flashing force of thunder.
Now, now, the whirling pangs of pain torment:
Now the fit rages: O hands, victorious erst,
O breast, O back, O arms of sinewy force!
Crushed in your gripe, did not Nemæa's lion,
Gnashing, in groans breathe out his latest gasp?
The lake of Lerna this right hand appeased
The horrid victim slain upon its shores:
This felled Geryon's twofold giant form;
This the desolating brute of Erymanth:
This from the darkling realms of Tartarus,
Drew forth the triple-headed whelp of Hydra:
This hewed the dragon's many twisted spires:
And sealed those eyes that watched the golden fruit.
Many exploits besides this hand have graced;
And man can boast no spoil from my renown.

Can we despise pain, when we see Hercules himself grieving so impatiently? Let Æschylus appear, not a poet only, but a Pythagorean; for so he is transmitted. With him, how do we find Prometheus bear the pain inflicted on account of the Lemnian theft, whence fire shines for mortals, clandestinely imparted? The learned Prometheus

Digitized by Google

having taken it by stealth, suffers the penalty imposed by the sovereign doom of Jove. Under the scourge of this punishment, then, fastened to Caucasus, he speaks thus:

Ye race of Titans, ye of kindred blood,
Offspring of Heaven, see me here impaled,
And fastened to these pointed rocks,
As fearful mariners secure their ship
At night, trembling at Neptune's angry roar.
Even thus, has Jove Saturnian fixed me here;
The hand of Vulcan summoned to his aid.
He these bolts of fabric stern inserting,
My limbs has riven: wretch that I am! transfixed
By ruthless skill, and doomed to make my home
Of this detested dungeon of the furies.
Where, too, on every other dismal day,
The bird of Jove, rending with hooked claws,
And fatal pounce, devours his horrid meal.
Then, with fat liver crammed, and satisfied,
Soaring aloft, he utters frightful cries,
And laps my blood from off his feathery tail.
When the gnawed liver springs, renewed in growth,
Unfailing he returns to his fell feast.
Thus I this guardian of my torture feed,
Who wreaks on me alive an endless doom.
For, chained as you behold, and bound by Jove,
I have no power to chase the accursed bird
That preys upon my vitals: thus alone,
I suffer all that's doleful; yet in vain
I look around for death to end my woes;

Digitized by Google

Doomed not to die by Jove's severe decree.
This old, this new, this ever-growing plague,
Forever to this body horrid clings;
Whence briny drops, forced by the solar blaze,
Distilling, wear the stones of Caucasus.

It would seem scarce possible not to say of a man thus affected, that he is unhappy: and if this man is unhappy, pain is certainly an evil.

Auditor. As yet, at least, you have upheld my cause; but this I shall see presently. Meanwhile, whence are those verses? for they are new to me.

Marcus. I will tell you, as I live; for you may well inquire. You know I abound in leisure.

Auditor. And what then?

Marcus. When you were at Athens, no doubt you frequented the schools of the philosophers.

Auditor. It is true I did so; and much to my satisfaction.

Marcus. Then you must have observed, though at that time there was no one who excelled much for eloquence, that, however, they sprinkled their discourse with verse.

Auditor. Nay, I remember we had a great many from Dionysius the stoic.

Marcus. You are perfectly right. But what he introduced resembled school exercises, without selection, without elegance. Our friend Philo,

Digitized by Google

not only used to select his poems with taste, but connected them with his subject, in place. Thus, since I began to acquire a fondness for this kind of declamation, suited to the decline of life, I use our own poets, I confess, with a partial preference. But where, at any time, they fail me, I have translated myself largely from the Greeks, that our Latin discourse might want no ornament in this kind of disputation. But do you see what mischief the poets have wrought? They introduce the bravest of men descending to lamentation: they soften our minds; and then they are so fascinating, that they are not read only, but learned by heart. Thus, when to a bad education at home, and a life of indulgence and delicacy, the poets are added also, they cripple the sinews of all virtue. They were therefore excluded rightly by Plato, from that city he sketched, when in search of the most perfect manners and constitution for a republic. We, however, being taught by Greece, read these seductions from childhood, and learn them; and repute this a liberal education and learning! But why be angry with poets? philosophers, masters of virtue, are found, who should say that pain is the chief of evils. But thou, a youth, who, having a little while since said it appeared so to thee, on being asked by me,

Digitized by Google

whether worse than disgrace, at the word didst drop the opinion. Ask the same of Epicurus; he will say, the evil of a moderate pain is greater than the extreme of disgrace; for in disgrace itself there is no evil, unless it be followed by pains. Then what pain followed Epicurus, when he said this very thing, that pain is the worst of evils: than which disgrace, I expect none greater from a philosopher? Wherefore you granted me enough, when you acknowledged that disgrace appeared to you a greater evil than pain; for, if you hold but to this, you will perceive how much to be resisted is pain. Nor is it so material to inquire whether pain is an evil or not, as how the mind is to be strengthened for the bearing of pain. The stoics twist up certain shadows of reasons, to prove it is not an evil; as if all the evil lay in the word, and not in the thing. Why will you deceive me, Zeno? for, when that which appears to me horrible, you assert is no evil at all, I am caught, and crave to know, in what manner the thing I deem the depth of misery, comes all at once to be not even an evil? Nothing is evil, he says, but that which is base and vicious. You return to your trifling. I know that pain is not wickedness; desist from teaching me that: now teach that pain, or no pain, is all one for me. It is always the

Digitized by Google

same thing, he says, at least, to living happy; — which is placed in virtue alone: but still, pain is to be rejected. Why? It is rough, alien to nature, difficult to be borne, sad, hard. Here is profusion of words; what all men call by one word, evil, the same may be said in so many forms. Instead of removing, you define my pain, when you say it is rough, hostile to nature, and scarce possible to be tolerated and borne. Neither do you say false; but it had been more becoming not to sink under the thing, while vociferating that nothing is good but the honest, nothing evil but the base. This may be wishing: it certainly is not teaching. Both better and truer is this: — all things which nature spurns, are evils: all she calls for, goods. This being premised, and the verbal dispute determined, so much does that excel, which is rightly comprised under these phrases, what is honest, what is right, what is proper, — which we sometimes embrace in the name virtue, — that all things else reputed as the goods of the body and of fortune, appear very small and inconsiderable; so that no evil at all, nor all evils assembled in one place, are to be compared with the evil of turpitude. Wherefore, if, as you admitted at first, turpitude is worse than pain, pain is absolutely nothing. For, while it shall appear

Digitized by Google

to thee disgraceful, and unworthy of man, to groan, to shriek, to lament, to be crushed, to be disabled by pain,—then honesty, then dignity, then decorum, will stand before thee; and when, beholding these, thou shalt restrain thyself, pain will certainly yield to virtue, and, at the presence of mind, will sink away: for, either there is no virtue, or all pain is to be despised. Will you allow there is such a thing as prudence, without which, no virtue can even be understood? Then how is it? will she authorize thee to do any thing without profit, but with much labour? will temperance suffer thee to do aught without moderation? could justice be worshipped by the man, who, through pain, will disclose counsels, betray friends, abandon the most sacred duties? What! how wilt thou answer fortitude, with her companions, greatness of soul, gravity, patience, a spirit superior to fortune? Broken down, prostrate, and deploring with lamentable voice, wilt thou hear, *O the brave man!* I doubt, in such a plight, if any would even call thee a man. Then fortitude is to be lost, or pain is to be sepulchred. Do you know that if you should lose some of your Corinthian vases, you may have the rest of your furniture safe; but, should you lose a single virtue,—although virtue cannot be lost,—but should you

Digitized by Google

confess that you have not one particular virtue, that you will have none left?

Then could you apply the epithets of brave man, or magnanimous, or patient, or grave, or the contemner of fortune, either to Prometheus, or to that Philoctetes? for I prefer to avert the question from thee; but, assuredly, he was not a brave man,

> Who, stretched on the humid bed, resounding
> With wailing, shrieks, laments, and bellowing groans,
> Attuned his voice to all the notes of woe.

That pain is pain, I do not deny; for why should fortitude be desired? but I say it is kept under by patience: — if, at least, there be any patience. If there be no such thing, why do we extol philosophy? or why do we glory in her name? Pain pricks; nay, let it stab even; if thou art naked, present thy throat. But if covered with Vulcanian armour, that is fortitude; resist: for unless thou dost, this guardian of dignity will leave and forsake thee. Indeed, the laws of the Cretans, which, whether sanctioned by Jupiter, or Minos, had, as the poets tell us, at least the authority of Jove; and equally those of Lycurgus, inured the youth to labours, by hunting, running, fasting, thirsting, enduring the extremes of heat and cold.

Digitized by Google

But at Sparta, the boys are received at the altar with such scourgings, as draw the blood freely from their flesh: sometimes, as I heard when I was there, even unto death. Not one of them ever uttered a cry, nay, not even a groan. Then what? boys may do this, men could not; and custom is powerful, reason impotent? There is some difference between labour and pain; they are near borderers, certainly; but still there is a partition between them. Labour is the execution of some considerable work, or performance, whether of body or mind; but pain is a rough motion in the body, that shocks the senses. These two, those Greeks whose language is more copious than ours, call by one name; and thus, with them, industrious men are studiers, or rather lovers of pain: but we more properly call them laborious; for labour is one thing, and pain is another. O Greece! how needy of words sometimes, who thinkest thyself to abound with them always. To suffer pain, I say, is one thing; to labour, is another. When the varix was cut from Caius Marius, he had pain; when he marched with his army in sultry weather, he laboured. There is, however, a certain resemblance between them; for the habitual use of labours will facilitate the endurance of pains. Accordingly, the founders of

Digitized by Google

the republics of Greece made provision for hardening the bodies of their youth by labour. This the Spartans have extended even to females; who, in other cities, with the most indulgent treatment, are concealed by the shelter of walls. But the Spartans would have nothing like this with the virgins of Lacedæmon; for whom athletic exercises, the Eurotas, the sun, the dust, labour, and the parade of war, have more charms than a sottish fertility. And, therefore, amid these laborious recreations, even pain is of no unfrequent occurrence. They push, and are pushed about, getting frequent blows and falls; and labour itself affords a sort of callus for pain.

But the soldiery, ours I refer to, not the Spartan, who march to the flute, and are always harangued in anapestics; but our armies, you see, in the first place, whence they have the name, *exercitus*, from exercise; and then what labour, and how great attends their march; to carry more than half a month's provision of food; to carry whatever they wish to use; to carry a palisade. For as to shield, sword, helmet, our soldiers think no more of calling them burthens, than their shoulders, arms, hands; for they are called the members of a soldier. And, indeed, he carries them so featly, that, if need be, dropping his burthens, he

Digitized by Google

can fight with his disencumbered weapons, as if they were his members. Then the exercise of the legions! what! that race, that shock, that clamorous shout, how vast the labour! Hence, in battle, that soul prepared for wounds. Lead up an unexercised soldier, of equal courage, he will appear a woman. Why is there so great difference between a new and veteran army as we have found? the age of the fresh soldier is commonly in his favour; but to bear labour, to despise wounds, is learned from custom. But, also, we often see the wounded borne out of battles, and that green and unexercised soldier, though his wound is little more than a scratch, is deploring at the most shameful rate. Whereas, this other, exercised and old, and, for that reason, all the braver, only asks for a surgeon to bind his wounds.

> O Patrocles, I come to ask assistance,
> And your hands, before I sink beneath
> This plague accursed, hurled at me by the foe.
> No means are left the gushing blood to staunch,
> Nor death to stay, except through skill of thine;
> For heaps of wounded glut the porticoes
> Of Æsculapius' sons, and all approach deny.

Certainly this is Eurypilus, a man of exercise, where so much grief is suppressed. Observe how

Digitized by Google

far from tears he will answer: he gives the reason, even why he ought to take his fortune quietly:

> Whoever aims destruction at another,
> Should know, that plagues are brewing for himself,
> That he may share the like.

Patrocles, I trust, will lead him off to a couch, that he may bind his wounds; at least, if he has a spark of humanity; but of this I never saw less; for he inquires about the action.

> Say, how in battle speeds the Argive cause?
> Words fail to utter what their deeds supply.
> You sink; so rest thee: bind thy wounds; be hushed.

Even though Eurypilus might, Æsopus could not.

> When, by the chance success of Hector,
> Our strenuous battle checked. * * *

and goes on to explain the rest in pain; for such is the enthusiasm of military glory in a brave man. Thus the veteran soldier can exhibit a model the wise and the learned must despair to rival? Nay, they will surpass it; and that not a little. But as yet, I speak of custom and exercise; of wisdom and reason in their place. Tender old women often support a fast of two or three days. Withdraw his rations for one day from a wrestler; he will appeal to that Olympic Jove himself, for

Digitized by Google

whom he exercises; he will cry out it is impossible to bear it. Great is the force of habit. Hunters pass whole nights in the snow; they suffer themselves to be scorched upon the mountains. Hence pugilists, pulverized with blows of the gauntlet, never so much as groan. But why do I cite those, for whom the Olympic victory appeared like the ancient lustre of the consulship? Gladiators, either desperate men, or barbarians, what wounds they despise! how much do they, who are well trained, prefer to receive a wound, rather than avoid it with disgrace! how often is it plain, they seek nothing so much, as to satisfy, either their master, or the people! Covered with wounds, they even send to their masters to inquire their pleasure; if they are content, for themselves, they desire to die. What tolerable gladiator was ever known to groan? Who ever saw one change countenance? or betray the dastard, whether standing or falling? or, when fallen, if bid receive the sword, defend the neck? So great is the effect of exercise, meditation, custom. Shall such traits attach to the Samnite slave?

The dregs of man, worthy his place and fate.

And shall the man born to glory, have any part of the mind so soft, as to defy the corroboration of

Digitized by Google

meditation and reason? The spectacle of gladiators, in the opinion of some, is both cruel and inhuman; and, as now practised, I do not know that it is not: but when malefactors were doomed to mutual battle, perhaps many for the ears, but for the eyes, there could not be a braver discipline against pain and death. Of exercise, of meditation, of custom, I have spoken; come, now, and let us see as it respects reason; unless you have something to object as to these.

Auditor. What! for me to interrupt thee! neither indeed could I wish it; so effectual to persuasion has been thy discourse.

Marcus. Then, whether it be an evil to have pain, let the stoics see, who, by certain forced and sophistical inferences, refuted by the senses, would have it appear that pain is not an evil. I do not think it, whatever called, so great as it appears; and I say that we are startled too vehemently by a false view and spectre of it; and that all pain can be tolerated. Then where shall I commence? shall I briefly touch what has been said lately, that our discourse may proceed with more ease? It is agreed by all, not only the learned, but the unlearned, that it belongs to the brave, the patient, the magnanimous, the victor of human events, to suffer pain with firmness. Nor,

Digitized by Google

indeed, was there ever any one, who thought the man who so suffered, not to be praised.

Then, what we both expect from the brave, and applaud when it happens, is it not disgraceful, either to dread when coming, or not to bear when arrived? But we shall see, though right affections of the mind are all called virtues, yet this name is not proper to them all; but from the excellence of one, they were all named from it. For virtue is so called from *vir*, a man; but the special attribute of man is fortitude; and its two principal functions are, the contempt of death and of pain. These we must exercise, if we would be virtuous; nay, if we would be men; since virtue has borrowed her name from man. You inquire, perhaps, how? and rightly; for such medicine philosophy professes to supply. Epicurus arrives; not a bad man at all; or rather a very good man; he advises as well as he knows. Neglect pain, he says. Who says this? The same who said pain was the extreme of evils. Scarce consistent enough. Let us hear. If pain be extreme, he says, it is necessarily short. Repeat me that: for I do not understand clearly, what you will have to be extreme, nor what short. Extreme is that, beyond which there is nothing; and short, where nothing can be shorter. The magnitude of pain

Digitized by Google

I despise, from which I shall be rescued by the shortness of time, almost before it arrives. But a pain like that of Philoctetes? well and good. It appears great to me indeed; but not extreme; for nothing pained him but the foot. The eyes may, the head may, the sides, the lungs, every thing. It is very far, then, from the extreme of pain. "Therefore," he says, "inveterate pain partakes more of pleasantness than trouble." Now I cannot say of so great a man, that he is wholly void of reason, but I think he is scoffing at us.

I do not say of extreme pain, for *extreme* I shall call it, although another be some ten atoms greater, that it is necessarily short; and can name several most worthy men, who, for many years, have been tormented with the severest pains of the gout. But the shrewd man never determines the measure, whether of magnitude or duration, that I may know what he would call extreme in pain, or short in time. Let us quit him, then, as saying nothing at all; and extort the confession, that the remedy for pain is not to be sought from him who pronounces pain the *maximum* of all evils, however he might have shown himself with flashes of courage in his colics and strangury. We must go somewhere else, then, for the object of our search; and, especially,—if there be any thing especial in

Digitized by Google

consistency, — to those who hold the honest, for the chief good; the base, for the *maximum* of evil. In the presence of these, thou wilt not dare even to groan, and toss thyself about; for virtue herself would address thee by their voice. Wilt thou? when thou seest boys at Lacedæmon, youths at Olympia, barbarians in the arena, receive the most excruciating inflictions, and bearing in silence, — if haply some pain shall give thee a smart twinge, wilt thou scream like a woman? wilt thou not bear it sedately, and with constancy? It is impossible to be done: nature will not suffer it. I hear. Boys bear it from the motive of glory; others bear it from shame; many from fear; and still shall we apprehend, that what is borne by so many, and in so many places, is insufferable to nature? But nature not only admits, she also even claims it; for she holds nothing more excellent, seeks nothing with more ardour, than honour, than praise, than dignity, than what is becoming. For by all these names I would have one thing be signified; but I use several, that I may impress it the more emphatically. But this I would declare by far the best for man, that which of itself is desirable, and for its own sake, be it the effect of virtue, or residing in virtue herself; laudable at all times, of her own impulse;

Digitized by Google

which, indeed, I would sooner call the only, than not the greatest good. And as this for the honest, so the contrary for the shameful. Nothing so disgusting, nothing to be spurned so much, nothing more unworthy of man. Because you are persuaded of this,—for you said, at the beginning, you saw more evil in disgrace than in pain,—what remains is only that you command yourself. Although I know not how this should be said, as, if we were two, that one should command, and the other obey; it is said, however, not without prudence. For the soul is apportioned in two parts; one of which participant of reason, the other not. When, therefore, it is recommended that we command ourselves, the maxim is this: Let reason rule rashness. There is, in the minds of nearly all men, by nature, something soft, abject, low, enervated somehow, and languid, doting. If this were all, nothing were more disgusting than man. But there is also the mistress and queen of all things, reason, who, supported by herself, and after long progress, becomes perfect virtue. That she bear sway over that part of the mind which ought to obey: this should be the chief study of man. In what manner, dost ask? In the same as the master over his servant—the general over his soldier—the parent over his son.

Digitized by Google

If that part of the mind I have designated as soft behave itself shamefully,—if it give way to womanish tears and laments,—let it be checked and constrained by the custody of nearest friends; for, whom no reason could control, we have often seen subdued by shame. Then let us keep down these as refractory slaves, almost with bonds and confinement. Such, however, as are nearer to firmness, but yet too irresolute, should be admonished, as we do good soldiers when rallied, to maintain their character. That wisest of the Greeks, in the Niptræ, when wounded, does not complain to excess, but moderately rather:

> Move gently, step by step, with even poise,
> Lest, from the jolt, a sharper pain should seize.

For this, Pacuvius is more to be approved than Sophocles; for, with him, Ulysses laments under a wound too pitifully. But, even here, they who bear him off wounded, when he utters some slight groan, considering the gravity of the personage, do not hesitate to say,—

> Thou, too, Ulysses, though severely hurt
> We see thee, bearest a mind almost too soft
> For such a veteran, grown old in arms.

The discerning poet perceives that custom is not a contemptible preceptress for the bearing of pain.

Digitized by Google

But, for a man who suffers severely, not very impatiently:

> Stop! hold fast! O, in your arms sustain me!
> Unbind the wound! O, wretched me! what torture!

He begins to sink; then immediately desists.

> Cover and leave me. Quick, O quick let be;
> Your hand, your touch exasperates the pain.

You notice, he was silenced through no abatement of pain in the body, but from having subdued that of the mind. And thus, at the close of the Niptræ, he reprimands others in turn; and that when dying:

> To plain our adverse fortune, not lament,
> Becomes the man; weeping to woman's genius
> Falls.

Thus, the softer part of this man's mind renders obedience to reason, as a modest soldier to a stern general. But he that shall be invested with perfect wisdom,—a man we have never seen as yet; but the traits he would bear, should there ever be one, are found in the precepts of philosophers. This sage, then, or that perfect and absolute reason he would possess, will govern that inferior part, as a just parent his dutiful children; he effects his wishes with a nod—with no labour, no

Digitized by Google

trouble. He will stand erect — arouse his vigilance — prepare his munitions — arm himself to receive pain, as he would the enemy. What arms are these? Exertion, courage, inward harangue, as self-exhorting; beware of any thing shameful, cowering, unmanly. Let the mind pass in review the portraits of the noble; let the Eleatic Zeno figure before it, who suffered the worst of torture, to avoid naming his associates in a design for destroying a tyranny; let it contemplate the Democritian Anaxarchus, who, fallen into the hands of Nicocreon, king of Cyprus, neither deprecated nor declined the most cruel refinements of torment.

Calanus of India, a man without learning, and a barbarian, born at the roots of Caucasus, was burned alive, at his own choice.

We, if the toe pain us, or the tooth, if a stitch is felt in the body, are unable to bear it; for there is a certain effeminate and light opinion in currency, not more in regard to pain than to pleasure, which, when it has melted us, and we flow with softness, we cannot withstand the sting of a bee without exclamation. But yet, Caius Marius, a rustic man, but thoroughly a man, when cut, as I have said before, in the first place, forbids himself to be bound; nor is it said that any one before

Digitized by Google

Marius was cut at his freedom. Why, then, were others after? The weight of authority. Thus you see the evil has its roots in opinion,—not in nature. And yet, the same Marius showed the bite of pain to have been sharp; for he declined the operation in the other leg. Thus, he at once bore the pain like a hero, and, like any other man, was not willing to bear greater, without necessary cause. The whole, then, consists in this, that you command yourself; the kind of command I have shown. And to revolve in thought what is most worthy of patience, what of fortitude, what of magnanimity, not only composes the mind, but also renders pain itself—I know not by what process—more mild. For, as, in battle, the dastardly and timid soldier, at sight of the enemy, drops his shield, and flies for life, and perishes sometimes by that very means, and without a wound,—while to him who stood firm nothing of the kind has happened,—so they who dare not encounter the face of pain, deject themselves, and thus remain prostrate and stunned; whereas, they who have shown him a firm countenance have almost always departed the victors. For there are certain resemblances of the mind with the body. As burthens are borne easier with the body exerted,—oppress it, when slack, so the

Digitized by Google

mind, by its own endeavour, repels the pressure of every weight; but, by remission of effort, it is so borne down, that it cannot erect itself. And, if we seek truth, this utmost stretch of mind is to be exhibited in the prosecution of all our duties; for this, in fact, is the sole guardian of duty. But in pain, more especially, we must be guarded, lest anything be done abjectly, or timidly, or dastardly, or aught that is servile or effeminate; and, first of all, let that Philoctetean clamour be spurned and rejected. To groan is sometimes allowable for man, and that rarely; howling not even for woman. And, no doubt, this is that *lessus* which the twelve tables forbid to be used at funerals. Nor does the brave and wise man, indeed, even groan, unless, perhaps, to intend himself for firmness; as the runners in the stadium shout with all the force they can exert. Wrestlers do the same, when they exercise; but pugilists groan even while hurling the gauntlet, as they strike the adversary; not from pain, or want of spirit, but because, by pouring out the voice, the whole body is exerted, and the blow falls with greater vehemence. What! do they who design the higher displays of voice content themselves with the force of the chest, the cheeks, the tongue, from which we see it uttered and poured? With

Digitized by Google

the whole body, and with all the nails, as they say, they pull at the oar of sound.

With the knee, by Hercules, I saw Mark Anthony, when earnestly speaking for himself, under the Varian law, touch the earth. For, as the Balista volleys the stones, and other missiles of destruction, with effect in proportion to the intensity with which it is stretched and charged, so the voice, the race, the blow, are more effective as they are sped with the more intensity. Then, if so great be this force of tension, — if the groan will serve to invigorate the mind under pain, let us use it. But if that groan be lamentable, or abject, or imbecile, or wailing, I would scarce call him man, that should indulge it. Even if some alleviation were the result of such a groan, we are still to remember what belongs to the man of courage and soul. But, when it lessens the pain not at all, why should we disgrace ourselves for nothing? for what is more disgraceful to a man than to cry like a woman? And this precept in regard to pain has wider application; for all things are to be resisted — not pain alone — with the like exertion of mind. Does anger kindle? is lust excited? the same fortress affords the refuge — the same arms are to be wielded. But, since we speak of pain, let them pass. To bear pain, then,

Digitized by Google

placidly and sedately, there is much profit in reflecting, with the whole breast, as it is said, how noble, how honest it is. For we are naturally, as I have said, — and it should be said often, — most ardent admirers and most earnest votaries of the honest. Whenever we catch the glimpse of its light, as it were, there is nothing we are not willing to suffer or do, to make it our own. From this impulse and current of minds towards true praise, those dangers are braved in battle: brave men are insensible to wounds in action; or, if they feel them, will sooner die than flinch a hair from the step of honour.

The Decii saw the flashing swords of the enemy, when they dashed into the thick of their battle. The lustre, the glory of the death absorbed all fear of wounds. Dost think Epaminondas groaned, as he felt his life departing with his gushing blood? He left his country the mistress of Sparta, — he had received it her slave. These are solaces, these are dressings, for the most searching pains.

But, what in peace? you say; what at home? on the bed of sickness? You revoke me to the philosophers; for they are rarely to be found in the battle-field. One of them, Dionysius of Heraclea, — not the gravest of men, certainly, — when he

Digitized by Google

had learned of Zeno to be brave, was untaught by pain; for, seized by an attack of the reins, he exclaimed, in mid-howling, that it was all false, that very theory of pain he had so long defended; and, when asked by his fellow-disciple, Cleanthes, what reason had urged him to abandon his principles, answered, When I have laboured so long in philosophy, and am still unable to endure pain, I think it clear enough, that pain is an evil; for I have spent many years in philosophy, and cannot endure it; then pain is of course an evil. Then Cleanthes, striking the earth with his foot, is said to have repeated, from the Epigoni, this verse:

Hearest thou this, O Amphiaraus, under this earth at rest?

His appeal referred to Zeno, from whose system he was grieved at such degeneracy.

But not so our Posidonius, whom I have often seen myself; and I will relate an anecdote that Pompey was fond of reciting; that, on his return from Syria, when he had come to Rhodes, he wished to hear Posidonius; but, being told he was very sick with a severe gout in his joints, still he resolved to visit so very celebrated a philosopher. When he had seen him, and made his compliment, and was sorry he could not have the pleasure of hearing him — but thou canst, said

Digitized by Google

the other; for it shall never be said that pain has prevailed with me to suffer so great a man to visit me in vain. And so he told us, Posidonius discoursed in bed, with much power and eloquence, on this very point: that nothing is good but the honest; and, when pain applied his torches, as it were, he would often say, — Pain, you lose your labour; for, though you are troublesome, I will never own you for an evil.

And, absolutely, all noble and distinguished labours, by dint of exertion, become tolerable. Do we not see, with the masters of the gymnastic schools, what an honour it is held, for all who engage in that conflict, never to shrink from pain? and with those who are devoted to the pursuits of hunting and horsemanship, the same contempt of pain is the path to renown. What shall I say of our ambitions? what of the passion for wealth? What flames have not been rushed through by those who formerly gathered these things, point after point? And therefore the Socratic Xenophon was always in the hand of Africanus; and he especially admired this sentiment of his, — that the same labours were not equally severe for the leader and the soldier; since the honour of command rendered lighter the labour of the general. But the misfortune is, that, with the unskilful

Digitized by Google

crowd, the opinion of honesty passes for good. Being unable to discern what is genuine, and seduced by fame and popular judgment, men are apt to think that honest which is generally praised. But, as for thee, if thou shouldst be the darling of the multitude, yet I would not have thee abide by its judgment, nor think that the perfection of beauty which appears such to them. Thou art to pass judgment on thyself. If, rightly approving, thou art pleased with thyself, then thou hast conquered not only thyself, as I recommended a little before, but all men and all things. Then teach thyself to consider an amplitude and elevation of soul, exaggerated, as it were, as high as possible, which displays itself especially in the contempt of pain, as the one most beautiful thing of all others; and more beautiful still, if, aloof from the people, and without an eye to applause, it derive all its delight from its own approval. Indeed, there is nothing praiseworthy, which does not appear to me more laudable, when performed without ostentation, or the attestation of the people. Not that it is to be avoided; for all good deeds desire the light of the world; but yet, there is no theatre to virtue greater than conscience. And let us meditate this, in the first place, — that this patient toleration of pain, which I have often

Digitized by Google

said is to be confirmed by effort of mind, may display itself uniformly in every kind. For, frequently, many who, from desire of victory, love of glory, or even in defence of their rights and liberty, have received and borne wounds with courage, when the excitement is past, are unable to bear disease like the same men; for neither had they borne the pains they had sustained so well by reason or wisdom, but more from passion and glory. Thus, certain barbarians and savages will brave steel to the utmost, but shrink from the bed of sickness, and cannot meet it like men. But the Greeks, not remarkable for spirit, but prudent enough, as their capacity bears, are incapable of facing the foe; yet they bear diseases with patience and manhood. But the Cimbrians and Celtiberians exult in battles — bewail themselves in sickness; for nothing can be uniform that is not ruled by reason. But when you see those who are guided by passion and prejudice, in the pursuit and acquisition of their objects, are invincible to pain, you ought to judge either that pain is not an evil, or, if you prefer to call evil whatever is rough and unpleasant to nature, yet that it is so trifling as to be overwhelmed by virtue, so as to vanish. This I entreat you to meditate by night and by

Digitized by Google

day; for this method will diffuse itself wider, and fill a somewhat wider space than belongs to pain alone. For, if we act steadily upon the principle of guiding all our aims to the acquisition of honour, and of avoiding shame, we may despise not only the goads of pain, but the thunderbolts of fortune; especially, when that refuge is prepared we had in view during our disputation of yesterday. For, if some god should say to any one pursued by pirates at sea, Throw thyself overboard; there is something provided—either a dolphin, as in the case of Arion of Methimnæ, or those Neptunian steeds of Pelops, who are said to have swept the light chariot over the waves, shall receive and bear thee where thou wilt,—he would banish all fear. So, if pursued by sharp and unrelenting pains, should they prove too hateful to be borne, thou seest the asylum to be sought. This is about what I thought was to be said at this time. But perhaps you remain still of the same opinion.

Auditor. Far from it, indeed; and I hope that I have been freed, in two days, from the fear of two things, which, of all others, I feared the most.

Marcus. Then to-morrow, at the hour; for so

Digitized by Google

I promised; and I see this is a debt where your indulgence is not to be expected.

Auditor. You may well say that; and the other besides, in the morning; this at the same hour.

Marcus. We will do so, and encourage thy studies in the best of things.

Digitized by Google

BOOK III.

ON THE ALLEVIATION OF SORROW.

What shall I suppose, my dear Brutus, to be the cause why, since we consist of soul and body, an art should have been sought out for restoring and preserving the health of the body, and its usefulness consecrated to the invention of the immortal gods, while the curative treatment of the soul should neither have been so much desired before it was invented, nor so much cultivated when discovered, nor welcomed and approved by so many, — but, on the contrary, by the greater number, even eyed with suspicion, and hated? Is it because we judge with the mind the indisposition and pain of the body, and have no sense in the body of the maladies and diseases of the mind? Thus, the mind passes judgment upon itself, when that with which it judges is sick. Because, if nature had so formed us, that we could

Digitized by Google

behold, and look through herself, and, with her for a sure guide, could complete the course of life, it had been superfluous, no doubt, for any one to cultivate reason and learning. Now, soon depraved by evil customs and mistaken opinions, we so extinguish the little sparks she gave us, that the light of nature nowhere appears. For, in our understandings are innate seeds of the virtues, which, if allowed to ripen, nature herself would lead us infallibly to happy life. But now, as soon as we are brought into light, and taken into the lap, we are ushered immediately into all the delusion and extreme perversity of opinions; so that we appear to have sucked in error almost with the milk of the nurse. But, when returned to our parents, and thence turned over to masters, we are then so imbued with various errors, that truth is supplanted by delusion, and nature herself by inveterate prejudice. Then come the poets, who, having presented themselves with a plausible show of wisdom and learning, are heard, read, studied, and lodged in our inmost hearts. But, when to the same point repairs a certain grand master, as it were, — the people, — and the whole multitude, on all hands, unanimous for vices, then at length we are absolutely infected with the depravity of opinions, and our revolt from nature is

Digitized by Google

complete. So that they appear to have envied us our best nature, who have pronounced nothing better for man, nothing to be more pursued, nothing more excellent, than honours, commands, popular glory. To these every noblest spirit is hurried; and, in search of that true honesty, which is the one most ardent desire of nature, is betrayed into the chase of a phantom; and, instead of the solid sculpture of virtue, pursues a shadowy likeness of glory; for true glory is a thing of substance and bold relief, — not shadowy. It is the consentaneous praise of the good — the unbought voice of those who judge well of excelling virtue. It is the echo of virtue, and resounds, as it were, her image; and, because it is the usual companion of good deeds, is not to be repudiated by good men. But that counterfeit, which pretends to pass for her, rash and inconsiderate, and more often the applauder of faults and of vices, — popular renown, — by affecting the features of honesty, corrupts all their symmetry and beauty. From this blindness, men really seeking a noble distinction, not knowing where it was to be found, nor wherein it consisted, have, some totally subverted their own republics, and some rushed headlong upon their own destruction. Thus deluded in their pursuit of the best things, they fall victims,

Digitized by Google

with good intentions, to a mistaken course. What? for those who are hurried away by the passion for money, by the rage for pleasures — whose minds are so agitated that they come but little short of insanity, — the infallible destiny of all the dupes of folly — is there to be no attempt at cure for these? Wherefore? Is it because the sicknesses of the mind are less hurtful than those of the body? or because that bodies admit of being cured, but for the mind there are no remedies? On the contrary, the diseases of the mind are more pernicious, as well as more numerous, than those of the body; for the most odious part, even of these, is their effect upon the mind, which they disturb; and the sick mind, as Ennius says,

> Ever wanders, impatient to endure
> Or suffer: to covet never ceasing;

than which two diseases, — sorrow and cupidity, — to say nothing of the rest, how can there be any more severe in the body? And how can it be shown that the mind cannot cure itself, when it was the mind that invented even the method of healing the body, and when the recovery of the body is much assisted by its own constitution and by nature; and not all who submit themselves to medical treatment are infallibly certain of conva-

Digitized by Google

lescence; whereas, the mind that wishes to be healed, and shall obey the precepts of the wise, will recover its health, beyond all doubt. This method of cure for the mind, in truth, is found in philosophy, whose succour is not, as in diseases of the body, to be sought from without; all our resources, all our energies, are to be employed, that we may operate a cure for ourselves. Although of philosophy in general, how much to be prized and cultivated, enough has been said, as I think, in Hortensius; since which, we have scarce left anything untouched relating to its most important points, whether in discourse or writing. But in these books we have registered the discussions which we held with our friends in the Tusculan. And as the two preceding books contain what was said upon Death and Pain, the third day's disputation will form the argument of the present volume. For, as we descended into our Academy, the day being already advanced beyond the hour of noon, I requested any of the company present to propose a subject for discussion. Then the affair proceeded as follows:

Auditor. It appears to me that the wise man is subject to sorrow.

Marcus. Is he also to the remaining perturbations of the mind,—terrors, cupidities, angers?

Digitized by Google

for these are much like what the Greeks call *παθη*, I might diseases; and this would be word from word; but it would not harmonize with our usage. For, to pity, to envy, to exult, to rejoice,—all these the Greeks call diseases, as motions of the mind refusing obedience to reason. But, all these agitations of the excited mind we shall term, and, as I think, rightly, perturbations; for diseases would sound too strangely; unless you prefer something else.

Auditor. Indeed, I think it better as you have it.

Marcus. Then do you think the wise man subject to these?

Auditor. Assuredly I do.

Marcus. Upon my word, that wisdom so much extolled is not worth much, after all, since it differs so little from insanity.

Auditor. What! does every commotion of mind appear to thee insanity?

Marcus. Not to me only; but, what I often reflect upon with surprise, I perceive it appeared so to our ancestors, many ages before Socrates, from whom all this philosophy, relating to life and manners, is derived.

Auditor. How is this perceived, I pray?

Marcus. Because the name *insania* signifies

Digitized by Google

sickness and disease of mind; and thus they called the state of a sick and unsound mind insanity. But philosophers give the appellation of diseases to all perturbations of mind; and they assert that no fool is ever free of them; but they who are in disease are not sound; and the minds of all the unwise are diseased; therefore all the unwise are insane. For they pronounce the sanity of minds to consist in a certain tranquillity and constancy. The mind deprived of these they call insane; for in the mind, the same as in the body, convulsed, there can be no sanity. With no less discernment, our ancestors have named the state of the mind when deprived of the light of intellect, *amentia*, and the same *dementia*, alienation of mind. Hence, we perceive that they who gave these names to things held the same opinion, which, received from Socrates, the Stoics have strenuously maintained; that all the unwise are *not* sane; for the mind in a state of disease — and, as I have just said, philosophers term these perturbations diseases — can no more be sound, than that body which has fallen into disease. Thus, it appears that wisdom is the sanity of the mind, but insipience a sort of insanity, which signifies unsoundness as well as aberration of mind. And these ideas are much better denoted in Latin

Digitized by Google

words than in Greek, — a remark which will be found applicable in many other examples. But another time for that; at present, the subject in hand. The whole object of our search, then, both matter and form, is found in the force of the word; for it signifies, intelligibly, that they are sound, whose intellect is agitated by no disorderly motion or disease: they who are otherwise affected, are, of course, to be deemed insane. And thus nothing is better than the common phrase of Latin discourse, when we say those *are gone out of power*, who are hurried headlong, whether by lust or anger: although anger itself is a part of lust; for anger is defined *the lust of revenge*. They who are said to have gone out of power, then, are thus designated, because they are not in the power of reason, to whom the empire of the whole soul is ascribed by nature; whereas, whence the Greeks should have derived μανια, I could not easily say. But we distinguish even that better than they; for we disjoin this insanity, which, coupled with folly, has rather a wide domain, from rage. The Greeks, it is true, attempt it; but they fail in the word; for, to what we term rage, they give the appellation of melancholy, μελαγχολια; as if, forsooth, the reason were shaken only by black bile, and not often either by

Digitized by Google

a more intense anger, or fear, or grief. With this species of rage, we say that Athamas, Alcmæon, Ajax, Orestes, were infuriated. The laws of the Twelve Tables prohibit men thus affected the control of their own affairs; where it is not written, "If a man begin to be insane," but "if furious." For they deemed folly to be inconstancy and privation of sanity, but yet capable of the ordinary duties and usual transactions of social life; but rage they viewed as a blindness of the intellect for all things; which, however it appear greater than insanity, still its nature is such, that, while rage may befall the wise man, insanity cannot. This, however, is foreign to the question, which let us now resume.

It appears to you, I think you said, that the wise man is subject to sorrow.

Auditor. And assuredly I do think so.

Marcus. It is certainly natural that you should; for we are not born of the flint. But there is in minds by nature, most commonly, something soft and tender, which is shaken by sorrow as by a tempest. Nor is it absurdly said by that Crantor, who ranks with the first among the worthies of our Academy, "I am very far from concurring with those who so greatly extol a certain indolency, unintelligible to me, which neither

Digitized by Google

can nor ought to have existence. Let me not be sick," he says; "but, if I should be, let me have feeling, whether anything be amputated, or extracted from the body. For this supposed exemption from pain could not be had, short of the extravagant cost of ferocity in the mind, and torpor in the body."

But, let us take heed, and distrust the language of men who flatter our weakness, and indulge our softness; and let us dare not only to lop the branches of miseries, but to pull up all the fibres of the roots. Yet something, perhaps, will be left. But no more will remain than what exists of necessity. Of this, at least, be assured, that, unless the mind be healed, — which, without philosophy, is impossible, — there will be no end of miseries. Wherefore, since we have made a beginning, let us put ourselves in her hands, to be thoroughly cured. We shall be healed, if we are willing. And, indeed, I will go further, and will treat not only of sorrow, — although of that first, of course, — but of every perturbation, as I have put, or disease, as the Greeks have it, of the mind. And, at first, let us proceed, if agreeable, according to the Stoics, who commonly draw up their arguments in brief; and then we will expatiate in our usual manner.

Digitized by Google

He that is brave is also assured; for, confident by the abuse of custom, has passed over to censure, although derived from confiding, which is matter of praise. But, whoever is assured is, of course, not afraid; for to feel secure has discrepance with fearing. But, whoever is subject to sorrow is alike subject to fear; for that which causes our sorrow when present, we dread while impending, and as it approaches. And it thus appears that sorrow is repugnant to fortitude. It is probable, then, that whoever is subject to sorrow is also subject to fear, and to a certain breaking down and abjection of the mind. To the man for whom these are incident, it is incident, also, to be mastered, and that he should acknowledge himself, at length, overcome. Whoever is capable of this, must be capable of cowardice, and of playing the part of the dastard. But these things are not incident to the brave man; so neither, indeed, is sorrow. But no man is wise, unless he is brave; therefore the wise are not subject to sorrow. Besides, whoever is brave is also magnanimous; and, if magnanimous, therefore invincible; if invincible, he looks down upon human events, and feels himself above them. But no man can despise that which is able to affect him with sorrow; by which it appears that

Digitized by Google

the brave are never affected with sorrow. But all the wise are brave; then the wise man is not subject to sorrow. And as the eye, when inflamed, is not rightly affected for performing its office, and the rest of the organs, or whole body, when moved out of order, fails of its office and functions, so the disturbed mind is not fit for the performance of duty; but the duty of the mind is, to use reason well; and the mind of the wise man is always so affected as to use reason to perfection. Then it is never perturbed. But sorrow is a perturbation of the mind. Therefore the wise man is always without it. The same is to be expected from the temperate man, whom the Greeks call σωφρονα; and that virtue σωφροσυνη, which, indeed, I commonly term temperance and moderation, — sometimes also modesty; but I doubt whether that virtue can rightly be called frugality; which, with the Greeks, bears a stricter sense, — who call the frugal χρησιμους; that is, merely useful men. But, frugality is more comprehensive; for it comprises all abstinence, all innocence; which has no familiar name with the Greeks, but might have that of αβλαβεια, which, like innocence, signifies an affection of the mind that shrinks from hurting any one. Thus, frugality contains all the rest of the virtues; for, unless it were such, and had the

Digitized by Google

limited sense which many suppose, the cognomen of Lucius Piso, the Frugal, would never have been ;emed so noble. But, because neither the man who quits his post through fear, which is cowardice; nor from avarice has refused to restore a deposit, which is injustice; nor through rashness has ruined the affair he transacted, which is folly;—is usually called frugal, it is plain, that frugality implies three other virtues,—fortitude, justice, prudence: although this is common to the virtues; for they all join hands inseparably. Then it remains to be shown that frugality herself is the fourth virtue; for it appears to be her province to curb and restrain the impulses of appetite; and, as the stern adversary of cupidity, to maintain always, in every thing, a regulated constancy. Her opponent vice is termed worthlessness.

Frugality, I presume, is from *fruges*, the fruits; than which, the earth affords nothing better. Worthlessness, *nequitia*, although it may appear an effort, yet let us try, and pass it for sport, if we fail; to derive it from *necquidquam*, as if nothing were to be found in such a man. For the same reason, also, he is called a man of naught. Thus, the frugal man, or, if you prefer, the moderate and temperate man, is, of course, also con-

Digitized by Google

stant. The constant man is calm; he that is calm is free of all perturbation; consequently also of sorrow. Hence, Dionysius of Heraclea might well animadvert upon that passage in Homer, where Achilles complains, as I remember, thus:

> My heart to bursting swells with direst rage,
> When I reflect how I am shorn of lustre:
> Of every beam of glory thus eclipsed.

Is the hand rightly affected, when swollen? or any other member, when puffed and bloated, is it not in bad condition? Then the mind thus turgid and tumid is viciously affected. But the mind of the wise man is always void of vice; it is never inflated, never turgid. Still, the mind of the angry man is thus; then the wise are never angry. For, if the wise man were angry, he would also covet. For it is proper to the angry man to wish to inflict the severest pain upon him by whom he thinks himself hurt. But the man who covets this, if he obtain his object, is of course filled with exultation. Hence it follows that he enjoys another's calamity. As this can never occur to the wise man, so neither is he subject to anger. But, if the wise man were subject to sorrow, he would also be subject to anger. And, since he is exempt from anger, he will also

Digitized by Google

be void of sorrow. For, if the sage were susceptible of sorrow, he would also be capable of pity; he would even be liable to envy. This passion I call *invidentia*, because *invidia* is used in regard to a man who is envied; but *invidentia*, from *invidendo*, may be said rightly, and we shall escape the ambiguity of the word *invidia*, which has its origin from looking too much at the good fortune of another, as in the Menalippus.

> Quisnam florem liberum invidit meum?
>
> My youth's ingenuous bloom who envies?

Which Accius has admirably expressed, however it appear false Latin. For, as *videre*, so *invidere florem*, is truer than *flori*. But custom restrains us; the poet asserted his right, and dared to write correctly. Thus, to pity and to envy are incident to the same character. For the man who grieves at the adverse fortune of another, is usually found to grieve also at the prosperity of some other; as Theophrastus, deploring the destruction of his bosom friend Callisthenes, is wrung by the prosperity of Alexander; and therefore says that Callisthenes had struck upon a man of consummate power and fortune, but ignorant how to bear himself under a tide of success. Meanwhile, as pity is sorrow conceived at another's adversity, so envy

Digitized by Google

is sorrow arising from another's prosperity. And thus, whoever is liable to pity is equally capable of envy. But it is not incident to the wise man to envy, and therefore, of course, not to pity. For, if the wise man were accustomed to indulge sorrow, he would also, as often, yield to pity. The sage is, therefore, a stranger to sorrow.

Such are the tight sayings and rather crowded reasonings of the Stoics. But they are to be placed more at their ease, and illustrated a little more diffusively; yet without losing sight of the footsteps of those who exalt the tone of reason and precept to the bravest, and, as it were, manliest pitch. For our friends, the Peripatetics, than whom nothing is more eloquent, nothing more learned, nothing more grave, have not satisfied me at all with their mediocrities of the perturbations or diseases of the mind. For every evil, whatever its mediocrity, is great. It is our object, that, in the wise man, there shall be none at all. For, as the body, though but moderately sick, is not sound, so this mediocrity of the diseased mind is departure from sanity. Therefore our ancestors, admirably in this as in many other instances, from similitude to sick bodies, have named trouble solicitude, and grief of mind, or sorrow, *ægritudo;* that is, sickness. The Greeks designate every

Digitized by Google

perturbation of mind by much the same word; for every turbid motion of the mind is with them called *παθος*; that is, disease. We do better; for sickness of heart, or sorrow, is very similar to sickness of the body. As for cupidity, and that immoderate joy, or pleasure, which elates and transports the mind, they have no resemblance to sickness. Even fear is not very much like disease, though bordering close upon sorrow; but, in strictness, sickness of body, as well as sorrow of mind, only acquire the name when coupled with pain. Then it is our business to explain the source of this pain, and to trace the efficient cause of sorrow, as in the case of sickness in the body. For, as physicians consider the cure ascertained when they have discovered the cause of the disease, so we, having detected the source of sorrow, shall find the means of remedy.

Then the whole cause consists in opinion; and not of sorrow alone, but of all the remaining perturbations besides; which, in kind, are four, — in parts, more numerous. For, since every perturbation is a motion of the mind either without reason, in revolt from reason, or not obedient to reason, and is excited by the opinion either of good or of evil, the four perturbations distribute themselves equally in pairs. For two spring from the opinion

Digitized by Google

of good: one the ecstasy of pleasure, or immoderate joy, from the opinion of some great present good; the other, an immoderate desire of some great reputed good, not regulated by reason, may rightly be called either cupidity or lust. Thus, these two kinds, excessive joy and cupidity, are set in motion by the opinion of good; as the two others, fear and sorrow, by the opinion of evils. For, as fear is the opinion of great impending evil, sorrow is the opinion of great present evil, and, indeed, the recent opinion of such evil; so that it appears right to be grieved; that is to say, that the mourner shall think it his duty to mourn. These perturbations, however, which folly has turned loose, like so many furies, upon the life of man, are to be resisted to the utmost, and with all our resources, if we would pass this what there is of life with calmness and serenity. But the rest at another time; at present, let us defeat sorrow, if we can. For such should be our aim; since you said it appeared to you it might seize even the wise man: which I by no means think; for it is a hideous, wretched, and detestable thing, and to be routed at the hazard of all our reserves. For, how figures, in your view, that grandson of Tantalus, offspring of that Pelops, who formerly obtained by stratagem, from his father-in-law

Digitized by Google

Oenomaus, Hippodamia in marriage? that great-grandson of Jove himself to be so abject, so broken down!

> Approach me not, he says, my guests; O, hie ye hence,
> Lest I infect the good by touch or shadow:
> So dire the taint of guilt this body bears.

Wilt thou, Thyestes, for another's guilt, thus doom thyself to banishment from light?

What! that son of Apollo,—dost not think him unworthy even of his own father's light?

> My sunken eyes, deep-caverned in their cells;
> My haggard form, with maceration shrunk;
> With bloodless cheeks, where tears have eaten furrows;
> My tangled beard, with filth and stench defiled,
> Unshorn, o'ercrusts with slime my blackening breast.

These evils, O most foolish Æeta, thou hast added thyself; they were no part of those which chance had brought thee; and added, too, when that evil had grown familiar, and after the swell of grief had subsided; for sorrow, as I shall teach, dwells in the opinion of recent evil. But thy mourning is for thy kingdom, not for thy daughter; for her thou didst hate, and perhaps justly. The loss of kingdom has ruined thy peace of mind.

But, impudent is the grief of one who consumes himself with chagrin, because not permitted to

Digitized by Google

give law to the free. Dionysius the tyrant, it is true, taught boys at Corinth, when expelled from Syracuse; so little could he endure the privation of authority. But, really, what more impudent than Tarquin, who levied war upon those who had not supported his pride? who, finding he could not be restored to the kingdom by the arms of the Veians, nor by those of the Latins, betook himself, it is said, to Cumæ, and wore himself out, in that city, with chagrin and sorrow.

Then, dost think this may occur to the wise man, that he should be oppressed with sorrow, — that is, with misery? For, while every perturbation is misery, sorrow is misery in torture. Cupidity has ardour, exulting joy levity, fear humiliation; but sorrow implies something greater, — infection, torment, prostration, pollution; it lacerates, it gnaws the mind, and consumes it utterly. Unless we strip it off, so as to cast it from us, we cannot escape misery. And, indeed, it is perfectly clear, that, when sorrow exists, the imagination is impressed with the idea, that we are involved in some great present and pressing evil. But Epicurus thinks the opinion of evil is, of its own nature, sorrow; so that, whoever looks upon any considerable misfortune as having happened to himself, is immediately in sorrow. The Cyrenaics are of

Digitized by Google

opinion, that sorrow is not caused by every evil, but only by sudden and unexpected evil. This circumstance, no doubt, tends not a little to the aggravation of sorrow; for every thing sudden appears the more heavy. Hence the following lines are justly praised:

> That I begot a mortal well I knew,
> Nor e'er forgot I reared him but to die;
> And when to Troy I sent him, to defend
> The cause of Greece, was but too well aware
> I sent him not to feasts, but deadly combat.

Thus, the premeditation of contingent evils breaks the shock of their arrival, when you have long foreseen them coming. Hence the applause bestowed on this saying of Theseus in Euripides, which I shall present, as I have frequently done, in our own language:

> Schooled by a sage, deep-versed in human scenes,
> I mused within myself on future woes:
> The pangs of death, the bitterness of exile;
> Some mountain mass of ill still meditating;
> That, should the hand of fate some scourge inflict,
> The shock might not assail me unprepared.

What Theseus says, however, that he learned of a sage, Euripides speaks in allusion to himself; for he had been the scholar of Anaxagoras, who, it is

Digitized by Google

said, on hearing of the death of his son, remarked, "I knew that I begot him mortal," — a voice which declares that such things are bitter for those with whom they have not been thought upon. Then it is clear, beyond doubt, that all reputed evils are more severe, if they arrive unexpected; and, therefore, although this alone is not the source of the greatest sorrow, yet, because forethought and preparation are of great avail for the mitigation of grief, let all human events be always meditated. And, no doubt, this is that excellent and divine wisdom, — to have fully anticipated and thoroughly studied all human things; to be surprised at nothing, when it happens; to think, before it happens, there is nothing which may not occur.

> Wherefore, when most they flourish, all men ought
> Then most to study how they best may bear
> The surliest frowns of fortune, — perils,
> Exile, loss. Let the home-bound traveller
> Always think to find his son in trespass,
> His wife deceased, his darling daughter sick.
> Deemed not unusual things, if such occur,
> They strike the mind prepared with less surprise.
> Whatever good beyond his hope he find,
> All this let him account as so much gain.

Thus, when Terence has so well expressed what he borrowed from philosophy, shall we, from

Digitized by Google

whose fountains this was drawn, not both declare it better, and embrace it with more constancy? For this is that countenance, always the same, which Xanthippe, it is said, used to ascribe to her husband Socrates, — that she had always seen him go from home and return with the same. Nor yet was it such a face as that of Marcus Crassus the ancient, who laughed, as Lucilius says, but once in his whole life: but tranquil and serene; for so it is transmitted. But, well might the looks be always the same, when the mind which moulds them underwent no mutation. Wherefore, indeed, I accept from the Cyrenaics these arms against chance and events, which break the impetus of misfortune by long premeditation; and, at the same time, I judge this evil to exist in opinion, and not in nature. For, if the sting of sorrow were in the event, why should the foreseen come without it? But there is something more decisive, that may be said to the same point, after I have first discussed the opinion of Epicurus, who pronounces all in sorrow who think themselves in evils, whether foreseen and expected, or familiar and inveterate; for evil is not diminished by time, nor alleviated by premeditation: that it is folly itself to brood upon evil that is future, or indeed, perhaps, is not to be at all:

Digitized by Google

that evil is hateful enough when it comes: that, to the man who is always musing upon that which is to come, his meditation itself becomes an eternal evil; and, should it prove that his apprehensions have been groundless, he burthens himself with a voluntary misery; and thus, between the encounter and contemplation of evil, he is always in trouble. But he places the alleviation of sorrow in two things: in diverting the mind from painful reflections, and turning it to the contemplation of cheerful thoughts; for he thinks that the soul can obey reason, and follow at her command. Then reason forbids it to dwell upon troubles: she draws off the sight that is dim for the spectacle of evils; whence, having sounded the retreat, she impels it anew, and incites it to the contemplation, and embracing, with absorption of soul, those multiplied pleasures, with which, through remembrance of the past, and anticipation of the future, he thinks the whole life of the wise man is replenished. These opinions we have sketched in our own style; the Epicureans advance them in theirs. But, let us look at what they say, and leave their style to themselves.

In the first place, they reprehend the premeditation of future events without reason. For there is nothing which blunts the edge of sorrow, and

Digitized by Google

alleviates it so much, as the perpetual consideration, throughout life, that there is nothing impossible to happen; as the meditation of the human condition; as to study the law of life, and how to obey it: which brings it to pass, not that we are always in trouble, but never. For neither does he who contemplates the nature of things, the mutations of life, the fragility of man, grieve when he thinks of these matters, but then most especially exercises the office of wisdom. For, by the study of human affairs, he at once pursues the proper aim of philosophy, and provides himself with a triple consolation for adverse events:—first, that he has long deemed them possible to arrive; which one consideration has the greatest efficacy for the extenuation and mitigation of all misfortunes: and, next, he perceives that human accidents are to be borne like a man: and, finally, because he sees that there is no evil but fault, and that there is no fault where that has happened which man could not have prevented. For that diversion you prescribe, when you bid us withdraw from the review of evils, is nugatory. For dissembling and oblivion are not at our command, while in the clutches of those things we think are evils; they lacerate, they mutilate, insert their stings, apply their fires; they suffer us not to

Digitized by Google

breathe. And you bid us to forget, which is contrary to nature: you, who would wrest from us that succour of nature, — the relief of sorrow by the process of time. For that remedy is slow, it is true, but still it is great, which results from the lapse of duration and days. You bid me think of good things — to forget evils. You had said something, and, indeed, worthy of a great philosopher, had you thought those were good things which are the most worthy of man. Pythagoras would say thus to me, or Socrates, or Plato: Wherefore art thou dejected? or why dost thou mourn? why sink, and surrender to fortune? who, perhaps, might pinch or prick thee, she certainly could not shiver thy strength.

There is great force in the virtues. Rouse them, if perchance they sleep. Fortitude, their foremost, will be here instantly, who will compel thee to have so great a mind, that thou wilt hold for nothing, and despise all that can happen to man. Temperance will attend; the same with moderation, called by me a little before frugality: she will suffer thee to do nothing that is disgraceful and unworthy. But what is more disgraceful and worthless than an effeminate man? Neither will justice permit thee to conduct thyself thus; though she appears to have the least concern with

Digitized by Google

this cause, yet will she say this,—that you are doubly unjust; since you covet what belongs to another, and, being a mortal, you claim the immunities of the immortals; and think it a hardship that you have restored what you received upon loan. But what will be your answer to prudence, when she says, virtue is content with herself, and the road to happiness is found in the straight path of wisdom? For, if virtue depend outwardly, as a mere brilliant appendage; and unless she springs from herself, and redound to herself in return, and, satisfied with her own, seek nothing beyond; —I see not why she should be so vehemently adorned with words, or is so very much to be sought for the thing. If to these good things you invite me, Epicurus, I come, I follow; I will have no other guide but yourself. I will even, as you bid me, forget evil; and this the more easily, because I deem these events not to be classed among evils. But you transfer my thoughts to pleasures. To what pleasures? Those of the body, I presume; or such as, on account of the body, may be revolved in thought, whether through recollection or hope. Is it not so? Do I rightly understand thy opinion? For his friends are apt to deny that we understand what Epicurus says. This he says, and this that roughish old man, Zeno at

Digitized by Google

Athens, the ablest of them all, used to maintain in my hearing, and to enforce at the full pitch of his voice: "The man is happy who enjoys present pleasures, and is confident that he shall continue to enjoy them for the whole or greater part of life, without intervention of pain: or, should pain intervene, if extreme, it will be short; if protracted, it will partake more of good than of evil. To have these thoughts makes a man happy; especially if, content with his feast of past pleasures, he is exempt from all fear, whether of death or the gods." You have the model of the happy life of Epicurus sketched in the very words of Zeno; so it admits of no dispute. What are we to think, then? Could the review and contemplation of such a life relieve either Thyestes or Æeta, whom we have mentioned recently, or Telamon, expelled from his country, in exile and in want? an object of wonder, as these verses imply:

> Can this be Telamon, the self-same man
> Whom glory but so late to heaven extolled?
> Whom every eye was eager to behold,
> And for whose face all Greece their faces turned?

For if, as Epicurus thinks, the heart sinks with the fortune, the medicine is to be sought from those grave philosophers of antiquity, not from these

Digitized by Google

voluptuaries. For what fund of good do they profess to offer? Grant them it is the pinnacle of good not to grieve. Although this is not termed pleasure. But every thing is not essential now. Is it when transferred to this, that we are to be relieved of sorrow? Grant them also it is the worst of evils to suffer pain. Then does a man not in pain, though exempt from evil, pass immediately into possession of the highest good? Why should we elude it, Epicurus, and not acknowledge that we call by the name of pleasure that same thing, which, after well rubbing thy face, thou art used to describe? Are these thy own words or not? In that book which contains thy whole system, they are certainly found: for I act as interpreter, lest any one should think I indulge in fiction. "Nor have I any thing, from which to form a conception of that good, with abstraction of those pleasures which are perceived by the taste; of those which result from the hearing, and music; with abstraction also of those which are perceived through the eyes from forms, graceful motions; or whatever other pleasures are engendered in the whole man, by means of any of the senses whatsoever. Nor can it with truth be said, that the joy of the mind is alone to be ranked among goods; for as I have known this joy of the mind

Digitized by Google

itself, it results from the hope that nature, coming to the fruition of what I have mentioned above, will be free of pain." These are the very words of Epicurus: so that any one may see what pleasure he was acquainted with. Then a little after: "I have often inquired of those who were reputed wise men, what they would have left among good things, if these were excluded, unless it amused them to mouth empty sounds. I could learn nothing from them; who, were they to give over spouting their wisdoms, and their virtues, would have nothing to say, but in what manner those pleasures I have described are attainable." What follows is in keeping with the same opinion: and the whole book, which treats of the chief good, is stuffed with similar words and sentiments. Then to such a life as this, you would invite that Telamon, in order to relieve his sorrow? and if you saw any of your friends in profound grief, you would offer him a turbot instead of some Socratic treatise? you would counsel him to hear the voice of the organ sooner than that of Plato? you would greet his eyes with spectacles of novelty and bloom? you would regale his nostrils with the bouquet, and kindle aromatic odours? you would bid him be crowned with garlands and with rose? If something still: then at length have you fairly

Digitized by Google

wiped off all his grief? To all this Epicurus must plead guilty: or what I have quoted, to the word, must be expunged from his book; or rather the whole book must be blotted out. For it is glutted with pleasures. Then we are to inquire how we may relieve the sorrows of a man, who holds a language like this:

Heavens! now fortune fails me more than lineage.
To this I owed a kingdom: that you may know
From what a rank, what power, what high estate,
Her treacherous hand has hurled me headlong down.

What? is this man to be dashed with a cup of sweet wine, to quiet his complaints, or something of that sort?

But here I present you with one from another quarter, and from the same poet:

I, source of succours erst, need thine, O Hector.

We ought to assist him; for he sues for help.

What succour shall I seek, or whence obtain?
What aid or flight can now afford me refuge?
Of citadel and city both bereft;
To whom repair? to whom should I apply?
For whom at home not even the altars stand,
Of country: broken and dispersed they lie:
The sacred fanes a prey to conflagration:
Black stand the lofty walls deformed with smoke,
And charred the half-burnt beams of crisped fir.

Digitized by Google

You know what follows; and especially this:

O Father! O my country! O house of Priam!
Thee, Temple, fenced with gates of clamorous hinge,
Standing I saw, pride of barbaric wealth!
With vaulted ceilings, rich with fretwork gilt;
With gold and ivory royally adorned.

O exquisite poet! however neglected by our musical enthusiasts of Euphorion. He feels that all sudden and unexpected reverses are the most severe. And thus having exaggerated the opulence of the king, which appeared as though destined to last for ever, what does he add?

Devouring flames I've seen consume all these,
And dying Priam, by the sword transpierced,
Defiling with his blood Jove's altar.

Beautiful verse! for it is touching alike in subject, in words, and in measure. Let us rescue this man from sorrow. In what manner? Let us repose him on a couch of down; let us present him the songstress; let us burn the precious perfumes; let us offer him the delicious sherbet; let us think, also, of some dainties, that will relish to the mouth. These are the good things, then, that have power to banish sorrows the most profound? for you said, but a little since, that you had not the faintest conception of any other. Thus, I

Digitized by Google

should concur with Epicurus, that the mind should be called from grief to the contemplation of good, were it only agreed between us what that good is. Some one will say, — What! are you capable, then, of supposing that Epicurus intended those things, and that his opinions were libidinous? Surely I am not; for I see many things are said by him with gravity, — many that are excellent. And thus, as I have often said, the point at issue is not the purity of his morals, but the depth of his penetration. Although he spurn those pleasures he has so recently eulogized, still I shall bear in mind what appears to him the chief good. For he has not put pleasure in the word only, but has explained what he intended it should signify. "The taste," he says, "and the embrace of bodies, and sports and songs, and those forms which pleasantly greet the eyes." Is this fiction? Is this false? I wish I could be refuted. For what do I labour, except that truth may be brought to light in every question? But the same authority says that pleasure admits of no increase beyond the removal of pain; and that the summit of pleasure is to be without pain. In a few words are three great faults: one, that he contradicts himself; for he has just said he has not even a suspicion of any thing good besides the

Digitized by Google

titillation, as it were, of the senses by pleasure; but now the crown of pleasure is, to be free from pain. How can he contradict himself more positively? Another fault: because, when in nature there are three things,—one to rejoice, another to grieve, a third neither to rejoice nor grieve,—he thinks the first and third are the same, and confounds pleasure with not grieving. His third fault is common to some others; because, when virtue is the main object of pursuit, and philosophy has been cultivated for the sole purpose of its acquisition, he has separated the chief good from virtue. But he praises virtue, and frequently. And, in truth, Caius Gracchus, when he had made the most prodigal distributions, and had exhausted the treasury, yet, in words, he defended the treasury. Why should I hear words, when I see facts? That Piso the Frugal had always opposed the corn law. When it had passed, however, that consular went to receive his corn. Gracchus remarked Piso, as he stood in the crowd, and, in the hearing of the Roman people, asked him how he reconciled it with consistency, to apply for corn under a law which he had strenuously dissuaded. "I should have preferred, Gracchus," he said, "that you had not been pleased to distribute my goods among all men

Digitized by Google

equally; but, if you do it, I claim my share." This from the mouth of a grave and wise man,—was it less than declaring that, by the Sempronian law, the public patrimony had been dissipated? Read the orations of Gracchus; you will say he is the patron of the treasury. Epicurus insists it is impossible to live pleasantly without living virtuously: he denies that fortune has the least hold upon the wise man: he prefers plain fare to a plentiful table: he asserts there is never a time when the wise man is not happy;—opinions, all of them, worthy of a philosopher, but repugnant to pleasure. He does not say that pleasure. Let him say what pleasure he will. He certainly says that wherein not a particle of virtue resides. But come, since we are not allowed to understand pleasure, may we presume to know something of pain? Then I deny it to belong to him, who measures by pain the extreme of evil, to mention the name of virtue. And certain Epicureans, the best of men,—there is not in the world a less malicious race,—complain that I speak against Epicurus with earnestness; forsooth, just as if we contended for some honour or dignity. The chief good appears to me in the mind—to him in the body; to me in virtue—to him in pleasure. But they are for battle; they shout for the help of

Digitized by Google

neighbours. And they will rally in strength, and that forthwith. Am I the man to say, I care not to hold for done what they have done? Wherefore should I? Is it the Punic war we deliberate? Even upon that question, however, when Marcus Cato and Lucius Lentulus took opposite views, there was never strife between them. These bear themselves too angrily; especially, when it is certainly not a high-spirited opinion which they defend, — for which they dare not open their lips in the Senate, nor at a meeting of the people, nor in presence of the army, nor before the censors. But with them at another time; and, indeed, in such a spirit that I will set no contention on foot, and will admit all the truths they shall utter. I will only admonish them: though it were sovereignly true, that the wise man refers every thing to the body; or, to express it more decently, does nothing but what is expedient, or makes every thing bend to his own interest: because these maxims are not plausible, — that they should enjoy under the rose, and desist from the language of glory.

The opinion of the Cyrenaics remains, with whom the origin of sorrow is referred to unexpected misfortune. This is very influential, certainly; and I know it appeared so also to Chrysip-

Digitized by Google

pus, that whatever is unforeseen strikes with more vehemence. But this circumstance is not the whole; although the sudden approach of the enemy agitates something more than the expected; and a sudden tempest at sea alarms the navigators more briskly than that which has been foreseen: and it is so with most things. But, when you consider with attention the nature of surprises, you will find nothing but this,—that all unexpected things appear greater; and, indeed, from two causes: the first, because there is no time for reflecting how great the thing is which has happened; and then, when it appears, that it might have been avoided by caution, had it been foreseen. The evil, as though it had been incurred through fault, imbitters the sorrow. That such is the fact, is declared by time; which, as it advances, so mitigates sorrow, that, with continuance of the same evils, it is not only alleviated, but generally removed altogether. Many Carthaginians have served at Rome: Macedonians, after the capture of king Perseus: I even saw in Peloponnesus, when I was a youth, certain Corinthians. These might all have united in deploring with Andromache:

Devouring flames I've seen consume all these.

Digitized by Google

But perhaps they had already worn out the chorus. For they bore such an air, speech, and every other trait of mein and motion, that you would think they were Argives, or Sycionians: and the dilapidated walls of Corinth, as they came suddenly in view, affected me more than the Corinthians themselves, whose minds long reflection had covered with the callus of time. We have read the book of Clitomachus, which, upon the destruction of Carthage, he wrote for the consolation of his captive fellow-citizens. It contains a disputation of Carneades, which he says he had noted down at the hearing; when the proposition was; that, apparently, the wise man would be affected with sorrow on the capture of his country. What Carneades said to the contrary is found in the book. Thus, a medicine so elaborate is administered by a philosopher for present calamity, as, when become inveterate, would not even be wished for. And, should the same book have been sent a few years later, it would not have had the healing of wounds, but of scars. For, proceeding gradually, and step by step, grief is assuaged; not that the thing itself is usually altered, or can be; but, what reason ought, experience teaches that the troubles are small which had appeared great. Then what need, it will be said,

Digitized by Google

of condolence, or any consolation at all, which we commonly offer when we wish to relieve the sorrow of the mourner? for, at such times, it is usual to suggest; "that nothing should appear unexpected." Or, how will he bear his misfortune better, who shall know that something of the kind must happen to man? for this language takes nothing from the amount of the evil itself; it only shows that nothing has occurred but what should have been looked for. Nor yet is this kind of discourse without weight in consolation; but I doubt whether it be very considerable. It therefore appears that the surprise of events has not the effect to create the whole sorrow. The unexpected accident strikes, perhaps, with more force, but is not the cause why the misfortune appears greater: because it is recent, it appears greater,—not because sudden. The mode of ascertaining the truth, then, is twofold, not only in regard to what appears evil, but also in respect to what appears good. For, either we examine the nature of the thing itself, and what are its qualities: as sometimes of poverty, we lighten its burthens by teaching how small and how few are the wants of nature; then, we turn our discourse from the subtilty of argument to the illustration of exam-

Digitized by Google

ple; now, we commemorate Socrates, now Diogenes, now that passage from Caecilius:

Even under sordid cloak there oft is wisdom.

For, since the force of poverty is uniform and invariable, what reason can be given why it should be intolerable for others, when it was patiently borne by Fabricius? Then, similar to this general method is that mode of consolation which teaches that the adverse event is incident to humanity. For this argument not only embraces a comprehensive survey of human nature, but also intimates, that what others have endured and endure must be tolerable. Is poverty the question? many patient poor are commemorated. Is it the contempt of honours? many are recapitulated who have never borne office, and, on that very account, have been all the happier; and the life of those who have preferred private leisure to public occupation is reviewed with the praises due to their names: nor is that anapestic of a most powerful monarch forgotten, who congratulates an old man, and declares him fortunate that he has lived unknown to fame, and will glide to his grave in obscurity. By similar citation of examples, bereavements of children are brought into view, and the grief of the heart-stricken is alle-

Digitized by Google

viated by the resignation of others. Thus, the patience of similar sufferers makes the misfortune appear much less than it had been estimated. And thus, by degrees, it becomes apparent to the reflecting, how extreme is the falsehood of opinion. To this point is that testimony of Telamon:

That I begot a mortal well I knew;

and of Theseus:

I mused within myself of future woes;

and of Anaxagoras:

I knew that I begot him mortal:

for, by long consideration of human events, they all had come to see that they were not to be feared, by any means, according to vulgar opinion. And, really, it appears to me, that much the same effect is operated in those who meditate in advance, as in those who are healed by the process of days; except, however, that the former are cured by reason, the latter by nature herself, — pointing them to the great remedy there is in finding the evil they had thought overwhelming, is not, by any means, sufficient to subvert the happiness of life.

Then, this much is clear, — that the blow falls heavier from surprise; but not, as the Cyrenaics

Digitized by Google

assert, when two equal disasters occur, that only the man who is unexpectedly stricken is affected with sorrow. And thus some are said, when reminded in grief of our common condition, — of its being the law of our birth, that no man could be always exempt from evils, — to have been only the more afflicted. Wherefore, as I see our Antiochus has written, Carneades used to reprehend Chrysippus for commending these verses of Euripides:

> No mortal breathes exempt from pain and sickness.
> Children we follow frequent to the tomb;
> For those we rear, full oft our hearts are wrung.
> While death is at the door, — the common doom.
> Such things inflict on man a bootless woe.
> All earth to earth must render: like the fruits,
> The life of man is gathered. Such the law,
> Such the stern sentence of necessity.

He denied that such sort of language had the least tendency to alleviate sorrow. For he said it was deplorable of itself, that we had fallen upon a necessity so cruel; and, indeed, that such pathetic commemoration of the calamities of others could tend to console none but the malevolent. But certainly it appears far otherwise to me; for the necessity of submitting to the human condition precludes all fighting, as it were, against God, and

Digitized by Google

admonishes that we are but man, — a reflection which contributes essentially to the alleviation of grief; and the enumeration of examples is introduced, not for the gratification of the malevolent, but that the mourner may be satisfied he ought to bear, what he sees so many to have borne with submission and serenity. For they are to be supported in all modes, who are ready to fall in ruin, and, from the magnitude of grief, are unable to sustain themselves. From which, Chrysippus thinks sorrow to have been termed λυπη, solution, as a sort of dissolution of the whole man. This, as I said at first, can be extracted altogether, when once the cause of it is discovered; for it is nothing but the judgment and opinion of the presence and pressure of some great evil. And as pain of the body, even its sharpest tooth, is welcomed, from the hope of good in perspective, so a life spent with honour and lustre affords such consolation, that they who have lived in this manner are either unassailed by sorrow, or this pain of the mind touches them very lightly. But, when to this opinion of great evil is superadded another, — that it is right, and even matter of duty, to be afflicted at what has happened, — then, at length, that profound perturbation of sorrow is effected. From this opinion arise those various and detesta-

Digitized by Google

ble kinds of mourning,—disgusting filth, lacerations for women of cheeks, breasts, limbs, blows upon the head. Hence that Homeric as well as Accian Agamemnon:

Ever and anon, through grief, tearing his untrimmed hair;

whereupon that sally of Bion: "The foolish king pulled out his hair in grief, as if he thought baldness a cure for sorrow." But these things are all done under the persuasion that an imperative duty requires it. And thus even Æschines inveighs against Demosthenes, because he had celebrated a sacrifice on the seventh day after the death of his daughter. But how eloquently! how copiously! what authorities he parades! what words he hurls! that you would think restraints were not made for the rhetorician. Such things would never be applauded, unless it were implanted in our minds, that all the good ought to grieve most profoundly at the death of their friends. Hence it is, that some court solitude in pains of the mind; as Homer says of Bellerophon:

> Grieving, he wandered through the Alean fields,
> Himself his heart devouring, wretched man!
> Avoiding every trace of human tread.

And I suspect that Niobe is feigned to have been petrified, on account of the eternal silence of her

Digitized by Google

grief. But Hecuba, it is thought, was feigned to have been turned into a bitch, from a certain bitterness and rage of mind. There are others, however, to whom it is a resource in grief, to hold discourse with solitude herself; as this nurse in Ennius:

> Now all within me yearns the tale to utter,
> That heaven and earth may know Medæa's wrongs.

Deeming all these things to be right, true, and exacted by duty, they perform them in grief; and what clearly manifests that it is done from a sense of duty, is, that, when they choose to be in mourning, if any action of a lively character escape them, or any more cheerful sally, they forthwith correct themselves to sadness, and blame themselves, as for a fault, for having given their grief a respite. Indeed, mothers and masters are accustomed to chastise children, not only with words, but even with stripes, if, during a family mourning, any thing a little too playful be said or done by them: they force them to mourn. What! the dismission of grief itself, when it takes place, and when it is seen that nothing is gained by grieving,—does not the fact declare that the whole had been voluntary? How is it with that ἑαυτον τιμωρουμενος, or self-tormentor, of Terence?

Digitized by Google

O Chremes, I've decreed, that whilst I grieve,
I expiate, in part, the wrongs I've done my son.

He sentences himself to misery: does any one decree a thing involuntarily?

If not, no evil were too bad, I deem.

He thinks himself worthy of the worst evil, unless he is unhappy. Thus, the evil results, you see, from opinion,—not from nature. What when the event itself prohibits grieving? as, with Homer, the daily slaughters and multitude of deaths produce a suspension of mourning; with whom it is thus expressed:

For daily we behold too many fall,
To leave the liberty of grief to any.
Hence, 't were more fit that we entomb the slain
With firmness, and hold our grief content
To accept the tribute of diurnal tears.

Thus, you have power to throw off grief, as a time-server, when you will. Is there any time we should not serve, since it is left with us, to be quit of care and sorrow? It is an admitted fact, that they who saw Cneius Pompey falling with wounds, alarmed for themselves by that most bitter and miserable spectacle, surrounded as they saw themselves by the fleet of the enemy, did

Digitized by Google

nothing then but encourage the oarsmen, and exert their utmost to obtain safety by flight: after they had entered the port of Tyre, then they began to be afflicted and to lament. Fear, we see, had power to repel sorrow from these; then, are we to think reason and true wisdom of less avail? But, what has more efficacy for the suppression of sorrow than to understand that it is of no use, and that we indulge it in vain? Then, if it can be dismissed, it can be refused admittance. Therefore it must be acknowledged, that sorrow is entertained by the will and by the judgment. And this, moreover, is shown by the patience of those who, having often passed through many troubles, bear whatever happens with more ease, and are thought to have rendered themselves proof against fortune; as he had in Euripides:

> If day had now first shone upon me sad,
> And I not sailed so turbulent a sea,
> There had been cause of grieving; as the colt,
> To reins unused, with agitation thrills,
> When first he feels their new and sudden touch:
> But, now subdued, I'm tame to misery.

Since the mere weariness of misery, then, renders sorrows more mild, we cannot but perceive that the thing itself and apparent cause is not the fountain of grief. Very profound philosophers, yet not

Digitized by Google

arrived at perfect wisdom, — do they not understand that they are in the worst of evils? for they are not wise; and there is no greater evil than insipiency: and yet they do not mourn. Why so? Because, to evils of this kind, that opinion is not affixed; it is right and proper, and an essential duty, to be affected with sorrow, because thou art not wise. For such is the opinion we have devised for that sorrow to which grief attaches, — the most severe of all. Therefore Aristotle, reproving the ancient philosophers for asserting that philosophy had been carried to perfection by their genius, says they were either supremely foolish or supremely vain; but, from the great progress it had made in a few years, he saw that philosophy would, in a short time, be thoroughly explored. But Theophrastus is said, when dying, to have accused nature for having given so short a life to man, to whom it was so important to live long, and longevity to the deer and the raven, to whom it was of no consequence; which, had it been imparted to man, the effect would have been, that, by the perfection of all arts, human life would have flourished in the fruition of universal science. He therefore complained that, just as he began to approach this condition himself, he was extinguished. What! does not every best and gravest

Digitized by Google

of other philosophers acknowledge his ignorance of very many things? and that he has much to learn with all diligence and effort? and yet, though perfectly aware they are groping in mid-folly, than which nothing is worse, they are not oppressed with sorrow; for there is no admixture of the opinion that grief is a duty. How was it with those who held that man is not to mourn? as Quintus Maximus, when he buried a consular son; as Lucius Paullus, though he had lost two sons within a few days; as Marcus Cato, at the death of a son, prætor elect; as the rest whom we have collected in the Consolation: what else was it that appeased them, but the persuasion that grief and mourning were not the part of man? Thus, others, because they think it right, abandon themselves to sorrow; these, because they thought it wrong, repelled it: whence it is evident, that sorrow exists not in nature, but in opinion. It is argued on the other side,—who is there mad enough to grieve from his own choice? Nature is the author of grief; which even your own Crantor concedes it is right to indulge; for it presses, it urges, and is irresistible. And thus that Oileus in Sophocles, who had formerly consoled Telamon for the death of Ajax, on hearing

Digitized by Google

of the death of his own, is inconsolable; of whose altered mind this is said:

> Nor lives the man with wisdom such endowed,
> However skilled another's woes to soothe,
> If altered fortune turn on him her bolts,
> Will not be stunned by such a sudden ruin,
> And shame the precepts he had others taught.

Thus they endeavour to make it appear, by this reasoning, that it is altogether impossible to combat nature: but even they admit that more considerable sorrows are entertained than nature requires. Then where is the madness, that we also should exact as much from others? But the causes of indulging grief are several. In the first place the opinion of evil: the sight of which, if thought real, inevitably produces sorrow. And then they think it grateful to the dead, if they mourn them deeply. A certain womanish superstition is superadded; for they think the immortal gods will be more easily appeased, if they confess themselves stunned and prostrate, when struck by their blows. But the greater number do not see the inconsistency of these things. They praise those who die with calmness; while those who should bear the death of another with calmness, they would think worthy of censure. As though it were at all possible, however asserted

Digitized by Google

in amatory rhapsody, that any one should love another better than himself. Excellent is this: and, if you inquire, right also and true, that we love all who are deservedly dear to us, as much as we do ourselves, but that we should more is totally impossible. Nor indeed is it to be wished in friendship, that he love me, more than himself; or I him, more than myself. An utter confusion of life and all its duties would be the result, if it were thus. But of this at another time. At present it is sufficient if we abstain from charging our misery to the loss of our friends: lest we love them more than they would wish, if they knew it, certainly more than we love ourselves. For as to their saying that the most are not relieved at all by consolations, and that even the consolers acknowledge themselves unhappy, when misfortunes assail them in turn; both are easily solved. For such things are not imputable to nature, but to fault. But an invective against folly, would not be a short one. For they who are inconsolable invite their own misery; and they who support their own misfortunes with less calmness than they have recommended to others, are not more out of the way than the generality, who, though lovers of money, condemn the avaricious; and, though worshippers of glory, reprehend the ambi-

Digitized by Google

tious. For it is the characteristic of folly, to have eyes for the faults of others, and blindness for its own. But no doubt this is the grand test; since no one denies that sorrow is removed by length of date; this is to be ascribed not to the footsteps of time, but to the force of long continued reflection. For if the man and the thing are the same, how can any thing have been altered in the grief, where no change has happened in the event lamented, nor in him who laments it? Therefore long consideration, that there is no evil in the accident, is the cure of grief; not the long lapse of time itself. Here they arrive with their mediocrities; which, if they are natural, what need is there of consolation? For nature herself will appoint the measure. But if they are to be graduated by opinion, away with opinion altogether. I think it sufficiently shown, that sorrow is the opinion of present evil, upon which opinion is engrafted a persuasion that sorrow is to be entertained as a point of duty. It is rightly added to this definition by Zeno, that this opinion of present evil be recent; but they give such interpretation to this word, as to include for recent, not only what has happened lately, but so long as there remains in the reputed evil a certain force, which flourishes and has a sort of verdure, so long it is to

Digitized by Google

be deemed recent: as that Artemisia, wife of Mausolus, king of Caria, who erected that noble sepulchre at Halicarnassus, lived in grief so long as she lived, and was even carried off by it, in a languishment. For her, this opinion was daily recent; and it is then, finally, not termed recent, when, exhausted by age, it has withered away.

Then the duties of the consoler are these: — to remove sorrow altogether; or to appease and reduce it to the utmost; or to check it, and prevent its further progress; or to divert the mind to other objects. There are some who think the sole duty of the consoler is, to show that the cause of the sorrow is not an evil at all; and it appeared thus to Cleanthes. There are others who lead off the mind from evils to good; as Epicurus. There are those who think it sufficient to teach, that nothing unexpected has happened, — nothing new. But Chrysippus thinks it the main point in consoling, to eradicate that opinion from the mourner, if he considers himself in the discharge of a just and sacred duty. There are some, also, who combine all these modes of consolation; for some are impressed by one, and some by another; so we have thrown them about all into one in the Consolation; for the mind was in tumour, and attempted, in that, every method of remedy. But time is no

Digitized by Google

less required for the mind than for the body; as that Prometheus of Æschylus, when it was said to him, —

> But thou, Prometheus, I think, dost hold
> That reason has a remedy for anger,

answers, —

> If he who hastes the medicine to apply,
> Hit not with eager hand the throbbing wound.

Then, in consolations, the first remedy will be, to teach that there is either no evil at all, or that it is extremely small; the next, to treat of the common condition of life, and, in particular, of that of the mourner, provided it afford a subject; the third, that it is consummate folly to consume with a vain grief, when you understand that it can avail you nothing. Cleanthes consoles even the wise man, who needs no consolation. For, if you can persuade the mourner that nothing is evil that is not wrong, you will remove not only his grief, but his folly. The time, however, is unpropitious for teaching. And yet, Cleanthes appears to me to have been scarce sufficiently aware that sorrow may sometimes spring even from that source, which he admits himself for the worst of evils. For, what shall we say? when Socrates, as we are told, had persuaded Alcibiades that he had no

Digitized by Google

part of man, and that there was nothing to distinguish Alcibiades, born to the most exalted rank, from the vilest outcast of human society; and when Alcibiades was afflicted, and implored Socrates, with tears, that he would guide him to virtue, and weed out his vices;—what shall we say, Cleanthes? was there no evil in that thing which affected Alcibiades with sorrow? What! how is it with that doctrine of Lycon? who, in order to extenuate sorrow, says it is excited by insignificant things, the derangements of fortune and the body,—not by evils of the mind. Then what? did not that which grieved Alcibiades consist of the evils and vices of the mind? As to the consolation of Epicurus, enough has been said already. Nor is absolute reliance due to this consolation, however usual, and often useful,—"Thou art not alone." This is useful, as I have said, but not always, nor to all; for there are some whom it revolts; but much depends on the manner of exhibition. For it is better to show how they have suffered who have suffered wisely, than to dwell too much on what the calamities were they severally endured. That of Chrysippus is by far the firmest, as to its truth, but difficult in the hour of sorrow. Great is the enterprise to satisfy the mourner that he grieves by his own judgment, and because he deems it his duty. No doubt,

Digitized by Google

then, as in causes we do not always use the same state of the case, as we term the forms of pleading, but conform it to the time, the person, and to the nature of the controversy; so, in the treatment of sorrow, we are to consider what species of consolation is best adapted to the case before us.

But our discourse has wandered — I know not by what means — from the subject proposed by thee; for thy query related to the wise man, to whom nothing can appear evil that is void of turpitude; or, if an evil, so small that it is trampled down by wisdom, and scarcely appears: who fashions nothing after opinion, and embraces it for sorrow: neither does he think it right to afflict himself as much as possible, and be wasted with grief; than which nothing can be more wrong. Yet reason taught — at least, as it appeared to me — that although it is not the special object of the present inquiry, to ascertain whether any thing that is not shameful is to be reputed an evil, yet that we should satisfy ourselves, that whatever evil there may be in sorrow is not from nature, but incurred by our free judgment, and through error of opinion. We have treated, however, that kind of sorrow which is, of all others, the greatest; so that, if relieved of this, we should scarce think the remedies for the rest worth seeking. For there are certain precepts in regard to poverty;

Digitized by Google

certain others for a life without glory and distinction, which it is usual to recapitulate; and, separately, there are certain schools for exile, for ruin of country, servitude, infirmity, blindness, and every casualty that is usually comprised under the name of calamity. These the Greeks distribute into several schools and separate books; for they want work: although the disputations are delightful. And yet, as the physician, who has the whole body in charge, when even the minutest part is in pain, applies himself to cure it, so philosophy, after removing universal sorrow, if some error should spring up elsewhere, if poverty bite, if reproach tingle, if exile overshadow with gloom, or of what has been enumerated above should any thing exist, and if there are separate consolations for each, which you may have when you will; but, under them all, we are to have recourse to the same fountain: that all sorrow is far remote from the wise man, because it is empty, because it is fruitless, because it is not from nature, but from judgment, but from opinion, but from a certain invitation to grieving, when we have resolved it to be our duty. After the abstraction of what is altogether voluntary, that profound sorrow of mourning will be removed; twinges and certain little contractions of the mind

Digitized by Google

will be left. This part, if they will, they may call natural, so long as the name of sorrow be excluded: stern, disgusting, dismal, which, by no possible means, can reside or inhabit where wisdom dwells. But there are fibrils to the roots of sorrow,—O how many! and how bitter! which, having hewn down the trunk, are all to be crushed, and, if necessary, in separate disputations; for we abound in leisure, such as it is. But there is one method for all the sorrows, however numerous their names. For, as to envy, is a part of sorrow, so is to rival, to detract, to pity, to be anxious, to grieve, to mourn, to be troubled, to be solicitous, to regret, to be chagrined, to be afflicted, to despair. All these the Stoics define; and the words above mentioned express different ideas, and do not, as it appears to us, signify the same things, but have shades of difference, which we shall touch, perhaps, in another place. These are those fibrils of the roots, which, as I said before, are to be pursued, and all so pulverized, that not one can ever be extant. A great and a difficult work! who denies? But what is there excellent that is not arduous? but yet philosophy professes to accomplish it. Only let us submit to her treatment. But this is all at present. The rest is at your service, as often as you will, both here and elsewhere.

Digitized by Google

BOOK IV.

ON THE PERTURBATIONS.

While I am wont, my dear Brutus, in many respects, to admire the genius and virtues of our countrymen, so especially in those studies which, coming very late to be relished, they have transferred to this city from Greece. For when, from its first origin, by royal statutes, and partly also by laws, the auspices, the ceremonies, elections, appeals, council of the Fathers, the distribution of the horse and foot, the whole military system, were divinely constituted; then, after the republic was freed from royal domination, an admirable progress, and incredible strides, were made towards excellence in every kind. Neither, indeed, is this the place to speak of the customs and institutions of our ancestors, nor the discipline and constitution of the state. These have been treated by us with sufficient care in other places, and especially in

Digitized by Google

the six books we wrote of the Republic. But when considering this point of literary studies, many things occur to me, which render it probable that these were introduced from abroad; and not invited only, but also retained and cultivated. For they had, almost before their eyes, Pythagoras flourishing in wisdom and celebrity, who was in Italy during the times when Lucius Brutus, the illustrious author of thy nobility, established the independence of his country. But, as the doctrine of Pythagoras flowed far and wide, it appears to me to have diffused itself into this city; and this is probable, alike from conjecture, and from certain vestiges. For who can think, when Greece called the Great flourished in Italy, with most powerful and populous cities, and when in these the name, first of Pythagoras himself, and then of the Pythagoreans afterwards, sounded so high, that the ears of our countrymen were closed to the most eloquent voice of wisdom? Indeed, I think it was through their admiration for Pythagoras, that Numa the king was reputed a Pythagorean by posterity; for, knowing the system and institutions of Pythagoras, and having received from their ancestors the renown of that king for wisdom and integrity, but ignorant, through distance, of ages and times, they inferred that, be-

Digitized by Google

cause he excelled in wisdom, he was the disciple of Pythagoras. And so much for conjecture.

As to vestiges of the Pythagoreans, though many might be traced, we shall notice but few, because it is not our proper object at the present time. For, as they are said to have delivered certain of their more recondite precepts in verse, and, after the intensity of study, to have restored their minds to tranquillity by music, both vocal and instrumental, Cato, the highest of authorities, has said, in the Origins, it was the custom of our ancestors, at feasts, for each guest, in turn, to sing to the flute the exploits and virtues of illustrious men. Hence it is clear, that both the songs and the musical notes were then written and set down: although this much is declared by the laws of the Twelve Tables, — that it was already then common to publish songs; for they make it unlawful to injure another by such compositions. Nor, indeed, is it an argument of unpolished times, that, in religious processions, and at the feasts of the magistrates, the band of musicians was indispensable: and this trait is appropriate to the discipline of which we are speaking. Even that poem of Appius Cæcus, which Panætius extols so highly in a letter to Quintus Tubero, I think has a relish of the Pythagoreans. There are many things

Digitized by Google

also in our institutions derived from them, which I omit, that we may not appear to have borrowed, what we are thought to have invented. But, to return to our argument, in how short a time how many poets, and how great! but what orators have existed! that it is easily seen, our countrymen were capable of all they attempted, the moment they began to will it. But of other studies, if necessary, we will speak elsewhere, and have often spoken. That of wisdom, although ancient, no doubt, with our countrymen, yet, before the age of Scipio and Lælius, I have not found any that I could name. When they were young, I see that Diogenes the Stoic, and Carneades the Academic, were delegated to our city by the Athenians, in the character of ambassadors; who, never having had any share in the management of that republic, and originating, the one from Babylon, the other from Cyrene, would certainly not have been summoned from the schools, and elected to that dignity, unless there had been, at that time, an earnest desire of learning among some of our principal men. These, while they consigned to letters the rest of things,—some the civil law, some their orations, others the annals of ancestors,—this most ample of all arts, the discipline of living rightly, they prosecuted more in practice

Digitized by Google

than letters. Hence there remain no written monuments, or very few, of that true and elegant philosophy which, derived from Socrates, has remained with the Peripatetics as yet, and the same asserted by the Stoics in a different manner, while the Academics weigh their controversies. But, while they were silent, whether from the magnitude of things, or the occupation of men, or, perhaps, from the doubt if they could season their sentiments to the taste of the uneducated, the voice of one Caius Amafinius was not: on the publication of whose books, the excited multitude betook themselves very generally to his mode of doctrine; whether because it was learned without effort, or won by the fascinating attraction of pleasure, or even because they had nothing better, were fain to accept of such as there was. But, after Amafinius, rival swarms of the same sect, writing volume upon volume, have occupied all Italy; and the sufficient proof that their doctrines are superficial, because they are easily learned, and admired by the ignorant, passes with them for a confirmation of their system. But let every man maintain what he thinks; for judgments are free: we shall adhere to our principle, and, bound to no system so as to owe implicit obedience to its laws in philosophy, we shall always, in every question,

Digitized by Google

earnestly seek for what shall appear the most probable: which, as we had often done elsewhere, so, lately at the Tusculan we did most sincerely. And, having exhibited the disputations of three days, this book will include what followed on the fourth. For, when we had descended to the lower walk, as we had done the preceding days, the affair was managed as follows:

Marcus. Let any one say, if he will, what subject he would like to hear discussed.

Auditor. It does not appear to me, that the wise man can be void of all perturbation.

Marcus. At least from sorrow, it appeared from our disputation of yesterday; unless, perhaps, you assented through complaisance.

Auditor. Not at all; for your reasoning appeared to me unanswerable.

Marcus. Then you are not of the opinion that the wise man is subject to sorrow?

Auditor. My mind rejects the thought.

Marcus. But, if that perturbation cannot agitate the breast of the sage, there is none that could. For what should? is it fear? But fear is caused by the same objects absent, that, when present, give birth to sorrow; therefore the removal of sorrow is the expulsion of fear. There remain but two perturbations: the delirium of joy,

Digitized by Google

and desire; which, if they never perturb the sage, the mind of the wise man is a perpetual calm.

Auditor. So I perceive, most clearly.

Marcus. Then which would you prefer? shall we make sail at once, or shall we, as if clearing the harbour, have recourse to the oars for a little?

Auditor. What does that imply? for I do not understand.

Marcus. Because Chrysippus and the Stoics, when they treat of the perturbations, occupy the most of their discourse in distinguishing and defining them; and crowd into a narrow space what they have to say upon healing and curbing the turbulence of the mind. But the Peripatetics furnish precepts for appeasing the mind in profusion, while they omit the thorns of division and definition. My query, then, was, whether I should spread the sail of discourse immediately, or propel it a little, at first, with the oars of the dialecticians?

Auditor. In the mode you propose; for thus our whole inquiry will acquire the greater perfection from both.

Marcus. It is, indeed, the better way: but you will seek explanation afterwards, should any thing appear rather obscure.

Auditor. I will, certainly. But you commonly

Digitized by Google

express even these obscure matters more clearly than the Greeks.

Marcus. I will endeavour at least: but there is need of attention, lest if any one thing escape, the whole should slide away. Since what the Greeks term παθη, it seems more pleasant to call perturbations, than diseases, I shall follow that ancient model, first traced by Pythagoras, but adopted by Plato, who divide the soul into two parts, the one possessed of reason, the other not. In the part that shares reason, they lodge tranquillity, that is, a placid and calm constancy; in the other, the turbid agitations both of anger and cupidity, contrary and inimical to reason. Let this be the fountain, then. But in describing these perturbations, let us use the definitions, and partitions of the Stoics, who appear to me to have considered this question with the utmost penetration.

Then according to the definition of Zeno, who calls it παθος, a perturbation is a commotion of the mind adverse to reason, contrary to nature; some, more briefly, term it a more vehement appetite; but more vehement, is what departs wider from the constancy of nature, as they would have us understand. Meanwhile, the parts of perturbations spring as they think, from two reputed

Digitized by Google

goods, and two reputed evils, and therefore are four. From good, desire and joy; joy from good present, desire refers to the future: from evils they derive fear and sorrow; fear from future, sorrow from present evils; for what are feared coming, create sorrow when arrived. Joy and desire, meanwhile, reside in the opinion of goods: desire being hurried vehemently and ardently towards what has the appearance of good: joy, as having acquired something greatly desired, is elated and leaps. For by nature all that seems good, is pursued: all that appears the contrary, is avoided. Wherefore, no sooner does the prospect offer itself of any thing which has the appearance of good, than nature herself impels to its acquisition. When this is done with constancy and prudence, such a desire is called by the Stoics, *βουλησις*; we term it *will*. They think it known only to the wise man, and define it thus: Will is that which desires any thing with reason: the passion, which, in spite of reason, kindles more fiercely, is lust, or unbridled cupidity, which is found in all fools. In like manner, when we are moved as in the possession of some good, this emotion also is double. For when the mind is moved placidly, and constantly, with reason, it takes the name of satisfaction; but when the mind exults vainly, and

Digitized by Google

with effusion, then it may be called giddy, or excessive joy; which they define an elation of mind without reason. And as we naturally seek good things, so by nature we decline evils; this recoil, when authorized by reason, has the appellation of caution, and is found in the sage only; the same, without reason, however, attended with an abject and crippled desertion of mind, is named fear. Thus, fear is caution in defiance of reason. Moreover, sorrow is proper to fools, with which they are affected in supposed evils, and, in disobedience to reason, depress and contract their minds. Hence, this is the first definition; that sorrow is a contraction of mind, with reason for adversary. Thus the perturbations are four, three of constancy, because to sorrow no constancy is opposed. But they pronounce all the perturbations the progeny of opinion, and of the judgment. Hence they define them compactly, that it may be seen at once how vicious they are, and how much in our power. Then sorrow is the recent opinion of present evil, where it appears right to deject and contract the mind: joy, the recent opinion of present good, where it appears right to be transported: fear, the opinion of impending evil, which appears insupportable: desire, the opinion of good to arrive, and would now be useful, if present, and

Digitized by Google

enjoyed. But the judgments and opinions which I have said are the sources of the perturbations, they say are authors, not of these perturbations alone, but also of what these perturbations effect: as sorrow effects a certain sting of grief; fear, a sort of escape and flight of the mind; joy, an intoxication of hilarity; desire, headlong appetite. But the persuasion and opinion included in all the above definitions they pronounce to be an imbecile assent to the false.

But to each of the perturbations they subjoin its kindred parts, which are several: as, to sorrow; envy, [*invidentia*, — a word we prefer to *invidia*, though less familiar; for *invidia* refers either to the envious or the envied,] emulation, detraction, pity, anguish, mourning, wailing, trouble, grief, lamentation, solicitude, chagrin, affliction, despondency, and the rest of the same sort. Under fear, they subjoin sloth, shame, terrour, timidity, dismay, consternation, confusion, dread. Under the voluptuary head, malevolence, — that enjoys the troubles of another, — delight, vaunting, and the like. Under desire, anger, resentment, hatred, enmity, discord, indigence, longing, and the rest of the class of cupidity. These they define thus: Envy is sorrow indulged for another's prosperity, which is of no prejudice to the envier; for, if any

Digitized by Google

one grieves at the success of another, by whom he is injured, he is not rightly said to envy; as of Agamemnon in regard to Hector: but he to whom another's good fortune is no disadvantage, and who yet grieves that he enjoys it, undoubtedly envies. But Emulation is used in a double sense; so that it passes for the name of a merit and a vice; for even the imitation of virtue is called emulation: but we give it no such import here; for that is praiseworthy. But the emulation of rivalship is sorrow conceived by the defeated candidate, at seeing another enjoy the object of competition. But Detraction I would have be understood as a sort of jealousy, or sorrow at another's enjoying also what had been earnestly desired by the jealous. Pity is sorrow from seeing another in unmerited misfortune; for no one is moved to compassion at the condign fate of parricides and traitors. Anguish is the pressure of sorrow. Mourning is sorrow for the bitter extinction of one much beloved. Wailing is sorrow with tears. Trouble is laborious sorrow. Grief, excruciating sorrow. Lamentation, sorrow with shrieks. Solicitude is thoughtful sorrow. Chagrin is permanent sorrow. Affliction is sorrow with vexation to the body. Despondency, sorrow without hope.

But the chapter of fear they define thus:—

Digitized by Google

Sloth is the fear of labour to ensue: Shame and Terrour, the shocks of fear; whence shame is followed by blushes, — terrour by paleness, tremour, and chatter of the teeth: Timidity, the fear of evil at hand: Dismay, fear, with desertion of mind; hence this line of Ennius:

Then dismay all wisdom from my soul disgorges:

Consternation, the stupefaction of fear, and the companion, as it were, of dismay: Confusion, fear that banishes memory and reflection: Dread, profound and durable fear.

The voluptuary class they define in this manner: — Malevolence is pleasure without emolument, at the misfortune of another: Delight is the pleasure that soothes the mind from the sweetness of sounds; and like this from the ear, are those from the eyes, the touch, the smell, the taste; which are all of one kind, — pleasures, as it were, liquefied for bathing the soul: Vaunting, pleasure in exultation, uplifting itself with insolence.

But what are ranked under desire, they define thus: — Anger is the lust of punishing the author of injury which appears unprovoked: Resentment is kindling anger, and of recent growth; which the Greeks call θυμωσις: Hatred, inveterate anger: Enmity, anger watching its time for revenge: Dis-

Digitized by Google

cord, a more bitter anger, a hatred that is profound, and fills the whole heart: Indigence, an insatiable covetousness: Longing, an earnest desire of seeing one who is not yet present. They distinguish this also, — that there is a coveting of the speech of people, which dialecticians call *κατηγορηματα*; as, to be reputed to have riches, to enjoy honours. Indigence is of the things themselves; as of honours, of wealth.

But they say the fountain of all perturbations is intemperance; which is a revolt from the whole intellect, and from right reason, and so total a defection of the appetites from their rightful sovereign, that they neither can be ruled, nor held in check. Thus, as temperance appeases the appetites, and brings them to a cheerful compliance with the dictates of reason, and enforces the deliberate judgments of the mind, so its enemy, — intemperance, — inflames, excites, and convulses the whole state of the mind; and thus the sorrows, the fears, and all the remaining perturbations, are its progeny.

As, when the blood becomes corrupt, or the phlegm or the bile superabound, disease and sickness are produced in the body, so the tumult of depraved opinions, and the conflicts which result from their repugnancy among themselves, destroy

Digitized by Google

the sanity of the mind, and convulse it with maladies. But the first morbid result of the perturbations are diseases, which they call νοσηματα, and those antipathies, which are the opposites of these diseases, which are attended with an unreasonable aversion and disgust towards certain things; and then sicknesses, which are termed by the Stoics ἀῤῥωστηματα, and the antipathies and loathings which are the opposites to these. Here is a waste of labour, which is lavished by the Stoics, and especially Chrysippus, in running the parallel between the diseases of the body and those of the mind; which passing over, as not at all necessary, let us fix our attention on things which have substance. Let it be understood, then, that perturbation, from the inconstant and tumultuous tossing of opinions, is always in agitation; but, when this fever and excitement of the mind becomes inveterate, and has seated itself, as it were, in the nerves and circulations, then break out those diseases and sicknesses, and those disgusts, which are the contraries of these diseases and sicknesses. These I refer to, are distinguished one from the other in thought, but, in effect, are coupled together, and are the offspring of passion and possession, of desire and joy. For, when money is coveted, and reason, the Socratic physician, as it

Digitized by Google

were, be not immediately consulted, that she may cure this cupidity, the infection glides into the veins, seizes upon the entrails, — disease and sickness ensue; which, once become inveterate, it is impossible to eradicate: the name of this malady is avarice. In like manner, the rest of the diseases; as, the thirst of glory, the passion for women, which, in Greek, is *φιλογυνεια*; and other similar diseases and sicknesses have their birth. But the opposites to these are thought to take origin from fear; as, the hatred of women, such as we find it exhibited in the *μισογυνω*, or woman-hater, of Attilius; as of the whole human race, exemplified in Timon, called *μισανθρωπος*, the misanthrope; as inhospitality does: — all which maladies of the mind spring from a certain fear of those things which they avoid and hate.

But they define sickness of the mind as an inherent, deep-seated, and vehement opinion of a thing not desirable, as if desirable in the extreme. But the malady of disgust they define, an inherent, deep-seated, and vehement opinion of a thing not undesirable, as if to be avoided. This hallucination, however, results from a persuasion of the mind, that it knows what it does not know.

Under the head of sickness, they arrange such maladies as avarice, ambition, gallantry, singular-

Digitized by Google

ity, gluttony, drunkenness, the worship of the palate, and such like. But avarice is an inherent, deep-seated, and vehement opinion of money, as if it were desirable in the extreme: and the definition is similar for the rest of the class. But the definition of antipathies is of this sort, — that inhospitality is an inherent, deep-seated, and vehement opinion of a guest, as being to be shunned at all hazards: and the definition is similar of the hatred of women, as Hippolytus; of mankind, as Timon.

And that we may come to the similitude of bodily infirmity, and use that comparison at last, though more sparingly than the Stoics; as some are more subject than others to certain diseases; as we say certain individuals are catarrhous, or colicky, not because they are now, but are apt to be so: thus, some are subject to fear, others to some other perturbation. Hence, to some, anxiety is imputed, whence they are called anxious; to others, irascibility, which differs from anger; for it is one thing to be irascible, — to be angry is another; as anxiety differs from anguish. For neither are all anxious who are sometimes in anguish, nor they who are anxious always in anguish: as there is difference between ebriety and ebriosity: and it is one thing to be amorous,

Digitized by Google

—to be enamoured is another. This predisposition of minds, some to one, others to other maladies, has wide range; for it holds in all the perturbations. It is apparent, also, in many of the vices, but has not found a name. Thus, the envious, the malevolent, the spiteful, the timid, the compassionate, are named from the propensity to such perturbations,—not because always perturbed. Then, let this propensity of each to his own kind be named, from resemblance to the body, sickliness; provided it be understood as the proclivity to sickness. But, in good things, this aptitude of some to this, and some to that, may be called facility; in what is evil, proclivity, as significant of proneness to fall; in neuters, let it have the better name. But as, in the body, there is disease, sickness, and deformity, so in the mind. They call disease, the indisposition of the whole body; sickness is disease with failure of strength; deformity exists, when the parts of the body want correspondence among themselves. Hence the disfiguration of limbs, distortion, ugliness. Thus, the two, disease and sickness, arise from the derangement and shattered condition of the whole bodily health; but deformity displays itself conspicuously while the health is sound. But, in the mind, we can distinguish in thought only, between

Digitized by Google

disease and sickness; whereas, *vitiosity*, the mental deformity, is a habit, or affection, of inconstancy, throughout life, at perpetual variance with itself. Hence the examples where the corruption of opinion produces disease and sickness; others where it exhibits itself in self-contradiction and inconsistencies. For every misshapen mind is not a cripple, nor has distorted members; as, in those who are not far from wisdom, the bias of the mind still has a certain self-discrepancy, while it is unwise, but is neither deformed nor depraved. Diseases and sicknesses are a part of vitiosity: whether perturbations are so, or not, is questionable; for vices are permanent affections, — perturbations are transient, and consequently cannot be parts of permanent affections. But, as in evils the similitude of the body reflects the nature of the mind, so in goods. For in the body are the advantages of beauty, strength, health, firmness, velocity: the mind has them also. For, as the body is free of distemper, when those things of which we consist are at harmony one with another, so the health of the mind is deemed sound, when its judgments and opinions are at concord: and this is virtue: who, by some, is called temperance herself, — by some, the handmaid of temperance, obeying her precepts, and attending her

Digitized by Google

always, and having no form of her own; but, whether in this mode or in that, she resides with the wise man alone.

But there is a certain health of the mind incident even to the unwise, when, by the treatment of philosophy, the turbulence of the mind is removed. And, as there is a certain just form of the members of the body, with a sort of suavity of complexion, which is called beauty; so, in the mind, the harmony and constancy of opinions and judgments, with a certain firmness and stability, either attendant upon virtue, or containing the force of virtue herself, is called beauty. And, bearing resemblance, in efficiency, to the strength and sinews of the body, the energies of the mind are named with like words. But the velocity of the body has the appellation of celerity: the same is reputed the merit of genius, on account of the speedy running over in the mind, of so many things in so short a time. In one thing, the parity ceases, because minds in health cannot be attacked by disease; whereas bodies may. But maladies of the body may occur without fault. It is not so with minds, all whose diseases and perturbations arise from the spurning of reason. And therefore they exist only in men; for beasts act in much the like manner, but are not subject to perturba-

Digitized by Google

tions. But, between the discerning and the stupid, there is this distinction, — that the ingenious, as Corinthian brass to rust, are slower to admit disease, and are recovered with more ease: with the heavy of intellect, it is otherwise. Nor, indeed, does the mind of the ingenious fall into every disease, or perturbation; it is capable of none that is savage and barbarous: and there are some which have the first show even of humanity; as pity, sorrow, fear. But the sicknesses and diseases of the mind are thought to be of more difficult removal than even those capital vices, which are contrary to the virtues. For, until the sick mind be convalescent, the fluctuations of its emotions cannot be healed; and the mind is more tenacious of its weaknesses than even of its vices. You have what the Stoics have said, with profound penetration, on the perturbations: these discussions are called logical, because they are argued with refinement; through which, as from rock-bound straits, our discourse having cleared its passage, let us shape our course for the rest of the disputation; that is, however, if we have sketched these ideas with sufficient clearness, with allowance for the obscurity of the subject.

Auditor. Quite sufficient. But, should a more thorough knowledge of some point be desirable,

Digitized by Google

we will seek it some other time: but now we expect the sails, which you mentioned just now, and the course.

Seeing I have frequently spoken of virtue elsewhere, and shall have to speak often, for most questions which have reference to life and manners, are to be traced up to the fountain of virtue; since virtue, then, is a consistent and uniform affection of the mind, rendering those laudable in whom she exists, and is laudable herself, at her own impulse, even separate from utility;—from her proceed honest designs, sentiments, actions, and all right reason; although virtue herself may be called the shortest right reason. The opposite of this right affection of the mind, is vitiosity; for so I prefer to name it, rather than malice; which the Greeks call κακια; for malice is the name of a certain particular vice, vitiosity of all; and is parent of the perturbations; which, as I have said before, are turbulent and excited motions of the mind, in rebellion to reason, and most inimical to the tranquillity of the breast, and of life. For they are fraught with anxious and bitter sorrows; they afflict the mind, and cripple it with fear. They inflame it with vehement appetite, which is termed either cupidity or lust; a certain loss of control of mind, the deadly adversary of temper-

Digitized by Google

ance and moderation; which, if at any time it attains the object of its desire, is so transported with delirious delight, that the mind can act nothing with consistency; always conscious of the extreme delusion of this intoxicated exhilaration. For these evils, then, the only remedy is to be found in virtue. But what can be more unhappy, not only, but what more disgusting also and deformed, than the man, who is broken down, prostrate, and helpless with sorrow? To this misery the next is his, who is smitten with fear at the prospect of evil, and is bewildered in mind with the stupefaction of suspense. The poets, to impress the vehemence of this evil, paint Tantalus in hell with a rock impending over him;

"For guilt, dire impotence of mind, and vaunts,"

Such is the ordinary punishment of folly. For all whose hearts are at defiance with reason, there is always something impending; for some, grief, for others, terrour. And as these perturbations, sorrow and fear, are pestiferous, so those of a merrier mood, cupidity, ever in eager pursuit of something, and empty exultation, that is, excessive joy, are not much different from madness. From these traits, we see what the man must be, whom we sometimes call moderate, at others modest and

Digitized by Google

temperate, at others consistent, and continent: sometimes we refer these same traits to the name frugality, as to the fountainhead. For, unless the virtues were included in this name, it would never have gained such currency, as already to have become a proverb, — *that the frugal man does every thing rightly.* Which when the Stoics assert of their wise man, they are thought to deal in the wonderful, and to indulge their style in too much magnificence. Therefore the man, whoever he is, who has quiet of mind, through moderation and constancy, and thus at peace with himself, is neither corroded with cares, nor crippled by fear; and, thirsting for nothing impatiently, is exempt from the fires of desire, and, dizzied by the fumes of no futile felicity, reels with no riotous joy: this is the wise man we seek: this man is happy; for whom nothing in human events can appear intolerable, to the depression of his mind, nothing so joyously exhilarating, as to elate it beyond measure. For what should appear great in human affairs to him, for whom all eternity is embraced in thought, and the magnitude of the whole universe is known? For what, either in human interests, or in so contracted a brevity of life, can seem great to the wise man, whose mind is always so vigilant, that nothing can happen to him unex-

Digitized by Google

pected, nothing unforeseen, nothing at all new? This sage, moreover, casts around him so searching a glance, that he always sees somewhere a seat for himself, and a place where he may dwell, free of trouble and anxiety; so that whatever hap may be dealt him by fortune, he will bear it prudently and quietly. Whoever shall do this, will not only be void of sorrow, but of all other perturbations. But the mind void of these, makes the happy man, the perfectly, absolutely, blest; whereas the same, excited, and divorced from sound and stable reason, not only has departed from constancy, but even from sanity.

For which cause the system and style of the Peripatetics is to be deemed languid and soft; who maintain that minds are perturbed of necessity; but they apply a certain moderation, to exceed which is trespass. Wilt thou apply a measure to vice? or is it no vice, not to obey reason? or has reason omitted to inculcate; that neither is that a good, which thou art either on fire to possess, or, possessing, art delirious with joy; nor that an evil, which either thou hast permitted to crush thee; or lest it should crush, art almost beside thyself? and that all these objects are rendered by error, either too joyous, or too sad? Which error, if even with fools it be extenuated

Digitized by Google

by time, so that while the thing is the same, they bear the inveterate, otherwise than the recent; let it not attach to the wise man at all; for, in effect, what should that moderation be? For suppose we inquire for the moderation of sorrow, as the most worth the labour. It is asserted by Fannius, that Publius Rutilius was profoundly hurt at the repulse of his brother from the Consulship. But yet it appears he transcended moderation, since he allowed it to prevail with him, to withdraw from existence: he ought therefore to have taken it more moderately. But had he borne that moderately, what if the death of children had supervened? a new sorrow would have sprung, but that also moderate; but yet the accession would have been great. What if there had been added the severest pains of the body, the loss of estate, blindness, banishment, each calamity contributing its sorrow? the mass must have been such as he could not have sustained.

Then whoever attempts to set bounds for vice, does the same as he would do who should leap from the Leucadian cliff, thinking he could suspend his fall at pleasure. For as that is impossible, so the agitated and excited mind can neither constrain itself, nor check its fall when it will, by any means at all; and whatsoever things are

Digitized by Google

pernicious at maturity, the same are vicious at birth. But sorrow and the perturbations, when full-grown, are certainly pestiferous; then also, when first cherished, they infect with a great part of their plague. For, when once the helm is wrested from reason, they impel one another; and weakness is indulgent to weakness, and is hurried blindly to the precipice, without the power to pause at what point soever. Wherefore, there is nothing to choose, whether you approve moderate perturbations, or moderate injustice, moderate cowardice, moderate intemperance. For whoever appoints a measure for the vices, has himself espoused a part of the vices; which, besides being odious itself, is more unfortunate, because they are on slippery ground; and, once incited, they slide rapidly downwards, and nothing can save them at all.

What! is it possible that those very Peripatetics should say of these perturbations, which we think are to be extirpated, that they are not only natural, but usefully implanted by nature? For such is the language they hold. In the first place, they eulogize anger with profusion of words; they call it the whetstone of courage, and say the impetus of the angry is far more vehement, as well against the enemy, as for quelling an insurgent citizen;

Digitized by Google

but the motives are paltry of those who think after this manner: "It is right this battle should be fought: it is duty to contend for our laws, our liberty, our country." These are without force, unless Fortitude is kindled with anger. Nor, indeed, do they discourse about warriours alone. They think no gubernatorial sway can be firmly asserted without some acerbity of anger. Finally, they do not approve the orator unfurnished with angry stings; and this not only when acting as accuser, but even when he pleads in defence. But, even if deficient in so essential a weapon, he is to substitute the show of it, at least, both in his words and his gesture, that the action of the orator may kindle the anger of the hearer. In a word, he that is ignorant how to be angry, they refuse to acknowledge for man; and what we call lenity, they depreciate by the vicious appellation of *lentitude*. Nor, indeed, do they panegyrize this lust alone; for anger, as I have already defined, is the lust of revenge: but even the real genus itself, whether of lust or cupidity, they say is a gift of nature of excellent use; for no man can perform any thing brilliant, except what he covets to do. Themistocles walked the streets by night, because he could find no sleep: he answered inquirers,—the trophies of Miltiades kept him awake. Who

Digitized by Google

has not heard of the Vigils of Demosthenes? It grieved him, he said, if the artisan, at any time, was at work in the morning more early than himself. Those princes of philosophy themselves could never have made such progress in their studies, but for the flames of cupidity. Pythagoras had visited the extremities of earth; Democritus, Plato, had travelled as far; for, wherever was any thing that could be learned, there they deemed it was for them to repair. Is it probable such things could have happened without the stimulus of the most ardent cupidity? Even sorrow itself, which we have said is to be avoided as a foul and ferocious monster, they say has been constituted by nature, and not without important utility; that men might grieve at chastisement, reprehension, disgrace, inflicted for delinquency. It would seem that those might trespass with impunity, who should suffer reproach and infamy without regret. The reproaches of conscience are better. Hence this trait of Afranius, copied from life. For when the dissolute son exclaims,—

"Alas! how miserable I am!"

the severe father,—

"So he grieve at something, let him grieve at will."

Digitized by Google

The residuary parts of sorrow they declare to be useful; pity, for inducing relief, and repairing the calamities of men under unmerited misfortune: nor even emulation and detraction without their uses; as, when a man sees he has not acquired what another has, or that another has gained the same as himself: but, as to fear, were it to be removed, the whole industry of life would disappear; which mainly depends on those who stand in fear of the laws, the magistrates, poverty, disgrace, pain, and death. They confess, however, these perturbations ought to be pruned down; but to uproot them altogether, they say, is neither possible nor desirable: that in this, as in almost every thing, mediocrity is best. When they have defended their cause in this manner, does it appear to you that they have said something, or nothing?

Auditor. It appears to me something, I confess; and I am therefore impatient to hear you dilute it.

Marcus. I shall find the means, perhaps. But one thing first. Have you never observed the modest reserve which attaches to the Academics? for they say, in plain words, what bears upon the point. Let the Peripatetics be refuted by the Stoics. Let them fight it out, for all me: for whom nothing is of necessity but to search diligently for that which has the nearest resemblance

Digitized by Google

of truth. Then what is there, which offers itself in this question, that can aid us in attaining something probable, than which the human mind can proceed no further? It is the definition of a perturbation, which I think is rightly drawn by Zeno; for he defines it thus: A perturbation is a commotion of the mind in defiance of reason, and contrary to nature; or, shorter, perturbation is a more vehement appetite: understanding more vehement, the further departure from the constancy of nature.

What can I object to these definitions? and, in general, they are all worthy of prudent and profound reasoners.

But those flames of the mind, and whetstone of the virtues, are proper to the pomp of rhetoricians. Is it true, that a man of courage cannot be brave, unless his indignation begins to be stirred? That were worthy of gladiators, indeed: although we often see constancy even in them. They converse together, walk together; they complain, make some request, that it should seem they are rather placid than angry. But, be it admitted, that, among that class, some Pacideianus is of the mind Lucilius represents:

I'll kill him, doubt me not; I'll conquer, trust me:
Only, there is a chance my throat receives

Digitized by Google

His thrust, before my sword-hilt greets the breast
Of Fulvius, through the lungs and stomach run.
I do hate the man: I fight in dudgeon,
And gasp to have my hand and sword acquaint;
Such anger burns, from hate to him conceived.

But in Homer, without this gladiatorial anger, we see Ajax advancing with much hilarity, when he was about to combat with Hector. As soon as he took up arms, his entrance brought joy to his associates, but struck the enemy with terrour; so that Hector himself, as Homer represents it, trembling throughout his frame, repented that he had challenged the fight. But, before they joined battle, these heroes talked together mildly and calmly, and, even during the fight, did nothing in an angry and furious manner.

I do not think even that Torquatus, who conquered for himself this name, was angry, when he stripped the Gaul of his collar; nor Marcellus to have been brave at Clastidium, because he was angry. As for Africanus, since he is more known to us, from being of more recent memory, I could even swear, that he was not inflamed with anger, when he protected Marcus Halienus of Peligni with his shield, while he planted his sword in the breast of the enemy. Perhaps I should doubt of Lucius Brutus, whether, on account of the infinite

Digitized by Google

hatred of the tyrant, he had not rushed upon Aruns in a headlong manner; for I see they both fell together, transpierced with mutual wounds. Why, then, do you bring anger here? has fortitude no impetus of her own, unless she begins to grow insane? What! Hercules, whose fortitude, which you take to be anger, raised him to heaven, —do you think him to have conflicted, in anger, with the Erymanthian boar, or the Nemæan lion? or that Theseus also was angry, when he took the Marathonian bull by the horns? Look out, lest it prove that fortitude is the very last to be in a rage, and that the whole of anger is matter of levity; for there is no courage without reason. Human things are to be slighted; death is to be neglected; pains and toils to be thought endurable. These ideas once established in the judgment, and grounded in the sentiment, then exists that robust, unshaken fortitude; unless, perchance, you suspect that all which is executed with vehemence, decision, and spirit, is done angrily. Indeed, not even that Scipio, chief pontiff, who declared this maxim of the Stoics to be true, — that "the wise man is never a private man," appears to me to have been angry with Tiberius Gracchus, when he left the down-hearted consul, and himself, a private citizen, acted as consul,

Digitized by Google

commanding every friend to his country's safety to follow him.

I do not assert that we ourselves have transacted any thing with fortitude in behalf of the republic: if we have so done, I do assert, that we did it not in anger. Is there any thing more similar to madness than anger? which Ennius has well said is the commencement of insanity. The colour, the voice, the eyes, the breath, the extravagance of words and deeds, — what particle of sanity do they exhibit? What more disgusting than the Homeric Achilles? what, than Agamemnon in a brawl? for Ajax, indeed, is transported by anger to phrensy and death. Thus, courage declines the patronage of anger; she is sufficiently provided, armed, and ready of herself. For, by the same rule, it might be said that drunkenness is useful to fortitude, and even madness useful; for both the mad and the drunken often do many things with intense vehemence. Ajax is always brave, but in phrensy, the bravest of the brave.

> For, when the Grecian host began to break,
> His hand achieved a deed of special wonder.
> With thundering arm, he gave the foe repulse,
> And saved the battle in a fit of madness.

Then let us call insanity useful. Handle the definition of fortitude; you will see she has no

Digitized by Google

need of indignation. Fortitude, then, is an affection of the mind, obedient to the sovereign law, in the patient endurance of things; or, the preservation of stable judgment, in the endurance and repulsion of those things which appear formidable; or, the science of bearing, or altogether despising, formidable and adverse things, with presence of judgment to weigh them; or, shorter, as Chrysippus: for the preceding are of Sphærus, as the Stoics think, an excellent master of definitions; for they are all very much alike, but express common conceptions, some a little more than others. But how was that of Chrysippus? Fortitude, he says, is the science of bearing things well; or an affection of the mind, in patience and perseverance, observant of the sovereign law, without fear. Let us jeer them as much as we will, as Carneades used to do, I fear they are the only philosophers. For, which of these definitions fails to display our impression, the notion we all have of fortitude covered and involved in our breasts? which being developed, who is there would seek other resource for the warriour, or governor, or orator? or would deem them incapable of doing any thing with courage, without phrensy? What? the Stoics, who say that all the unwise are insane,—do they not urge these arguments?—

Digitized by Google

remove the perturbations, and especially anger, and at once they will appear to talk wild themselves. But, as things are, they plead thus: they say that all fools are insane, the same as all filth has a vile odour. But not always: stir it; you will perceive. Thus, the irascible man is not always angry. Provoke, and at once you will see him storming. What! this warlike anger, when she returns to the house,—how is she with the wife? with the children? with the servants? is she useful here also? then there is something which a convulsed mind can do better than the constant: or, can any one be angry without convulsion of mind? Our countrymen, then, have done well, when all the vices are the fault of *morals*, because there is none more detestable than anger, have named the irascible, by way of distinction, *morose*. But it least of all becomes the orator to be angry: to affect anger, does not misbecome. Do we appear to thee to be angry, when, in causes, we say any thing a little sharp or vehement? What! after the trial is over, and the affair settled, when we write our orations, do we write them in anger? "*Et quis hoc animadvertit? Vincite.*" You know the passage. Are we to think that either Æsopus ever acted, or Accius ever composed his scenes, in anger? Such

Digitized by Google

matters are acted to the life, but they are acted without anger; and by the orator, indeed, better, if he is an orator, than by any tragedian; but they are acted without anger, and with a tranquil mind. But, to praise lust, what lust does it proceed from? You adduce me Themistocles and Demosthenes; you add Pythagoras, Democritus, Plato. What! do you call studies lust? which seek the very best of things, as those are you cite, and therefore must be sedate and tranquil. And now, to praise sorrow, the one most detestable of all things, of what philosophers, indeed, is it worthy? But Afranius has properly said, —

So he grieve at something, let him grieve at will;

for he said it of a profligate and dissolute youth: but our inquiry has reference to the constant and wise man. And, indeed, be that anger appropriate to the centurion, to the standard-bearer, and the rest, whom it is not necessary to mention, lest we reveal the mysteries of the rhetoricians. For animal impulse is usefully exerted, where the mind cannot use that of reason: but we, as I often protest, are in search of the sage. But even to emulate is useful; to detract, to pity! Why should you pity rather than relieve, if able to do it? can we not be bountiful without pity? For we ought

Digitized by Google

not, on account of others, to indulge sorrows ourselves, but, if we can, to remove the sorrows of others. But, to detract from others, or to emulate in the sense of rivalship, what can be the utility; when it is proper to the emulator to be grieved at the good of another, because he has not obtained it himself: and the detractor grieves at the good of another, because that other has it also? How can it be justified for you to grieve at seeing the fruition of a good you would wish to enjoy yourself? for the wish to enjoy exclusive good, is the height of madness. But who can rightly praise mediocrities of evils? for how is it possible for the man who indulges lust or cupidity not to be libidinous and covetous? or the man who admits anger, not irascible? or anxiety, not anxious? or fear, not timid? Are we, then, to judge the wise man to be moderately libidinous, covetous, irascible, anxious, and cowardly? of whose excellence it were easy to enlarge with copious prolixity; but with the most brevity, thus: Wisdom is the knowledge of things divine and human, and the knowledge of the causes of every thing; from which it is effected, that she imitates the divine, and deems all human things inferior to virtue. Into this wisdom, as into an ocean subject to the winds, you have said, it appeared to you, that perturba-

Digitized by Google

tions might fall. What is there that should perturb such gravity and constancy? something unforeseen and sudden? What can be so, to him, to whom nothing is unforeseen that can happen to man? For, as to what they say, that excesses are to be pruned away, but what is natural left; what can there be natural, that is capable of excess? For all these are the offspring of the roots of errors, which are to be extracted and eradicated, —not to be pruned or amputated.

But, since I suspect your inquiry to have had for object, not so much the wise man, as yourself, —for you suppose him free of all perturbation, and would wish to be yourself, —let us see what remedies may be found in philosophy for the maladies of the mind. For some medicine there certainly is: nor has nature been so cruel and inimical to the human race, as to provide for the body so many salutary resources, —none for the mind. In one respect, she has done even more for the mind, in that the succours for the body are to be sought from without; whereas the health of the mind is included in itself. But, the greater its excellence, and the more divine, the greater is the diligence it demands. And thus, if reason be rightly consulted, the best is always discerned; if neglected, we get entangled in many errors.

Digitized by Google

Therefore my whole discourse is now to be addressed to thee; for, though in appearance thy query related to the sage, it had special reference, perhaps, to thyself.

Then, of those perturbations I have sketched, the curative treatment is various. For neither is every sorrow appeased by one method; for there is one for the mourner, another for the grief of sympathy, another for that of envy. There is a distinction, also, which applies to all the four perturbations. Whether to treat of perturbation in general, which is the spurning of reason, or excessive vehemence of appetite; or in particular, as of fear, lust, and the rest; and whether to show that the immediate source of sorrow is not to be lamented; or that all sorrow, on every account, is altogether inadmissible: as, if any one should take to heart that he is poor, whether you should argue that poverty is not an evil; or that man ought not to bear any thing impatiently. No doubt, this is better; lest, if you fail to convince as to poverty, it should appear right to indulge sorrow: but sorrow removed by the proper reasons, we used yesterday, the evil also of poverty is, in a certain manner, removed. But every such perturbation is effectually wiped away by this abstergent, when you teach that the thing is not good which excites

Digitized by Google

the fever of desire or joy; and that not an evil, which causes the sorrow or fear. Still, however, this is the certain and proper treatment: to show the perturbations are vicious of themselves, and neither natural nor necessary: as sorrow itself is moderated, we see, when we hold up to the mourner the imbecility of an effeminate mind, and praise the constancy and gravity of those who calmly resign themselves to human events. Indeed, this usually happens even with those who account them evils; they still think them to be borne with firmness. One thinks pleasure a good; another, money: yet that man may be deterred from intemperance, and this from avarice.

But the method and discourse which sweeps at once both the false opinion and the sorrow, is certainly the more profound; but it rarely succeeds, and is not to be employed with the vulgar. Some sorrows there are, however, which that medicine will by no means touch; as, should any one mourn that he is void of virtue, — that he has nothing like courage, nor duty, nor honesty, in him: these are evils indeed, which afflict him: but a certain other curative process is to be used for him; and such as might have the concurrence, indeed, of all philosophers, however dissenting on other points. For it must be conceded by all,

Digitized by Google

that commotions of mind, at hostility with reason, are vicious; so that, even if the object of the sorrow or fear be evil, and that of the feverish joy or desire be good, still the commotion itself is vicious. For the man we should call brave and magnanimous, must be some one who is constant, sedate, grave, and the contemner of all human accidents. Such can no man be, whether grieving, or fearing, or desiring, or leaping for joy; for these are traits of men who hold human events superior to their own souls. Wherefore, as I have said, there is one method of cure common to all philosophers: that, omitting the question as to the nature of the thing which disturbs the mind, whether a good, or not, the discourse is to turn upon perturbation itself. As, first in cupidity, for instance, when to remove it, is the sole object, the point is not to be touched, whether the thing coveted is good or not good, but the passion itself is to be combated: that, whether honesty be the chief good, or pleasure, or both united, or that system of three goods, still, though virtue herself were the object of languishment, from too eager intensity of desire, the same discourse of dissuasion must be held by all philosophers. But the whole pacification of the mind is contained in the exhibiting of nature before the human view; and, in order that she may be seen

Digitized by Google

more distinctly, the common condition and the law of life is to be held up to the light in discourse. And thus it was not without cause, that, when Euripides held the first rehearsal of his Orestes, Socrates is said to have recalled the three first verses:

> No scourge so terrible can language name,
> No plague, no curse, by angry Heaven devised,
> That human nature is not doomed to bear.

But the precept, that the events which have happened both can and ought to be borne, is usefully enforced, by the enumeration of those who have borne the same: although the relief of sorrow is explained as well in the disputation of yesterday as in the book of Consolation, which we wrote in the midst of sorrow and mourning; for we were not wise: and what Chrysippus forbids, to administer medicine to the recent intumescence, as it were, of the mind, that we did; and offered violence to nature, that the magnitude of the grief might yield to the magnitude of the remedy.

But the next neighbour to sorrow, of which enough has been said, is fear; which is to be touched briefly. For, as sorrow of present, so fear is the sense of future evils; and therefore some have considered fear as a certain branch of sorrow.

Digitized by Google

Others have called fear trouble aforehand, as being the leader of approaching troubles. Then, for the same reasons the present are borne, their followers are to be despised. For in both we are to guard ourselves from doing aught that is mean, cringing, soft, effeminate, crippled, abject. But, while it is proper to enlarge upon the inconstancy, the imbecility, the levity of fear itself, yet it is highly beneficial to extenuate and render contemptible the objects themselves which are apprehended. And thus, whether the effect of chance or design, it is a commodious fact, that the objects of especial dread — death and pain — were considered on the first and second day; which disputations, if satisfactory, have freed us, in great measure, from fear. And so much for the opinion of evils.

Let us now turn our attention to that of goods; that is, to the objects of joy and desire. In all that relates to the perturbations, indeed, there appears to me one point which contains the cause: they are all in our power, all embraced from judgment, all voluntary. This error, then, is to be extracted, — this opinion must be removed. And as, in reputed evils, they are to be rendered tolerable, so, in reputed goods, such as are thought great and joyous are to be reduced to the standard of sobriety. This, however, is common both to

Digitized by Google

goods and to evils, — that, should it be difficult, as yet, to convince the patient that nothing which disturbs the mind is to be ranked either with goods or with evils, yet various are the modes of cure for various commotions: that the malevolent is to be reformed by one method, — the lover by another; another still for the anxious, and another for the timid. And, according to the most approved system of goods and evils, it were easy to deny that the unwise can ever at all be affected with joy, because he never can have any thing good. But we shall speak now in the common manner. Let things which are reputed goods fairly pass for such; — honours, riches, pleasures, and the rest: yet, in the fruition even of these, exultation and gesticulations of joy are shameful; as, when to smile is admissible, yet the shout of laughter is reprehensible. For the effusion of mind in joy, is trait of the same vice as its contraction in sorrow; and cupidity of pursuit belongs to the same levity as exultation in fruition; and both the over-afflicted in trouble, and the over-elated in joy, are rightly reputed light-minded.

And, since to envy is a part of sorrow, and to take pleasure in the misfortunes of another, of joy, both are usually chastised by representing the inhumanity and ferocity, as it were, of such emo-

Digitized by Google

tions. And, as to be self-assured is becoming, while to fear is unbecoming, so to be glad is seemly; to exult is indecent; since, for the sake of inculcating a precept, we distinguish gladness from joy. That contraction of mind above mentioned can never rightly happen at all; whereas, a certain elation of mind may; for there is difference between this gladness of the Nævian Hector,—

> My heart o'erflows with gladness, O my father,
> That I am praised by thee, a man of praise:—

and this which is found in Trabea:

> Læna delinita argento, nutum observabit meum,
> Quid velim, quid studeam; adveniens digito impellam januam:
> Fores patebunt; de improviso Chrysis ubi me adspexerit,
> Alacris obviam mihi veniet, complexum exoptans meum.
> Mihi se dedet.

How beautiful he thinks these things, he will even tell us himself:

> Fortune herself will envy me my fortunes.

How shameful such exultation, the attentive observer will see plain enough. And, as the brand of baseness attaches to those who glory in the shame of forbidden pleasures; so they are flagitious, who covet them with unbridled appetite.

Digitized by Google

And, indeed, the whole of what vulgarly passes under the name of love — and, by Hercules, I find no other name by which it can be called — is of a levity which sets all comparison at defiance. Whom Cæcilius, —

> The man who deems him not the God supreme,
> Let pass for fool; at least, to all things new.
> Alone it rests with him, whom he will madden,
> Whom make wise, insane, or victim of disease,
> Or whom, in turn, beloved, caressed, and courted.

O surpassing emendatress of life, thou poetry! who wilt have Love, the author of profligacy and levity, placed in the council of the gods. I speak of comedy, which, unless we approved these scandals, would have been banished from the world. As for tragedy, what says that prince of the Argonauts?

> Not honour, 't was love that prompted thee to save me.

Then what? this love of Medea, what a conflagration of miseries it kindled! And yet, according to another poet, she has the audacity to say to her father, that she had accepted for husband,

> The man, whom Love bestowed; a greater far,
> And more to be revered, than is a father.

But let us suffer the poets to sport, in whose plays,

Digitized by Google

we find even Jove himself bearing his part in these scandals.

Let us come to the masters of virtue, philosophers, who deny the affinity of love with concupiscence, and are at strife upon this point with Epicurus, not much in the wrong, according to me. For who is that Love of juvenile friendship, who never attaches himself either to youth deformed, or beautiful age? He appears to me to have sprung from the Grecian Gymnasium, where such friendships have scope and countenance. Hence Ennius might well say, —

When citizens their bodies strip, blushes farewell!

Who, were they to continue modest, which I admit is possible, yet they will be shocked at least, and anxious; and so much the more, the more they are reserved, and respect themselves. And, omitting the love of woman, for which nature has more indulgence, who can feign ignorance, of what the poets design by the rape of Ganymede; or is at a loss to condemn, what Laius in Euripides both covets and utters? Indeed, what have not the most learned and ingenious poets published, even of themselves, in poem and song? What a corrupt picture of juvenile passion, in the writings of Alcæus? a man of courage and consequence in

Digitized by Google

his country. For as to Anacreon, his every verse indeed is amatory. But the writings of Ibycus of Rhegium, outshone all the rest for the infamy of erotick passion. Thus we see the stigma of concupiscence attaches to the loves of all these.

Even among us philosophers some are found, who ascribe authority to Love: and indeed our chief, Plato himself, whom Dicaearchus accuses not unjustly. But the Stoics say, the wise man himself will not be insusceptible of love: and they define love as the endeavour to gain friendship by the exhibition of beauty. Which, if it can exist in the nature of things, without solicitude, without longing, without care, without sigh! So be it, indeed; for it is void of all lust. But of this I have hitherto spoken. Meanwhile, if there is a love, as there certainly is, which differs little or nothing from insanity; as that in the Leucadian:

If any god there be, who cares for me.

A suitable care no doubt for all the gods, how he might prosper in courtship!

O how miserable I am!

Never truer word spoken. And very proper this:

Art in thy senses, thus rashly to lament?

Digitized by Google

Even to his own friends he appears insane. But what strains of tragedy!

> O, holy Phœbus, on thee for aid I call;
> Thee I invoke, Neptune omnipotent;
> And O ye winds, propitious waft my prayers.

He expects the whole universe will turn to the tune of his amorous serenade. He excludes only Venus from the party, as truant to duty:

> For wherefore, Venus, should I thee invoke?

He asserts that, occupied with lust of her own, she has no care of him; as if it were not his own lust which impels him to the saying and doing of all these extravagances. The patient thus afflicted is to be treated in this method: he is to be made to see how light, how contemptible, how absolutely nothing at all, is the object he covets; how easy either to be found elsewhere, or in another mode, or to be neglected altogether. Sometimes, also, he is to be drawn to other studies, interests, cares, affairs. Finally, he is often to be cured, like the sick who despair of convalescence, by removal to another place. There are also who recommend the expulsion, as of one nail by another, of the old love by a new one. But especially let him be admonished how great is the

Digitized by Google

phrensy of love. For, of all perturbations of the mind, there is really none more vehement; for, although you omit the charges of rapes, seductions, adulteries, and even incests, — to all which turpitudes it has impelled, — but though you pass them in silence, the perturbation of mind itself in this passion, is of its own nature disgusting. For, to say nothing of the excesses of phrensy, these which appear common, what levity they display in their own traits!

Wrongs, suspicions, enmities and truces,
War. Peace renewed. With reason wavering thus,
Shouldst thou attempt aught certain to perform,
Thou hast a task as hopeful much I deem,
As if to madden, thou shouldst try, with reason.

Who would not be deterred from such inconstancy and mutability of mind, even by its own depravity? for it is to be demonstrated, a thing which is common to every perturbation, that there is none but what results from opinion, but is embraced by act of the judgment, but is voluntary. For, were love natural, it would follow, necessarily, that all would love, would love always, and would love the same; nor would modesty deter one, reflection another, satiety a third.

Anger, however, when it has long perturbed the mind, leaves not a doubt of insanity; at whose

Digitized by Google

impulse are exchanged, even between brothers, such greetings as these:

> The world would fail thy impudence to match.
> What mortal malice ever equalled thine?

You know the dialogue that follows. For the bitterest reproaches are hurled reciprocally between the brothers, in alternate verses, that it is easy to see they are the sons of that Atreus, who meditates a new punishment for a brother.

> Some special mass of mischief I must brew,
> That shall his bitter heart o'erwhelm and crush.

In what this mass of mischief has broken out, Thyestes will tell us himself:

> My impious brother urges me to chew—
> O miserable thought!—my own son's flesh.

He has caused it to be served up at his table; for what are the lengths to which anger, to which fury, will not advance? Thus, we properly say, the angry are gone out of power; that is, out of counsel, out of reason, out of mind; for the power of these ought to control the whole soul. From such, either let those be withdrawn against whom they attempt violence, until they collect themselves; but what is to collect one's self, but to gather into place the dissipated parts of the mind?

Digitized by Google

—or let them be implored and entreated, if they have some means of revenge, that they will defer it to another time, until anger shall have defervesced. But to defervesce, certainly implies that heated ebullition of mind which has risen in revolt against reason. Hence this trait of Archytas is praised, who, being somewhat incensed with his steward, "What a reception," said he, "you would have had, if I had not been angry!" Then where are they who say that anger is useful? Can insanity be useful? or natural? can aught be consonant to nature, that is repugnant to reason? How happens it, then, if anger is natural, either that one man is more irascible than another; or the desire of revenge should pass, before it obtain its object; or any should repent of what he has done in anger? as we see king Alexander, who, when he had slain his friend Clitus, scarce kept his hand from himself; so great was the force of repentance. Which things considered, who will doubt that this motion of the mind also is altogether from opinion, and voluntary? For who doubts that sicknesses of the mind—such as avarice, the passion of glory—result from the overestimation of the thing which causes the sickness? Whence it should be evident, that all perturbation is founded, in like manner, in opinion. And, if

Digitized by Google

fidentia — that is, a firm assurance of mind — be a certain knowledge and grave judgment of the mind, not rashly assenting; diffidence is the apprehension also of expected and impending evil. And, if hope is the expectation of good, it is, of course, that fear is the expectation of evil. Then, as constancy is the offspring of science, so perturbation is of error. But they who are said to be naturally irascible, or pitiful, or envious, or the like, they are to be deemed to have an unhealthy and rickety constitution of mind; yet curable. As we are told of Socrates: for when in a large company, Zopyrus, who professed to interpret the man by his features, had collected for that philosopher a multitude of vices, and was universally derided by those who knew of no such vices in Socrates, he was helped into countenance by Socrates himself; who said that such were indeed implanted in him, but eradicated by reason. Therefore, as every one may appear to enjoy the most perfect health, however predisposed by nature to some disease, so some minds are more prone than others to particular vices. But they who are thought to be vicious by their own fault, not by nature, their vices proceed from false opinions of what is good, and what is evil; and thus one will more incline to one perturbation, another to another; but inveteracy,

Digitized by Google

as in bodies, is of more difficult removal than perturbation: as a sudden inflammation of the eyes is sooner cured than a chronic ulceration.

But, having traced the causes of the perturbations, which all take origin from the judgments of opinion, and from will, let this disputation draw to its close. But we ought to know, having ascertained the confines of good, and of evil, so far as they are knowable to man, that nothing greater, or more useful, can even be wished from philosophy, than what has been illustrated by us, in a disputation of four days. For, having brought death into contempt, and raised pain up to patience, we have adjoined the alleviation of sorrow, than which no greater evil is incident to man. For, although every perturbation of mind is severe, and varies not much from madness, yet they are such, that, when others are in some perturbation, whether of fear, or joy, or cupidity, we commonly say they are agitated only, or perturbed; but such as have surrendered to sorrow, miserable, afflicted, overwhelmed with trouble and calamity. And thus it appears not to have happened fortuitously, but proposed with reason by thee, that we should dispute separately of sorrow, and the remaining perturbations. For in sorrow is the source and fountain of miseries. But the curative treatment

Digitized by Google

of this, and the rest of the perturbations of the mind is the same; they are to be shown as the result of opinion, and voluntary, and indulged for no other reason than because it appears to be right. This error, the root, as it were, of all evils, philosophy promises to eradicate effectually. Let us, then, commit ourselves to her to be treated, and let us suffer ourselves to be healed. For, stricken with these evils, it is impossible for us not only to be happy, but even to be sane. Then let us either deny that reason can accomplish any thing, when there is nothing that can be rightly accomplished without reason; or, since philosophy consists of a collation of reasons, if we wish to be good and happy, let us seek from her all those succours and aids which enable to live well and happily.

Digitized by Google

BOOK V.

VIRTUE SUFFICIENT FOR HAPPINESS.

This fifth day, my dear Brutus, will bring to a close the Tusculan disputations; on which day, we disputed upon that thing, which, of all others, you most especially approve. For I perceived that you delight in this opinion, — that virtue is sufficient of herself to render life happy; as well from that book you wrote me with so much care, as from your frequent discourses. Which, although it is difficult to be proved, on account of so various and so numerous shocks of fortune, yet it is such as to warrant the most elaborate endeavour to facilitate its proof. For, of all the topics which are treated in philosophy, there is nothing that could ennoble the style with more gravity and magnificence. For, since this is what impelled those, who first resorted to the study of philosophy, to neglect all other things, that they

Digitized by Google

might apply themselves wholly to searching out the best condition of life, assuredly it was with the hope of living happy, that they expended so much care and labour in this study. Because, if virtue has been discovered and perfected by them, and there is found in virtue an adequate provision for happiness, who will not pronounce the labour of philosophizing well bestowed by them, and undertaken by us? But, if virtue, exposed to various and uncertain accidents, is but the slave of fortune, and has not the requisite energies for her own defence, I am fearful, that, instead of reposing our hopes of happiness in the confidence of virtue, we shall be left to the frail resource of wishing. Candidly, when revolving with myself those disasters in which fortune has exercised me so vehemently, I begin to have doubts of this opinion, and sometimes to dread the weakness and fragility of the human race. For I grow apprehensive lest nature, since she has given us infirm bodies, coupled with incurable diseases and intolerable pains, gave us also minds at once congruent to the pains of the body, and separately embarrassed with troubles and anguish of their own. But I check myself in this, because perhaps I estimate the resources of virtue more by the weakness of others and my own, than by her own abundant

Digitized by Google

energies. For virtue, at least if such a thing there be,—which doubt, my dear Brutus, your uncle has removed,—holds beneath her all that can happen to man; and, viewing it with disdain, despises human accidents; and, exempt from all fault, she deems nothing her own but herself. But we, exaggerating all adverse things, as they approach, by fear, and when present, by grief, prefer to condemn the nature of things, instead of our own error. But the whole correction of this fault, as well as the rest of our vices and trespasses, is to be sought from philosophy; into whose bosom, when choice and delight in study had impelled us from the earliest period of our age, after the tossings of a violent tempest, we have fled for refuge from these most heavy chances, to the same port whence we had departed. O philosophy, thou guide of life! O inventress of virtue, and victress of the vices! what could not only we, but the life of man altogether, have been without thee? Thou hast brought forth cities; thou hast convoked scattered men to social life; thou hast conjoined them, first by their dwellings, then by the ties of marriage, then by communion of letters and of speech; thou hast been the foundress of laws, thou the preceptress of morals and of government. To thee is our refuge: from thee

Digitized by Google

we implore succour: to thee we devote ourselves, as aforetime for the most part, so now absolutely and totally. But one day well spent, and according to thy precepts, is to be preferred to peccant immortality. For, to whose assistance should we have recourse sooner than thine? who at once hast bestowed upon us tranquillity of life, and relieved us from the terrour of death. But, so far is philosophy from receiving the praises she merits from the life of man, that, neglected by the most, she is even reproached by many. Will any one dare to reproach the parent of life, and taint himself with this parricide, and become so impiously ungrateful as to vituperate her, whom he ought to revere, even though he should scarce be able to comprehend? But, as I presume, this error and this darkness has muffled the minds of the unlearned, because they cannot look so far back, and are not apprized that they, by whom the life of man was first instructed, were philosophers. This thing, which we shall see was of the highest antiquity, yet its name we acknowledge to be recent. For, indeed, who can deny wisdom herself to be ancient, not only in point of fact, but also in the name? who, by the knowledge of things divine and human, and the causes of every thing, acquired this most beautiful name with the

Digitized by Google

ancients. And thus, as well those seven, called σοφοι by the Greeks, were reputed and named by our countrymen wise men; as Lycurgus, many ages before, in whose time the tradition is, that Homer existed, prior to the foundation of this city: even in the Heroic ages, it is transmitted, that Ulysses, and Nestor, both were, and were reputed, wise men. Nor, indeed, should we have had the tradition, that Atlas supported the heavens, nor of Prometheus fastened to Caucasus, nor of Cepheus constellated, with his wife, son-in-law, and daughter, unless a divine knowledge of the celestial phenomena had transferred their names to the error of fable: from whom downwards, all who devoted their studies to the contemplation of things, were deemed and denominated wise men, and continued to be known by that name until the age of Pythagoras; who, as we gather from Heraclides Ponticus, a disciple of Plato, of first eminence for learning, having come, it was said, to Phlius, and discoursed upon certain topics with great knowledge and copiousness, at an interview with Leon, prince of the Phliasians, Leon, who admired his genius and eloquence, inquired of him what art he more especially professed. Pythagoras replied, that, indeed, he knew no art, but was a philosopher. Leon, struck at the novelty of the

Digitized by Google

name, asked who those philosophers were, and wherein they differed from the rest of the world. Pythagoras is said to have answered, "that the life of man appeared to him much like that fair, which, being held with splendid exhibition of games, attracted all Greece to unite in its celebration; for some attended it in order by the exercises of the body, to acquire the crown of glory and renown; others, in quest of advantage and profit, through buying and selling; while a certain class, and that by far the most noble, in search neither of glory nor gain, repaired to it for the purpose of looking on, and to study the scene as it passed, and observe how every thing was managed. In like manner, we had come from another life and nature, as from some city, into this life, as to the celebration of a certain fair; some to slave for money, others for distinction, while a rare genus, holding all other interests as nothing, studiously examined the nature of things, and called themselves the studiers of wisdom; for such are philosophers: and as, at a fair, the noblest part is that of the spectator, in search of nothing for himself; so, in life, the contemplation and knowledge of things is by far the most excellent of all other pursuits." Nor, indeed, was Pythagoras inventor of the name only, but an amplifier also of things

Digitized by Google

themselves; for, subsequent to this Phliasian discourse, when he had come into Italy, he embellished that Greece which is called the Great, both privately and publickly, with the most excellent institutions and arts. For the details of his discipline, perhaps another occasion will offer itself. But, from the ancient date of philosophy down to Socrates, who had listened to Archelaus, the disciple of Anaxagoras, the subjects treated were numbers and motions; whence all things arose, and into what they resolved themselves: and, especially, they explored the magnitude, intervals, and courses of the stars, with all the phenomena of the skies. But Socrates first called philosophy down from heaven, and established her in cities, and even introduced her into houses, and constrained her to inquire concerning life and manners, and good and evil things. His diversified manner of discourse, variety of subjects, and magnitude of genius, consecrated by the memory and writings of Plato, gave rise to many sorts of dissenting philosophers. Among these, we especially adopt that which we think Socrates employed: that, without disclosing our own opinion, we extricate others from error, and, in every point of disputation, search for what has the greatest resemblance of truth. To this manner, as Carneades

Digitized by Google

adhered with the greatest acuteness and eloquence, so we, both at other times often, and lately at the Tusculan, have endeavoured to exercise this method of disputation. And, indeed, we have transmitted thee, in books, the record of our discourse on the four preceding days; but, on the fifth, when we were all seated in the same place, the subject of our disputation was thus proposed:

Auditor. It does not appear to me, that virtue has the requisite force for a happy life.

Marcus. But, by Hercules, it appears so to my Brutus; whose judgment I pray your leave to say, I value fully more than thine.

Auditor. No doubt. Neither is that the question, how much thou lovest him; but what is to be thought, of what I said appeared to me: this is the point I wish to hear thee discuss.

Marcus. Namely, you deny that virtue is able to render life happy.

Auditor. I deny it, resolutely.

Marcus. What! has virtue sufficient resources for living rightly, honestly, laudably, and in a word, for a good life?

Auditor. Certainly, sufficient.

Marcus. Then can you either assert, that he who lives ill, is not miserable; or deny, that he lives happily, whom you confess to live well?

Digitized by Google

Auditor. Why could I not? for it is possible, even in torment, to live rightly, honestly, laudably, and therefore well; only understand what I now call well, for I intend by it gravely, wisely, bravely; for these may be attached to the rack, for which happy life has no aspirations.

Marcus. What then? I pray, is happy life to be left alone without the door and threshold of the prison, when constancy, gravity, fortitude, wisdom, and the rest of the virtues are hurried to the torture, and shrink from neither punishment nor pain?

Auditor. You must search for something new, if you are about to effect any thing. For those flourishes have not the least weight with me, not only because they are worn out, but much more, because, like certain light wines, good for nothing in water, these drops of the Stoics are better tasted than swallowed. Although that chorus of the virtues arranged upon the rack, has brought before the eyes images of such transcendent dignity, that it should appear, happy life would repair to them upon the rush, nor suffer them to be deserted by her. Yet, when thou hast drawn off the sight from that picture, and from the dazzling features of the virtues, to the fact and the truth, this is left naked,—can any man be happy, so long as he

Digitized by Google

is tortured? Wherefore let us look after this; and never fear the virtues will expostulate and complain of being deserted by happy life. For, since no virtue is void of prudence, prudence herself sees this; that not all the good are also happy: and she recollects many things to that point, in regard to Manius Atilius Regulus, Quintus Cæpio, Manius Aquilius: happy life, if it suits better to deal in fancy than in things themselves, is withheld by prudence herself, who assures her, that she has nothing in common with pain and torment.

Marcus. I cheerfully suffer you to act in this manner; although it is wrong for you to prescribe the mode in which you would have me pursue my argument. But I would inquire whether we shall suppose that something has been done on the preceding days, or nothing.

Auditor. There was work done, indeed; and of some consequence, too.

Marcus. But, if that be so, this question is already settled, and almost conducted to its exit.

Auditor. In what manner, I pray?

Marcus. Because the turbulence and fluctuations of excited minds, elated with inconsiderate impulse, setting all reason at defiance, leave no part of happy life. For who that fears death or pain, one of which is often present, the other

Digitized by Google

always impending, can fail to be unhappy? What if the same person — which commonly happens — should fear poverty, disgrace, infamy; if infirmity, blindness; finally, if — what often occurs, not only to single citizens, but even to powerful nations — servitude; can any one who dreads such disasters be happy? What! if the man not only dreads these at a distance, but actually suffers and smarts under them present? add to the mass, exiles, griefs, bereavements. Can the man who is overwhelmed and crushed by this load of sorrows fall short, at length, of perfect misery? But how is it with that man whom we see on fire, and raging with desires, rabidly craving all things with insatiable cupidity, and the more abundantly he gorges himself with pleasures on all hands, hankering and thirsting with the more furious appetite? might you not rightly pronounce him extremely unhappy? But as for that other, uplifted with levity, exulting and bounding with temerity, through empty joy, — is he not the more miserable, the more he appears to himself blest? Then, as these are not happy, so, on the contrary, the happy are they whom no fears alarm, no sorrows corrode, no desires inflame, no futile, feverish joys dissolve in the swoons of pleasure. Then, as a calm sea is understood to exclude all, even the

Digitized by Google

least perceptible undulation, so a tranquil and quiet state of the mind exists when there is not a perturbation by which it can be ruffled. Because, if there is a man who thinks the blows of fortune, and all human events that can happen, tolerable, whence neither fear nor sorrow can reach him, who covets nothing, nor is dizzied by the transports of an empty joy, what is there wanting to render him happy? and, if these are the effects of virtue, why is it that virtue herself cannot procure us happiness?

Auditor. Then, on the one hand, it is impossible to say, that they who fear nothing, grieve at nothing, covet nothing, are in ecstasies at nothing, are not happy; and so I give it up to you: but, on the other, I am no longer free. For, in the former disputations, it is demonstrated that the wise man is void of all perturbation of mind.

Marcus. No doubt, then, the affair is finished; for the question appears to have found its answer.

Auditor. It looks very like it.

Marcus. But, however, this is the custom of mathematicians, — not of philosophers. For the geometrician, when he purposes to teach a thing, if any of the problems he has explained before, appertains to the present, he takes it as granted and proved: they only show that which has not

Digitized by Google

been shown before. Philosophers, on the contrary, concentrate upon the matter in hand whatever conduces to its illustration, although it has been treated elsewhere. Because, were it otherwise, why should the Stoic, if asked whether virtue suffices to happiness, have scope for long discourse? for he had said enough, should he answer; having already shown that nothing is good but honesty; which being evident, it follows, of course, that a happy life consists in virtue; and as this is consequent to that, so is that to this; so that, if a happy life be contained in virtue, then there is nothing good but the honest. But yet, they do not proceed thus; for there are separate books for the honest, and for the chief good; and when it is thus demonstrated that there is force enough in virtue for living happily, they still treat of this separately. For every thing should be treated with its own appropriate arguments and admonitions, and especially so important a thing. For, banish the thought, that ever a nobler voice has fallen from the lips of philosophy, or that any promise of hers is more exuberant, or more sublime. For what does she profess? Good heavens! whoever shall obey her precepts, she will always arm in proof against fortune: he shall always have resources in himself ample for a good and for

Digitized by Google

a happy life: in a word, that he shall be forever blest. But I shall see how she will perform. Meanwhile, I deem the promise itself of inestimable value. For Xerxes, indeed, loaded with all the prizes and bounties of fortune, not content with his masses of cavalry, his myriads of infantry, not with his numerous fleets, nor his infinite tons of gold, proclaimed a reward for whoever should invent a new pleasure; nor with that would he have been content; for lust will have never an end. We should wish we could elicit by recompense any one who would bring us something to make us believe this more firmly.

Auditor. I unite in that wish, indeed; but I have a slight difficulty, I would thank you to clear. For I see the consistency of what you have laid down, — that the one is consequent to the other; as, how, if honesty be the only good, it follows that a happy life is achieved by virtue; so, if happy life be found in virtue, then nothing but virtue is good. But your friend Brutus, with sanction of Aristo and Antiochus, does not think thus: he ascribes this effect to virtue, even admitting other things good besides.

Marcus. What, then! dost think I am going to speak against Brutus?

Auditor. You will act your pleasure, of course; for it is not for me to prescribe.

Digitized by Google

Marcus. Then, as to the consistency of the several systems in another place. For I have often disputed this point, both with Antiochus frequently, and lately with Aristo, when imperator I lodged with him at Athens. For it appeared to me impossible for any one to be happy, when in evils; but the wise man might be in evils, provided evils there be of the body and fortune. The same things were said which Antiochus has also written in many parts of his works: virtue of herself is able to render life happy, yet not happy to the utmost; and then, most things are named from the greater part, though partially defective; as strength, riches, honour, glory; which are valued in general, — not by number: so with happy life, though blemished in some part, yet for much the greater part it obtains the name. It is not very material to probe this matter at present; although it does not appear to rest on very satisfactory ground. For I do not perceive, in the first place, what the man who is happy should need to make him happier; for, if something is wanting, he certainly is not happy; and as to their saying that every thing is estimated, and takes appellation from the greater part, I allow it to be valid in its place. But, when they say there are three kinds of good, he that should be assailed by all the evils

Digitized by Google

of two kinds, so that, in fortune he shall have every thing adverse, his body seized and wasted by all possible pains, — should we say of such a man, that he wanted but little of a happy life, to say nothing of supremely happy? This is more than Theophrastus could sustain; for, when he had established, that scourging, torments, torture, subversions of country, exiles, bereavements, have powerful effect in producing the unhappiness and misery of life, he had not courage to employ the lofty and ample style, when his sentiment was humble and trailing. How well-grounded is not the question; but certainly at least consistent. And thus, I do not usually approve the reprehension of consequences, when thou hast conceded the premises. But this most elegant and accomplished of all philosophers is not much to blame, since he says there are three kinds of good; yet he is assailed on all hands, especially for the book he wrote upon happy life, where he argues diffusely to show that the man who is tortured and tormented is not happy. He is reputed to have said, somewhere in the same book, that the happy life does not mount the wheel; indeed, he nowhere says that in terms, but he says what amounts to it. Then, after granting a man, that pains of the body are to be deemed evils, that the

Digitized by Google

derangements of fortune are to be deemed evils, can I complain of his saying that all the good are not happy, when all the good are exposed to what he numbers with evils? The same Theophrastus is censured in the books and schools of all philosophers, because he praised this sentiment of his friend Callisthenes:

"Not wisdom, but fortune, is the mistress of life."

They say that nothing more languid was ever uttered by a philosopher. Rightly pronounced, no doubt; but I can conceive of nothing, however, that could be said more consistently. For, if there are so many things in the body, and so many without it, exposed to chance and fortune, is it not, of course, that fortune, who is queen of outward things, and all that concerns the body, should carry the palm from counsel? Or, shall we prefer to imitate Epicurus? who often says many things that are excellent; but how consequent, or consistent with himself, he never stops to inquire. He praises a plain table. This becomes the philosopher, no doubt; but if Socrates or Antisthenes should say it, — not the man who declares pleasure the end of all goods. He pronounces that no man can live pleasantly, without living honestly, wisely, and justly. Nothing more grave, nothing

Digitized by Google

more worthy of philosophy, had he not devoted this honesty, wisdom, and justice to pleasure. What can be better than to endow the wise man with fortune within measure? But, is he to say this, who, when he looks at pain not only as the maximum of evil, but as the sole evil, might be attacked by the sharpest pains of the body, in the midst of his bravest boast of contempt of fortune? The same thought occurs also to Metrodorus, with better words: "Fortune, I have surrounded and mastered thee; I have blockaded all thy passages, so thou canst not even breathe upon me." Sublime, if said by the Chian Aristo, or the Stoical Zeno, who deem nothing an evil but what is wrong. But thou, Metrodorus, who dost treasure all good in thy entrails and marrow, and hast defined the chief good, a robust constitution of body, with sanguine assurance of its continuance, hast blockaded the approaches of fortune! in what manner? For of that good thou mayst be stripped at the instant. But the superficial are caught thus; and from phrases of this sort, there is multitude of proselytes to that school. But it belongs to the profound reasoner to look, not at what every one says, but at what he must say, if consistent with himself. As in this very opinion which we have undertaken to advocate, we have to show

Digitized by Google

that all the good are at all times happy. What I understand by good is perfectly plain. For such as are furnished and adorned with all the virtues, we say are wise as well as good men. Let us see who are to be called happy.

I think the man who is in fruition of good, altogether unmingled with evil. Nor is there any other idea conveyed by the word happy, but the complete embrace of good to the utter exclusion of evil. Virtue must despair of this, if aught but herself be good. For there will be a host of evils, if we give that name to poverty, obscurity, solitude, humility, loss of friends, sharp pains of the body, ruined health, infirmity, blindness, conquest of country, and, finally, servitude. For to these vicissitudes, many and great as they are, — and a multitude more are possible, — the wise man is exposed; for they are at the disposal of chance, against which the wise man has no shield. But, if these are evils, who can warrant the wise man shall always be happy, when, at one plunge he may be overwhelmed by them all? Wherefore, I cannot easily concede, whether to my friend Brutus, or to the common masters, nor yet to those ancients, — Aristotle, Speusippus, Xenocrates, Polemo, — that, when they account what I have enumerated among evils, they shall say the wise

Digitized by Google

man is always happy; who, if they delight in this noble and beautiful title, worthy of Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, let them bring their minds to despise the things which captivate them with their splendour, strength, health, beauty, riches, honours, power, and to deem their contraries as nothing; then they may profess, with trumpet tongues, that they neither fear the force of fortune, nor popular opinion, nor pain, nor poverty; that they have placed all their things within themselves, and there is nothing out of their power which they denominate good. For to hold this language proper to the great and exalted man, and to hold for good and for evil the same things with the vulgar, is not to be allowed by any means at all. Emulous of this glory, Epicurus starts erect: even to him,—Heaven help us!—the wise man appears always happy. The man is caught by the dignity of the sentiment. But never would he utter it, did he listen to himself. For what is less consonant, than for the man who deems pain the worst or sole evil, to assert, that the sage, while under the sharpest torture, will exclaim, "How sweet it is!" Then philosophers are not to be revered for sounding phrases, but for consistency, and the perpetuity of constancy.

Auditor. You have brought me to be of your

Digitized by Google

mind. But have a care, lest your own constancy lie open to impeachment.

Marcus. In what point?

Auditor. Because I have lately been reading your fourth book de Finibus. There, I thought, when discoursing against Cato, you endeavoured to show — what I have no doubt of, myself — that all the difference between Zeno and the Peripatetics, consists in the innovation of words. And if so, what reason can there be, why, if, according to the system of Zeno, the force of virtue is ample to secure happiness, it should be inadmissible for the Peripatetics to assert the same? for I think we should look at things, not words.

Marcus. Indeed, you support your charge with sealed papers, and the testimony of my own former writings or sayings. Bear down in that way upon others, who dispute in the fetters of laws. Do we live by the day? Whatever impresses our minds with probability, to that we give utterance. And thus we only are free. But, however, since we have spoken about constancy not very long since, I do not think this the place to inquire as to the truth of what Zeno says, as also Aristo his hearer, — that honesty is the sole good: but, provided it is true, then the sole reliance for a happy life is to be placed in virtue.

Digitized by Google

Wherefore, after all, let us concede this to Brutus, that the wise man is to be always happy. How consistent with himself, let him be his own judge. Indeed, who is more worthy of the glory of this sentiment than that great man? But yet let us hold that the sage is to be supremely happy: although Zeno of Citium, in truth an adventurer, and an ignoble coiner of words, appears to have thrust himself into the ancient philosophy. Let the gravity of this sentiment be traced up to Plato — with whom this language is often used — that nothing but virtue is to be deemed good: as Socrates, in the Gorgias, when asked if he did not think Archelaus, the son of Perdiccas, who passed for the most fortunate man of his time, a happy man? "I do not know," he said, "for I have never conversed with him." What did you say? can you know it no otherwise? "By no means." Then you could not say even of the great king of Persia, whether he is happy or not? "How could I, without knowing how learned, how good a man he is?" What! dost think a happy life to consist in that? "I certainly do think so; the good are the happy, the wicked miserable." Then Archelaus is unhappy? "Certainly, if unjust." Is it not evident that he places happiness in virtue alone? But then in the epitaph, how does he express himself?

Digitized by Google

"For to that man, who has at command from himself all that renders life happy, so detached from the good or ill chances of others, that it cannot be affected, nor endangered by the events which befall them; for him is secured the best mode of living. This is the moderate man; this is the hero; this is the sage, who, alike at the birth and bereavement of all that is pleasant, and especially of children, will bear in mind, and obey this ancient precept:

> He ne'er will joy nor grieve with fond excess,
> Whose bosom ever treasures all his hope.

Then from this sentiment of Plato, as from a certain sacred and august fountain, all our discourse will flow. And whence can we take up its thread more rightly than from nature, the common parent? Who has designed that all she has given birth to, — not the animal only, but also what so springs from the earth as to rest upon its own roots, — should be perfect, every thing in its kind. And thus, as well the trees and vines as the humbler plants, that can rear themselves but little from the earth: some are always green; some, naked in winter, revived by the vernal warmth, resume their foliage; and not one but so flourishes, from a certain interior motion, and the same also

Digitized by Google

lodged in its own seeds, that it yields either flowers, or grains, or fruits; and every thing in each, so far as relates to itself, and checked by no impeding violence, is perfect. But, indeed, the force of nature is seen even more distinctly in the brutes, because she has given them sense. For some that swim, she destined for inmates of the waters; others with wings, to enjoy the open sky; some to creep, others to walk; part even of these to roam solitary, part to herd together; part to be wild, others tame; some to burrow, and some to be covered and concealed in the earth. And each one of them, tenacious of his own character, and incapable of transition to the life of any unlike animal, is true to the law of his nature. And, as something special has been given by nature to the brutes, to distinguish them one from another, and each retains his own trait, and never departs from it, so she has given to man something far more excellent; although things should be called excellent, which admit of comparison. But the human soul, a scion from the divine mind, can be compared with no other, if it could be said with due reverence, than with God himself. This soul, then, if thoroughly cultured, if its sight be cured, so as not to be blinded with errors, becomes perfect intellect; that is, absolute reason;

Digitized by Google

which is the same as virtue. And since every thing is happy, to which there is nothing deficient, and which is perfect and complete in its own kind; and since such is the characteristic of virtue, certainly all the virtuous are happy. And, indeed, as to this point, I have the concurrence not only of Brutus, but also of Aristotle, Xenocrates, Speusippus, Polemo. But to me they appear even supremely happy. For what is there wanting to happiness for him who confides in his goods? or how can he be happy who doubts their safety? But doubt it he must, who divides them into three parcels. For who can place confidence either in the health of the body, or in the stability of fortune? But, unless the good be stable, and fixed, and permanent, no man can be happy. But which of these perishable things can come under this description? So that the saying of Lacon appears to me to fit them; who said to a certain merchant, boasting that he had many ships abroad over the whole maritime coast, — "Assuredly such a fortune, lashed to cables, is not desirable." Can it be doubtful, that nothing which is liable to be lost, is to be numbered with the essential resources of a happy life? For, among the requisites of happiness, there should be nothing that can wither, nothing that can be extinguished, nothing that can

Digitized by Google

fall. For whoever dreads the departure of any of these cannot be happy. The happy man must be safe, intrenched, fortified, impregnable: it is not enough, that he should have little to fear; he must be exempt from all suspicion of fear. For, as the innocent man is not he that hurts but little, but he that never hurts at all; so the man is to be deemed without fear, not who fears but little, but who has nothing to fear. For what else is fortitude but an affection of mind patiently encountering peril, toil, and pain, aloof from all fear? And, assuredly, this state of mind is impossible, unless all good is centred in honesty. For how can any one have this security, so greatly to be wished and desired, —for I now call security that freedom from sorrow, wherein happiness consists, —for whom there is present or impending a multitude of evils? or how could he be lofty and erect, and deem all human events of little consequence, as the wise man should, unless he feels that all his resources are lodged in himself? Did the Lacedæmonians, when Philip threatened them by letter, that he would prevent them in all their attempts, inquire of him whether he proposed to prevent them even to die? Is not the man we seek more easily found, than a whole people inspired with such a spirit? What! when, added to this fortitude we

Digitized by Google

have mentioned, there is temperance, to curb all commotions, what can be wanting to the man whom courage protects from sorrow and fear, and temperance shields at once from desire, and the illusions of insolent hilarity? That such are the effects of virtue, I should show, unless it had been demonstrated on previous days. But when the perturbations render life unhappy, while their repose makes it happy — and since the mode of perturbation is twofold — sorrow and fear having birth from reputed evils — the delirium of joy and desire, from the delusion of good, — when all these are repugnant to counsel and reason, and you see a man void, exempt, free from these excitements, so vehement, so discordant, so distracted by mutual conflicts, — will you hesitate to pronounce him happy? But the wise man is always thus, and therefore always happy. But, besides, all good is delectable, and all that is delectable is to be spoken of, and circulated: whatever thus becomes the news, is glorious; if glorious, certainly laudable; but that which is laudable is, of course, also honest; therefore, whatever is good, the same is honest. But what those others reckon among goods, they do not themselves raise to this honour. Therefore the honest is the only good. Whence it follows, that happy life is found in honesty

Digitized by Google

alone. Then things are not to be reputed good, nor to bear the name, which a man may have in abundance, and yet be miserable. If you saw a man flourishing in health, strength, beauty, his senses sound and searching, — add, if you choose, agility, speed; give him riches, honours, provinces, power, and glory; and, with them all, if unjust, intemperate, timid, narrow of genius, or wholly devoid of it, should you hesitate to pronounce him an unhappy man? What sort of goods are they which, when accumulated all together, will not shield a man from misery? Let us consider, as the store wheat should consist of winnowed grain, of its own kind, whether the happy life must not be composed of uniform elements. And if it be thus, the happy man is to be made so by goods which may all be named honest. From that medley of dissimilars, nothing honest can be shaped. With exclusion of the honest, how is happiness conceivable? For all that is good, the same is to be sought; but whatever is to be sought is, of course, to be approved; whatever you approve must be held grateful and acceptable; therefore, also, dignity is to be ascribed to it; which, if so, it must, of course, be laudable; therefore all good is laudable. Whence it follows, that the honest is the only good. For, unless we hold it to be thus, there will be

Digitized by Google

many things that will have to be numbered with goods. I omit riches, which, because any one, however unworthy, may hold, I do not rank among goods. For whatever is good cannot be had by every one you please. I omit notoriety and popular fame, sounded by concert of fools and knaves. These, — which are very minute, yet must necessarily be enrolled among goods; teeth of pearly whiteness, eyes of sparkling lustre, a sweet complexion, and that mellowness of voice, and smoothness of body, which Euryclea praises, when washing the feet of Ulysses; — these, if we catalogue with goods, what would there be in the gravity of the philosopher more profound or more noble than in the opinion of the vulgar, and the crowd of fools? But these, which the others call goods, the Stoics term preferables, or conveniences. They distinguish them, it is true; but the happy life is complete without their help: those, however, think there is no such thing without them; or, at least, if happy at all, not perfectly happy. But we will have it in the superlative, and found upon this Socratic argument for our support: "As the mind of the man is affected, so will the man be; but as the man is, so will his speech be; as his speech is, so will his actions be; and his life will correspond with his deeds." The affection of the mind in a good man is laudable; and therefore

Digitized by Google

the life of a good man is laudable. Whence it is argued that the life of the good is happy. For, good heavens! is it not clear enough from our former disputations,—or did we speak to beguile the time, and consume leisure,—that the wise man is always free of excitement of mind, which I call perturbation? that his mind is always the seat of the most placid peace? Then is the temperate, the constant, the fearless, the free of sorrow, of dizzy joy, of desire, not to be deemed happy? But the wise man is always thus; then he is always happy. But come; how is it possible the good man should not refer all his thoughts and actions to laudable aims? But he refers them all to living happily. Then the happy life is laudable. But, without virtue, there is nothing laudable. Then the happy life is the fruit of virtue. Besides, this is argued thus: in unhappy life, there is nothing fit to be mentioned, or gloried in; nor in a life that has no character, whether happy or unhappy. But, in some life, there is something worth mention, and to be gloried in, and that may be self-proclaimed; as Epaminondas:

"My counsels felled the towering fame of Sparta."

As Africanus:

"From morning's rays, that gild Maeotian lakes,
Man cannot parallel his deeds with mine."

Digitized by Google

If such a life exist, it is the happy life, which is to be spoken of, gloried in, and self-proclaimed; for there is nothing else to be gloried in, and so proclaimed. From these positions, you understand what will follow; and, indeed, unless the happy and the honest life were the same, there must be another life better than the happy; because the honest would certainly be held the better. Thus it would result, that there is something better than a happy life; than which, what can be uttered more absurd? What! when they confess there is force enough in vice to render life miserable, must they not confess there is vigour enough in virtue to render it happy? for the consequences of contraries are contrary. And here I would inquire about the force of that balance of Critolaus; who, when he puts into one scale the goods of the mind, and those of the body and fortune into the other, he thinks the scale of mental good so much the heaviest, that it would outweigh earth and seas. Then what should prevent either him, or even Xenocrates, the gravest of philosophers, so much does he exaggerate virtue, and extenuate and reject the rest, from placing in virtue not only a happy, but supremely happy life? For, unless it be thus, the cause of virtue is lost; since whoever is subject to sorrow, is liable, of course, to fear; for

Digitized by Google

fear is the apprehension of future sorrow. But whoever is subject to fear, is equally so to timidity, dread, dismay, cowardice; then he will at some time inevitably be vanquished, nor think this precept of Atreus made for him:

> "Therefore, so let them arm themselves in life,
> That, to be conquered, they shall never learn."

This man, as I have said, will be vanquished; but he will not be vanquished only; he will be enslaved. But we will have virtue always free, always invincible; which things must be, or virtue is banished. But, if the resources of virtue are sufficient for living well, they are sufficient also to happiness. For there is certainly enough in virtue for living with courage; and if with courage, of course also with magnanimity; and, indeed, that we should be always fearless and invincible. It follows, that there will be nothing to regret, nothing to obstruct, nothing wanting; therefore, that all things will flow to the wish, freely, prosperously, and of course happily. Thus, virtue is sufficient for living with fortitude, and therefore to a happy life. For, as folly, though crowned with her wish, never thinks she has gained enough, so wisdom is always content with what she has, and is never displeased with herself.

Digitized by Google

Do you compare the single consulship of Caius Lælius, and that even with repulse, with the four of Lucius Cinna? if, when a wise and good man, as Lælius was, is passed by the suffrages, the people rather are not repulsed from a good consul, than he by a bad people; but yet, had you the option, whether would you prefer, once, as Lælius, or, as Cinna, four? I have no doubt, what you are about to answer; and so I am careful to whom I commit myself. I would not put this option to every one. For some would answer, perhaps, that they not only preferred four consulships to one, but one day of Cinna to the whole lives of many of the most distinguished men. Lælius, had he laid his finger roughly on any one, would have been punished; but Cinna commanded the head of his colleague, Cneius Octavius, to be struck off; that of Publius Crassus, of Lucius Cæsar, men of the most noble rank, conspicuous for virtue, alike in civil and military eminence; of Marcus Antonius, the most eloquent of all the orators I ever heard; of Caius Cæsar, in whom, it appeared to me, there was the specimen of humanity, wit, urbanity, and elegance. Then, was he happy because he slew these men? On the contrary, he appears to me not only miserable in having done these things, but also in having so

Digitized by Google

carried himself, that it should be allowable for him to do them; although it is allowable for no man to do wrong. But we slip through fault of language. For we call that allowable, which is conceded to any one. Meanwhile, whether was Caius Marius happier at the time he shared with his colleague Catulus, almost another Lælius, — for I think he resembled him extremely, — the glory of the Cimbrian victory; or when victor in the civil war, infuriate with anger, he answered the near friends of Catulus, interceding for him with prayers, not once, but often, *Moriatur:* let him die? wherein, happier was he who obeyed that nefarious voice, than he who commanded so atrociously. For at once it is better to receive than to do wrong; and to advance a few steps to meet death, already itself near at hand, as Catulus did, than, as Marius, by the destruction of so illustrious a man, to whelm in ruin his six consulships, and contaminate the extreme epoch of his age.

Eight-and-thirty years, Dionysius was tyrant of the Syracusians; having seized the domination when he was twenty-five years of age. A city of what beauty, a state furnished with what resources, did he hold in the oppression of servitude! But we learn from the writings of good

Digitized by Google

authors, concerning this man, that his temperance of diet was extreme; that he was shrewd and industrious in the transaction of affairs; but yet, by nature, unjust and malignant. By which, he will appear to all who discern the truth, to have been necessarily the most miserable of men; for he had not indeed obtained the thing he coveted, not even when he judged that all things were at his command. For, though of good parentage, and born of honourable rank,—in this point, however, authors differ a little,—and when he abounded in the friendships of his equals, and familiar intimacy of his kindred, and, after the Grecian custom, had certain companions among his youthful associates, attached by the ties of congenial tastes, he intrusted himself to none of them; but to slaves he had selected from among the servants of the opulent, and from whom he removed the name of servitude, and to certain foreign adventurers, and savage barbarians, he confided the custody of his person. Thus, on account of the unjust desire of domination, he had in a manner shut himself up in prison. But, moreover, that he might not peril his neck with a barber, he taught his own daughters to shave him. Thus, the royal damsels, accomplished in this sordid and menial trade, like handmaid barbers,

Digitized by Google

trimmed the hair and the beard of the father. But, when grown adult, he removed steel even from these, and made them perform this part of his toilet with live coals from the husks of walnuts. And when he had two wives, Aristomache, his townswoman, and Doris of Locris, he used to secure a safe approach to their chambers at night, by sending a party in advance to explore the apartments, and to scrutinize every possible covert for treachery. And, when he had surrounded his conjugal bed with a wide fosse, and thrown across it a wooden drawbridge, after thoroughly securing the door of the chamber, he managed the draw for himself. And when he was afraid to address the people from the ordinary scaffoldings, he used to harangue them from the summit of a lofty tower. And once, when preparing to play at ball, his favourite exercise, and had put off his tunic, he handed his sword, it is said, to a youth he was very fond of; and when one of his acquaintance had playfully said, "At least, to him thou dost intrust thy life," and the youth had smiled, he ordered them both to execution: the one for showing how he might be despatched, and the other for approving the hint by a smile. And he so grieved, after it was done, that he never, in his life, took any thing so heavily; for he had slain

Digitized by Google

the most beloved of his minions. Thus, the violent are torn asunder by the fury of their conflicting passions. When they obey one, they have the other to combat: although this tyrant himself exhibited a specimen of his happiness. For when one of his flatterers, Damocles, had commemorated with fluency his resources, his power, the majesty of his crown, the opulence of his furniture, the magnificence of his royal palaces, and declared that man was never more happy, — "Since you are so delighted," said he, "with this life, Damocles, would you like to make trial of it yourself?" When he had said he should admire it, of all things, Dionysius ordered the man to be placed on a golden couch, beautifully spread with embroidered draperies, wrought with magnificent pictures; and furnished several beaufets with plate of silver richly enchased, and of gold with rarest sculpture. Youths of exquisite beauty were directed to wait at his table, and, observing his nod, to serve him at wish. Lavished were precious perfumes, flowery wreaths, and garlands; fragrant odours were kindled; the tables were served with all that was dainty and delicate. Damocles deemed himself the Fortunate. In the midst of this apparatus, a flashing sword was seen suspended from the ceiling by a horse-hair, so as

Digitized by Google

to aim fair at the neck of this happy man. And thus he had no eyes for those beautiful youths who served him; nor for the silver adorned with those exquisite masterpieces of art; nor did he reach forth his hand to the table: already the floral crowns had fallen; and at length he entreated the tyrant, that he would allow him to depart; for, at present, he would rather not be happy. Does it not appear sufficiently, that Dionysius was aware, to his sorrow, that nothing can be happy to him over whom there is always something impending? And, indeed, it was no longer optional with him, to return to the path of justice, and to restore their liberty and rights to his countrymen. For, in the improvidence of youth, he had entangled himself in such errors, and committed such atrocities, that he could not be safe, should he begin to be sound. But how much he felt the want of friendships, — the perfidy of which he dreaded, — he manifested in the instance of the two Pythagoreans; when one of whom had bailed himself to death, as security for the other's return, the other having punctually arrived to relieve his bondsman, at the hour for execution, — "I wish," said he, "I could be enrolled as third friend with you." How unhappy was this man, to want the solace of friendship, the intercourse of social life,

Digitized by Google

and all familiar converse whatever! especially for a man of learning from childhood, and skilled in the liberal arts. Indeed, we are told he was a studious adept in music; as also in tragic poetry: how good a poet, is nothing to the point. For, in this kind of writing,—I know not how,—more than in others, his own seems a beauty to its author. I have never known a poet yet,—and I have lived in friendship with Aquinius,—who did not appear to himself a Homer. Thus the matter stands; yours delight you, mine me. But to return to Dionysius: he was sequestered from all human society of life; he lived with fugitives and malefactors—with barbarians; he thought no man, who was worthy of freedom, or had any wish at all to be free, could be a friend to him.

Now, I will not compare with this life, than which I can devise nothing more foul, more miserable, more detestable, the life of Plato, or Archytas, men of learning and real wisdom. From the same city, I shall call up from the dust and the radius an humble cypher of a man, who lived many years after: Archimedes; whose sepulchre, unknown by the Syracusians, since they denied that he had one at all, when Questor, I hunted out, surrounded, and invested on all sides with brambles and thickets. For I remembered certain trimeter

Digitized by Google

verses, which mentioned that a sphere with a cylinder, were placed on the summit of his sepulchre. When with the eyes I had reconnoitred every thing, — for without the Agragian gate is a great collection of sepulchres, — I remarked a little column just emerging from the thickets, upon which was a sphere and a cylinder. And I immediately said to the Syracusians, — for their principal men were with me, — I thought it must be the very object of my search. Many with scythes were sent to clear and open the approaches. And when the ground was cleansed, we walked up to the base: the epitaph appeared, the letters at the lower part almost half effaced by corrosion. Thus, the noblest city of Greece, and once the most learned, would have remained ignorant of the monument of their one citizen of most excelling genius, if they had not been introduced to it by a man from Arpinum. But let our discourse return to whence it digressed. What man out of all men, at least, if at all acquainted with the muses, — that is, with humanity and learning, — would not prefer to be this mathematician, rather than that tyrant? If we look at the mode and occupation of life, the intellect of the one was nurtured by the constant exercise and inventions of reason — with the delightful exertion of genius;

Digitized by Google

which is the one sweetest repast of minds: of the other with murders and atrocities — with perpetual dread by day, and horrours by night. Come, then; compare Democritus, Pythagoras, Anaxagoras. What kingdoms, what empires, do you deem preferable to their studies and delights? For, in that part of man which is best, necessarily resides what thou seekest, — the best. But what is there in man better than a good and sagacious intellect? Then this is the good we must enjoy, if we wish to be happy. But the good of the mind is virtue. Then a happy life is contained, of course, in virtue. Hence all things which are beautiful, honest, noble, as I have said before, — but it appears to be said a little more copiously, — are full of joys. But, when it is plain, that the happy life consists of perpetual and perfect joy, it follows, that it consists of honesty. But, in order not to sketch in words only, the objects we wish to show, we shall set before the view certain scenes in movement, as it were, which may convert us more to knowledge and understanding. For let us imagine a man accomplished in the best arts, and let us dwell upon him with the mind and with the thought. In the first place, his genius is of the highest order, of course; for slow minds find it hard to keep pace with virtue: and then

Digitized by Google

he is stimulated with intense desire for the discovery of truth; from which a triple birth of the mind will be produced: one destined for the knowledge of things, and the interpretation of nature; the next, for the exposition and definition of things to be pursued, and things to be avoided; the third, for judging what things are consequent to every thing, and what things are repugnant: wherein consists all the acuteness of reasoning, and all the truth of judging. Then, with what joy must the mind of the wise man be affected, when he dwells and passes whole nights with cares like these! and when he has looked through the motions and revolutions of the whole universe, and seen the innumerable stars inherent in heaven, fixed in certain seats, conform to its movements! the other seven pursue their courses, at immense distance from each other, either in the upper or the lower regions of space, whose vague motions still trace the appointed and certain path of their orbits! The observation of these things, no doubt, impelled those ancients, and admonished them to seek for more. Hence arose the search for initial principles, and of the seeds, as it were, whence every thing was sprung, engendered, grown; and of the origin, life, dissolution of every kind, animate, inanimate, mute, or vocal;

Digitized by Google

and what were the vicissitudes and changes of one thing into another: whence the earth, and what the weights which balanced it, and by what caverns the seas were sustained; into which all things are directed by gravitation; seeking always the central point of the universe, which is the lowest in a sphere. The mind become familiar with these objects, and, revolving them in thought by day and by night, attains the knowledge commanded by the Delphic god; it knows itself, and feels its connexion with the divine mind, which fills it with inexhaustible delight. For the very contemplation of the power and nature of the gods inspires an ardent desire to imitate their eternity: nor will this mind think itself destined to the narrow confines of mortal life, when it sees the causes of things, one fitted to another, and linked together by necessity. This chain of causes, flowing from eternal time into eternity, is still guided by the sovereign reason and intelligence. Beholding these things, and looking up, or rather circling his glance to all parts, with what tranquillity of mind will he again consider these hither and human scenes! Hence the knowledge of virtue exists; the kinds and parts of the virtues flourish; what nature kens as the extreme of good, and the ultimate of evil, is

Digitized by Google

discovered; to what aim the duties are to be directed; and by what rule the method of life is to be modelled. These and the like things being ascertained, then even this which is the subject of our present disputation, is especially found, that virtue is content with herself for a happy existence.

The third follows, which is diffused and poured through all parts of wisdom; which defines the thing, separates the kinds, adjoins the consequences, concludes the perfect, discriminates the true from the false; the method and science of reasoning. From which there results both consummate utility for the due estimation of things, and a delight the most noble, and worthy of wisdom. But these for private life. Let this same sage pass to the helm of the Republic. What can be more excellent than that, when he sees the interests of the citizens embraced in his prudence, his justice diverting no part of them into his own house, and has the exercise of the rest of the virtues, so many and so various? adjoin the fruit of friendships, in which the learned have placed the consenting and almost conspiring counsels of the whole of life, together with the highest pleasantness from daily intercourse and easy familiar discourse. At length, what is there wanting to

Digitized by Google

this life, that could make it happier; to which, crowded with so many and substantial enjoyments, even fortune herself must yield? Because if to enjoy such goods of the mind — that is, such virtues — be happy, and all the wise do enjoy them to the utmost, it follows, that we must acknowledge they are all happy.

Auditor. Even in torture, and in torment?

Marcus. Didst think I said in violet or in rose? Shall it be allowed Epicurus, who only wore the mask of philosophy, and ascribed this name to himself by his own good-will and pleasure, to say, — which, as the fact is, he may say with all applause from me, — "There is never a time, when the wise man, though burned, tormented, hewed, could not exclaim, '*How I despise it!*'" especially when he defines all evil in pain, all good in pleasure; derides these our honesties and turpitudes; says we are charmed with voices, and spout empty sounds; that nothing truly concerns us besides what is rough or smooth to the senses. Shall this man, differing not much from the judgment of wild beasts, as I have said, be allowed to forget himself, and at once despise fortune, when all his good and evil are in her power; and in the midst of exquisite torture and torment, say he is happy, when he has pronounced

Digitized by Google

pain not only the worst, but the sole evil? Nor has even provided himself with these remedies for the toleration of pain,— firmness of mind, the shame of turpitude, the exercise and habit of suffering, the precepts of courage, manly hardihood; but says he reposes himself in the single recollection of past pleasures; as if a man, sweltered by intolerably sultry weather, should call to mind, that, some time or other, he had enjoyed the delicious coolness of our gardens of Arpinum, surrounded by refreshing rivers. For I do not see in what mode the pleasures of the past can appease the pains of the present. But when he says the wise man is always happy, who could not say it, if he were consistent with himself; what may be done by those, who think nothing to be pursued, nothing to be deemed good, that wants the lustre of virtue? With my authority even the Peripatetics may leave at length their stammering, and dare openly, and with a loud voice, to declare that the happy life will descend into the bull of Phalaris. For even let there be three kinds of goods, that we may now withdraw from the toils of the Stoics, which, I am aware, I have used more than is usual with me. Even let there be three kinds of goods, so long as the advantages of the body and fortune lie on the ground, and are called good only

Digitized by Google

because they are to be taken up; but those others, which are divine, shall expand themselves far and wide, and touch the heavens: so that whoever attains them, wherefore should I only call him happy, and not the happiest of the happy? But, then, the wise man will dread pain? for pain is the grand enemy of this system. For against our own death, and against that of our friends, and against sorrow, and the rest of the perturbations, we appear to be sufficiently armed, by the disputations of the foregoing days. Pain appears the bitterest adversary of virtue. He brandishes his flaming torches; he menaces that he will put down the strength of fortitude, magnanimity, patience. Shall virtue, then, surrender to pain? Shall the happy life of the wise and constant man disappear at his presence? Good heavens! how base the thought! The Spartan boys, mangled with painful scourgings, do not even groan. Crowds of young men, we have seen ourselves at Lacedæmon, wrestling to the utmost with fists and feet, with nails, and even teeth; that they would sooner part with life than dream of yielding. What part of Barbary is wilder or ruder than India? Yet, in that nation, in the first place, they who pass for wise, spend their life naked, and brave the snows of Caucasus, and the chills of winter, without pain; and, when they have applied themselves to

Digitized by Google

the flames, are burned up without a groan. Indeed, the women in India, when a husband of theirs is dead, go into a contest and judgment, which of them he loved the most. For several are commonly married to a single spouse. The victress widow, full of joy and triumph, with procession of friends, is placed in the flames with her husband; the others, defeated, depart in sadness.

Custom will never conquer nature; for she is always invincible. But we infect the mind with the indulgence of shades, with delights, with leisure, with languor, with sloth; we soften it with opinions, already in captivity to the corruption of custom. Who is ignorant of the creed of the Egyptians? whose minds imbued with the depravities of error, they will sooner submit to crucifixion, than hurt either an Ibis, or an asp, or a dog, or a cat, or a crocodile; and, even if by accident they should do them harm, will refuse no punishment. I speak of men. How of beasts? do they not tolerate the extremes of cold, of hunger, the hardships of the mountain roam, and the forest course? will they not so battle for their young, as to welcome wounds? will blows intimidate, or violence impress them with fear? I omit what the ambitious suffer and go through, to attain preferment, — the worshippers of glory for a name; the frantic lover as the price of cupidity.

Digitized by Google

Life abounds with examples. But let us check our digressive discourse, and return whence we departed. The happy life will, I insist, it will stand the test of torment; nor, having accompanied justice, temperance, and especially courage, magnanimity, patience, will she pause at sight of the face of the tormentor; nor, when all the virtues have fearlessly advanced to the torture, will she recoil, and, as I said before, stop without the gate and threshold of the prison. For what more foul and deformed than she, thus left by herself, a deserter from this most beautiful band? which, nevertheless, is altogether impossible to be. For neither can the virtues cohere without happy life, nor she without the virtues. And thus they will not permit her to turn about, but will take her with them to whatever pain or torture they are led. For it is proper to the wise man to do nothing he can ever repent,—nothing reluctant; but every thing splendidly, constantly, gravely, honestly; to expect nothing with such confidence as if it were certain to arrive; to feel surprise at nothing when it happens, as if unexpected or new; to refer all things to his own arbitration; and to stand by his own judgments.

What can be happier than such a man, it is certainly beyond my power to conceive. The argument of the Stoics is altogether easy. For,

Digitized by Google

when they pronounce it the perfection of good to live after nature, and that this harmony with nature is competent to the sage, both in duty and power, it follows, of course, that whoever has the chief good at command, has the happy life. Thus, the life of the wise man is the home of happiness. You have, what I think is to be said with the greatest spirit concerning a happy life; and, so far as appears, unless you can show something better, with the greatest truth.

Auditor. Assuredly, I can show nothing better. But one thing I should be glad to obtain from you, if it would not be a trouble: since you are free of the fetters of particular systems, and as you sip from all, what bears the greatest resemblance of truth, — because, a little before, you appeared to exhort the Peripatetics and ancient Academics to speak without hesitation, and boldly declare the wise are supremely happy, — I wish to hear how you think it consistent for them to say this. For much has been said by you against that opinion, and argued upon the plan of the Stoics.

Marcus. Then let us exercise the liberty which we alone can claim a right to use in philosophy; whose discourse judges nothing itself, but holds up the question in all its lights, so that it shall be clear enough, of itself, to be judged by others, unbiassed by the authority of any. And,

Digitized by Google

since you appear to wish, whatever the system of dissenting philosophers in regard to the definition of good, that virtue may still furnish the essentials of happiness; which, indeed we are told was held by Carneades, but he used to dispute as the opponent of the Stoics, whom he always refuted with great eagerness, and against their discipline his whole soul was inflamed, — we shall explain the same views in a quiet manner. For, if the Stoics have rightly defined the boundaries of good, the question is settled, — the wise man must inevitably be happy. But let us look at every one of the opinions of the rest, if it be possible, that this noble decree, as it were, of happy life may have the concurrence of all systems and disciplines. But there are, of retained and defended opinions, I think, the following: — first, that are simple, four: nothing good but the honest, as the Stoics: nothing good but pleasure, as Epicurus: nothing good but exemption from pain, as Hieronymus: nothing good but the fruition of all, or the chief part of the prime goods of nature, as Carneades argued against the Stoics. Thus far the simple; then the mixed. Three kinds of good, the greatest of the mind, second of the body, third external, as the Peripatetics, and not much different the ancient Academics. Pleasure with honesty, as coupled by Dinomachus and

Digitized by Google

Callipho: but the Peripatetic Diodorus joined indolency to honesty. These are opinions which have something of stability; for those of Aristo, Pyrrho, Herillus, and some others have vanished. Let us see what these can obtain, omitting the Stoics, who appear to me to have defended their opinion satisfactorily. And, indeed, the cause of the Peripatetics has been explained; except Theophrastus and his followers, if any, who recoil and shrink from pain with rather too much imbecility. The rest, indeed, were free to do what they have commonly done, to exaggerate the gravity and dignity of virtue. And thus, having extolled her to the skies, which men of such eloquence usually do with great copiousness, it is easy to depress and despise the rest by contrast. Nor is it open for those who say praise is to be pursued at the cost of pain, to deny the happiness of those who obtain it. For, though they are in some troubles, this name of happy spreads far and wide; for, as commerce is called gainful, and agriculture fruitful, not that the one is always without loss, or the other always exempt from the effects of the weather; but when, for much the greater part, both are prosperous; thus life, not only if replenished with good on all hands, but if, by much the greater and weightier part, the good preponderates, may rightly be called happy. Thus,

Digitized by Google

according to the system of these, the happy life will follow virtue to the torture, and descend with her into the bull, with warrant of Aristotle, Xenocrates, Speusippus, Polemo, nor, corrupted by fear or favour, will she desert her. The same will be the sentence of Callipho and Diodorus; both of whom so embrace honesty, that all things which are without it are to be thrown far behind, as they think. The rest appear to be rather in straits, but they keep afloat, Epicurus, Hieronymus, and, if any, who care to defend that deserted Carneades. For there is none but think the mind the judge of these goods, and instruct it to despise what has but the appearance of good and evil. For what the cause of Epicurus offers to your mind, the same will be that of Hieronymus and Carneades; and, by Hercules, of all the rest. For who is without proof armour against pain and death?

Let us take up the inquiry, then, if agreeable, with him we call the soft, the voluptuary. What! will he appear to thee to fear death or pain, who calls that day happy on which he dies, and, in the midst of excruciating pains, baffles their rage by the memory and recollection of his inventions? nor appears to act this part like a man who assumes it to fit the time? For such were his views of death, that, upon the dissolution of the living being, he deemed all sense extinct; but, as to any

Digitized by Google

thing void of sense, he thought it was nothing to us. In regard, also, to pain, he had certain maxims for his guidance: their magnitude was consoled by brevity, their long continuance by levity. In short, what have they of the lofty style better than Epicurus, against these two most obstinate tormentors? And as to the rest of reputed evils, is either Epicurus without preparation, or other philosopher whatever? Who is not afraid of poverty? Yet not one of the philosophers. This very voluptuary, with how very little he was content! No man has said more in favour of moderate living. For the objects which stimulate the desire of money, as to have resources in abundance for love, for ambition, for the daily supply of sumptuous living, when opposed to them all, why should he greatly desire money, or, rather, why care for it at all? Could the Scythian Anacharsis hold money in contempt, and could our own philosophers not do the same? His letter is extant in these words:—"Anacharsis with respects to Hanno." "My covering is the Scythian fur; the callous soles of my feet are my shoe-leather; my bed, the earth; my condiment, hunger; my diet, milk, cheese, flesh. Wherefore, you are welcome to come and witness my happiness; but the presents you are so delighted with, bestow either on your fellow-citizens or the

Digitized by Google

immortal gods." About all the philosophers of all the sects might have been of this mind, exclusive, perhaps, of those whom a vitiated nature had warped from right reason. Socrates, when a great quantity of gold and silver plate was borne in procession, — "How many things are here that I have no wish for!" said he. Xenocrates, when ambassadors had brought him fifty talents from Alexander, — which, in those times, was a great fortune, especially at Athens, — invited them to sup with him at the Academy: he set before them merely enough, without parade. When, the next day, they asked him to whom he would have them pay over the money, — "What!" said he, "did you not see, from the small supper of yesterday, that I have no need of money?" When he saw they were rather sad, however, he accepted thirty minas, to avoid the appearance of slighting the king's munificence. But Diogenes, however, with more independence, as a Cynic, when Alexander had urged him, if he wanted any thing, to say it, — "Now, if you please, to move a little out of my light;" for he shaded him as he was taking the sun. Indeed, he often used to argue how much he surpassed the king of Persia in life and fortune: to himself, nothing was wanting; to that monarch, nothing could ever suffice: that he had no relish for the pleasures with which the

Digitized by Google

other could never be satiated; whereas, his own were such as all the power of Persia could not by any means obtain for its possessor.

You know, I believe, how Epicurus divided the kinds of cupidities; not very profoundly, perhaps, yet usefully: part natural and necessary; part natural and not necessary; part neuter: the necessary may be satisfied with almost nothing; for the wants of nature are of easy provision. The second class of cupidities he judges neither difficult of indulgence nor forbearance: the third, being merely imaginary, sanctioned neither by necessity nor nature, he thinks are to be suppressed altogether. This point affords the Epicureans matter for ample discussion; they extenuate these pleasures, one by one; they do not condemn them generally, but yet are content without superfluity. For as to the bashful pleasures, which they discourse about diffusely, they were easy, common, and accessible to all; and, if nature require them, eligible not with reference to descent, rank, fortune, but youth, form, feature; and nothing more easy than to slight them, should either health, or duty, or character, demand it; and, upon the whole, this kind of pleasure, desirable if not prejudicial, is never beneficial. And this whole theory, as he taught it, pronounces pleasure always to be wished and pursued, because it is pleasure;

Digitized by Google

and, for the same reason, pain, because it is pain, is always to be avoided. And therefore the wise man will use such comparison of quantities, that he will avoid pleasure which is to cost a greater pain, and will encounter pain which is to produce a greater pleasure; and that every thing pleasant, though judged by the senses, refers its perception to the mind. Wherefore, the body enjoys, while pleasure is present; the mind at once perceives it present, in common with the body, foretastes it in prospect, nor even loses the relish of it past, which dwells in the memory. Thus, the pleasures of the sage are perpetual and interwoven; with whom the beams of hope blend, as it were, with the prisms of recollected delights. By much the same reasoning, also, he regulates the table, and reduces the magnificence and profuse expense of banquets; because nature is content with small preparation. For who does not see, that every thing of this sort derives all its flavour from the vigour of appetite? Darius, when in flight he had drank muddy water, tainted with carcasses, declared he had never tasted a pleasanter beverage. No doubt, he had never before drank thirsting. Nor had Ptolemy eaten hungry; who, in taking the circuit of Egypt, had outmarched his escort, when some coarse bread being given him at a cottage, nothing had ever relished with him like that

Digitized by Google

biscuit. It is related of Socrates, that, walking rather brisk until evening, and being asked why he did it, he answered, he was preparing for a good supper, in the purchase of hunger by a walk. What! do we not see the Lacedæmonians sup in ordinary, at tables spread in the streets? where the tyrant Dionysius, having taken his repast, declared himself no admirer of that black broth; which, however, was the main resource of the banquet. Then the artist who had prepared it,— "No wonder at all; for the seasoning was wanting." "What seasoning? pray tell us," said he. A fatigue at hunting, a sweat, a race from the Eurotas, hunger, thirst. For these are the spices at a feast of the Spartans. And this may be seen not only from the custom of men, but is remarkable also in beasts; who eat what is offered them, if suited to their nature, and, contented with that, want nothing more. Certain whole states, taught by custom, delight in a spare table, as we have stated already of the Lacedæmonians. The fare of the Persians is sketched by Xenophon; who asserts they use nothing with bread, besides mustard: although, if nature should crave something even more palatable, how many things are produced by the earth, and from trees, both of easy abundance and exquisite sweetness! add the elasticity of body, which attends this moderation of

Digitized by Google

diet; add the firmness of health. Compare it with the banqueters, sweating, belching, crammed with feasts, like fat oxen; then will you see, who pursue pleasure most, partake it the least; and that the pleasure of diet is found in appetite, not in surfeit. Timotheus, a brilliant man at Athens, and at the head of the state, we are told when he had supped with Plato, and was delighted with the repast, said, when he met him the next day, "Your suppers are not only pleasant for the time present, but even for the following day." What! can even the mind itself be used rightly, stifled with the press of superfluous viands and libations? There is extant an excellent epistle of Plato to the kinsmen of Dion, couched in nearly the following words: — "Where, when I had arrived, that happy life, which I had heard so much extolled, crowded with the dainties of the Italian and Syracusian tables, I found was not at all to my taste; to be surfeited twice every day, and not allowed to pass even the night by myself, with the usual concomitants of such a life, in which no man will ever become wise; and, indeed, to be moderate is out of the question. For what nature so admirable as could hope to resist?" Then, how can a life be pleasant, which excludes prudence? which banishes moderation? Whence the error of Sardanapalus, a very opulent king of Assyria, is ren-

Digitized by Google

dered more striking; who ordered this inscription to be engraved on his monument:

"What I have eaten, what my lust has shared,
I have; the rest, how much! how fair! I count for lost."

What else, says Aristotle, would you inscribe on the tomb of an ox, instead of a king? He says he has, when dead, what he had not, indeed, when alive, any longer than he enjoyed. Then, why should riches be desired? or, wherein does poverty preclude happiness? In statues perhaps, pictures, games. Should there be any who delight in these, does not the man of slender means enjoy them more than even those with whom they most abound? for in our city there is profusion in public of them all. For they who have them of their own, neither have so many, nor see them often; or only when they visit their rural retreats: whom, after all, it stings somewhat, when they recollect whence they have them. The day would fail me, were I to defend the cause of poverty. The subject is plain; and nature herself daily admonishes how few, how small, how cheap is all she needs. Is it, then, obscurity, or mean condition, or even popular aversion, that will forbid the wise man to be happy? Take heed, lest the troubles outweigh the pleasure of this vulgar popularity, and this so much sought-for

Digitized by Google

glory. Surely, our Demosthenes was not without levity; who said he was delighted with that murmur of a little woman water-bearer, common to the custom of Greece, when she whispered another, "This is that Demosthenes." What more frivolous than this? But how great an orator! We see, however, that he had learned to speak with others, — not much with himself. It should be understood, that neither popular glory is of itself desirable, nor the want of celebrity to be dreaded. "I came to Athens," says Democritus, "where not a soul knew me." The firm and grave man! who glories that he was unknown to glory. But artists, who practise the flute or the lyre, regulate their melodies and music by their own judgment, and not by that of the multitude: the wise man, an adept in a far more important art, — is he to study, not the precepts of truth, but the capricious pleasure of the vulgar? Is any thing more foolish, than whom, single, you despise as drudges and barbarians, to think them something, when viewed as a whole? But the sage will contemn our ambitions and levities, and will decline the honours of the people, though laid at his feet. Yet we know not how to slight them, until the hour of repentance has arrived. It is written with Heraclitus the physiologist in regard to Hermodorus, an Ephesian noble, —

Digitized by Google

"The whole Ephesian people are worthy of death, because, when they banished Hermodorus from their city, they voted thus: Not a man among us shall rise to singular excellence; but, should any such man exist, let him go elsewhere, and reside with others." Does not the same thing occur with every people? do they not hate all preëminence of virtue? What! in the example of Aristides,—for I prefer to instance from the Greeks, and omit our own,—was he not expelled from his country, because he was just beyond measure? Then what troubles are escaped by those who have nothing to do with the affairs of the people! For what is pleasanter than learned leisure? I intend such studies as embrace the whole of things, and of nature, the knowledge of the heavens, the earth, the seas of this universe. Then, with contempt for office, and with contempt also for money, what is there left to be feared? Exile, I presume, because it involves the greatest evils. If it bear the appearance of evil on account of the offended will and alienated caprice of the people, how much that is to be despised, has been said already. But, if absence from country be misery, the provinces are filled with the unhappy, very few of whom ever revisit home. But exiles are ruined by the confiscation of their fortunes. What then? are there not pre-

Digitized by Google

cepts in multitude for the bearing of poverty? But, really, if we consult the nature of things, not the opprobrium of the name, wherein does exile differ from a permanent residence abroad? where the most celebrated philosophers have spent their lives, — Xenocrates, Crantor, Arcesilas, Lacydes, Aristotle, Theophrastus, Zeno, Cleanthes, Chrysippus, Antipater, Carneades, Panætius, Clitomachus, Philo, Antiochus, Posidonius, innumerable others; who, after once leaving home, have never returned. But the wise man is not affected by this opprobrium. For this whole discourse has reference to the sage; to whom banishment cannot happen justly. Whereas the exile of justice deserves no consolation. Finally, this system, which makes pleasure the sole object of all that is pursued in life, is of easy adaptation to all events; for, in whatever place its votaries can find their chief good, there they can live happily. And therefore this motto of Teucer might apply to their whole theory.

"Wherever is welfare, there is country."

Indeed, Socrates, when he was asked, what countryman he called himself,—"Universalian," he replied. For he thought himself the inhabitant and citizen of the whole universe. How was it with Titus Albutius; did he not cultivate philosophy at

Digitized by Google

Athens with all quiet of mind? and even that would not have befallen him, had he quiescent in the republic, obeyed the laws of Epicurus. But wherein was Epicurus happier, because he lived in his country, than Metrodorus because he lived at Athens? or Plato, than Xenocrates, or Polemo, than Arcesilaus? But, after all, how much is that city to be prized, from which the wise and the good are expelled? Indeed, Demaratus, father of our king Tarquin, because he could not endure the tyrant Cypselus, fled from Corinth to Tarquinii, and there established his fortunes and family. Did he unwisely prefer the liberty of exile, to domestic servitude? Already, however, the motions of the mind, its solicitudes and sorrows, are steeped in oblivion, the thoughts being transferred to pleasure. Then, not without cause, has Epicurus dared to say, that the sage is always surrounded with good, because he is always in the midst of pleasures. Whence he thinks it demonstrated, this object of our inquiry, that the wise man is always happy. Even if deprived of the senses of seeing and hearing? Yes, for he thinks even these accidents contemptible. In the first place, what are the pleasures precluded by this horrible blindness? when some even think the rest of the pleasures are seated in the senses themselves; whereas, those perceived through the eyes,

Digitized by Google

impart no delight to that organ whatever; what we taste, smell, touch, hear, affect that very part where the sensation is felt; in the eyes it is not so. The mind receives what we see. But the mind may be amused in many and various modes, even without the assistance of sight. For I speak of a man of learning and erudition, for whom to live, is to think. But the meditation of the wise man does not commonly require the presence of the eyes for its exercise. And if night does not defeat the happy life, why should the day, which resembles night? For that sally of Antipater of Cyrene, though rather too indelicate, was not altogether absurd; when some matrons were lamenting his blindness, — "Why do you mourn?" said he, "is there nothing nocturnal that is pleasant?" Indeed, that ancient Appius, who was blind so many years, both from the offices he filled, and the affairs he transacted, appears not to have been wanting to his duties, whether public or private, through the effect of that infirmity. We are told that Caius Drusus used to have his house crowded with clients; and when they could not see, themselves, to whom their estates belonged, came for guidance to a man without eyes. At the time of our boyhood, Cneius Aufidius, of Prætorian rank, used to deliver his opinion in the senate, attended the consultations of his friends,

Digitized by Google

wrote a Greek history, and was clear-sighted in letters. Diodotus the Stoic, and blind, lived many years at our house. But a thing scarce credible, when he applied himself even more than ever to philosophy, and used the viol, in the style of the Pythagoreans, and had books read to him night and day, pursuits where eyes are not indispensable; what appeared scarce possible without them, he prosecuted the science of geometry, directing his disciples verbally, whence, whither, and what lines to draw. Asclepiades, a philosopher of Eretria, of no mean celebrity, when some one inquired of him, what his blindness had brought him? answered, "The company of another waiter." For, as even extreme poverty is tolerable, if we may judge from the daily condition of many Greeks; so blindness is borne easily, where the resources of the sound are not deficient. Democritus, sightless, could not discern, indeed, black from white; but, at least, good from evil, equity from iniquity, honesty from dishonesty, utility from inutility, great from small, he could; and he might live happily without the discrimination of colours; without the knowledge of things, he could not. Indeed, he deemed the sight of the eyes an impediment to the mental ken; and when others often did not see what was before their feet, had himself travelled through space, and

Digitized by Google

transcended the extreme confines of the universe. We have the tradition, that Homer also was blind. But we see his painting, not poetry. What region, what shore, what spot of Greece, what species of form, what motion of man, what of beast, is not so depicted, that what he could not see himself, he has managed to make us see? Then, what shall we think was deficient to the delight of the mind, whether to Homer, or to any learned man whatsoever? If this were otherwise, would Anaxagoras, or this very Democritus, have left their fields and patrimonies, and devoted themselves to this divine delight of learning and investigating? And thus Tiresias the augur, whom the poets feign wise, is never introduced by them deploring his blindness. But Homer, when he feigned Polyphemus, a savage and barbarous monster, also figures him in conversation with a ram, and praising his fortune, because he could walk where he would, and touch what he would. Rightly done, no doubt. For the Cyclops himself was not at all wiser than that ram. But what is the harm of deafness? Marcus Crassus was a little hard of hearing; and, what was worse, unfortunately, he heard hard things; although I used to think, not rightly. Our Epicureans are commonly ignorant of Greek; while the Greeks are as ignorant of Latin. Thus, these are

Digitized by Google

deaf to those, and those are deaf to these; and, indeed, we are all deaf in those languages we are unskilled in; which are innumerable. But they do not hear the voice of the minstrel; nor even the screeching of the saw, when it is sharpened; nor the squealing of the swine, when they are butchered; nor, when they want repose, the roar of the troubled sea. But, if they happen to be partial to songs, they should reflect, in the first place, that many wise men have lived happily before they were invented; and then, that there is far more pleasure in reading than in hearing them. Then, as a little before we transferred the blind to the pleasures of the ear, so now the deaf to those of the eye. For the man who can speak with himself, does not require the discourse of another.

Let all things be heaped upon one; so that, when blind and deaf, he shall suffer the sharpest pains of the body; which, in the first place, commonly wear out the man; but if, drawn into length, they should happen to press with more violence than there is cause for enduring, good heavens! what is there to warrant our labour? for the port is at hand; because death is the same: the receptacle eternal for the thing which feels nothing. Theodorus to Lysimachus threatening death: *Thou hast done something great indeed,*

Digitized by Google

when thou hast rivalled the force of the cantharid fly. Paulus to Perseus, begging he might not be marched in triumph: That point is certainly in thy own power. Much was said the first day, when our subject was death; not a little the second, when treating of pain; which, whoever recollects, there is certainly no danger but he will think death either desirable, or at least not to be feared. Indeed, it appears to me, the same rule is to be observed in life, which is enforced at the Greek banquets: *Let him drink, or depart.* And rightly. For either let the guest enjoy with the rest the exhilarating cup, or, lest his sobriety be shocked by the excesses of the intoxicated, let him withdraw in season. So the rudeness of fortune, which thou canst not endure, thou wilt escape by retiring. These lessons of Epicurus are delivered in about the same words by Hieronymus also. But, if these philosophers, whose opinion takes the ground, that virtue of herself is totally inefficient, and all that we call the honest and the laudable is an airy nothing, a mere bubble adorned by the empty sounds of the voice, and yet pronounce the wise man always happy, what dost think to be done by philosophers from the school of Socrates and Plato? of whom, some say, the preëminence of mental good is such as to eclipse those of the body and fortune; while

Digitized by Google

others consider these, indeed, not even to be called goods, but treasure their all in the mind. This controversy of theirs, Carneades used to determine as honorary arbiter. For, since the Stoics term conveniences the same things which the Peripatetics call goods, and because the Peripatetics still ascribe no more to riches, health, and other things of the same sort than the Stoics: where such subjects are to be weighed by the thing, and not by words; he decided there was no ground for dissension. Wherefore, how philosophers of other schools will manage this point, it is for themselves to consider. It is grateful to me, however, that, in regard to the perpetual faculty of the wise for living well, they profess something worthy of the voice of philosophers. But, since in the morning we have to go, let us consign to memory these disputations of five days. Indeed, I think I shall commit them to writing, for where can we better dispose of this leisure, such as it is? — and send these other five books to our Brutus, by whom we were not impelled only, but even challenged to philosophical writings. Wherein, how much we are like to profit others, we could not easily say: certainly, for our own most bitter grief, and various, and on all hands besetting troubles, no other relief could be found.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

A9

1

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

This book is under no circumstances to be taken from the Building

JUN 30 1918

form 410

Digitized by Google

Google